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# SOME THREEPENNY BITS

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have seen such dishes; they are not China  
dishes, but very good dishes."

*Measure for Measure.*

LONDON  
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To  
CHARLES PRESTWICH SCOTT  
EDITOR OF *THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*  
IN HONOUR OF THE GREAT NEWSPAPER  
OVER WHICH HE PRESIDES

*Midsummer*  
1908



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# I

## ETRENNES

WHEN "C. S. C." was counselling his imaginary daughter in strains copied from Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, he thus directed her studies into a profitable channel—

Read not Milton, for he is dry ; nor Shakespeare, for he wrote  
of common life ;  
Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are yet  
intelligible :  
Read incessantly thy Burke ; that Burke who, nobler than he  
of old,  
Treateth of the Peer and Peeress, the truly Sublime and  
Beautiful.

Those who act on this advice will know, or at least can have no difficulty in learning, that the charming wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies is called Margaret *Etrenne* Hannah, and, if they pursue their research a little further, they will see that she was born on New Year's Day. It was a graceful and characteristic fancy of Lord Rosebery thus to record that his daughter was a New Year's Gift, and it is a pleasure to head a paper on New Year's Gifts and

Christmas Boxes with her pretty and appropriate name. If a captious critic should remark that *Etrenee* signifies exclusively a New Year's Gift and has no relation to Christmas, I admit his contention, but in self-justification submit that, by a liberal interpretation, the word may be held to cover all the presents which fall like snowflakes between the 24th of December and the 2nd of January. There was a crisis in English history when "it rained gold boxes." Just now it rains boxes of another kind, and one feels almost ungrateful in submitting these "showers of blessing" to critical analysis. But, after all, one is giver as well as receiver; and in criticizing the character of "Etrennes" one is really passing judgment on oneself as well as on one's neighbours.

"Christmas," said Dr. Liddon in one of his greatest orations—"Christmas, if not the first, is, in England at least, the most welcome festival of the Church. We English are a domestic people." True, indeed; and, if the great rhetorician had chosen to add, a rather gluttonous and heavy-feeding people, he would have marked another trait which is specially displayed at Christmas. "Meat," wrote the Shah during his visit to London in 1873—"meat is good; but it should not be hung up in windows." And there, surely, the refinement of Persia hit a blot on the civilization of England. The world does not contain a more disgusting sight than that presented by the

butchers' shops during the days immediately preceding Christmas. Let us hope that there is no one so gross as to compliment his friends with what Harold Skimpole called "legs of sheep and oxen"; but the tribute from the fishmonger's or the poulterer's is scarcely more refined. Game, indeed, has a little more romance about it; but even that is liable to be dispelled by the reflection that one's friend in the country feels himself a little overstocked, and is rather glad to find a recipient for his oldest pheasant or a hare which has been badly shot. Peter Bridge-Ward, when moved to an act of piety, assigned to the pilgrims' use "the ill-baked bannock which the bairns couldna eat." And a similar principle comes into play when a "green Yule" makes not only "a fat kirkyaird" but also a musty larder. At such times a way of escape may be found in the altruistic philosophy of Charles Lamb: "I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot, to a friend. Presents, I often say, endear Absents. Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipe, barn-door chickens, capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend."

It is more especially "on the tongue of my friend" that I love to taste the presents which reach me at this season from foreign cities. *Pâté de foie gras*—the



poisonous product of inhuman cruelty; "truffles stuffed with ortolans, and ortolans stuffed with truffles"; luscious but fatal chocolate in protean forms; "Bonbons" which belie their name—all these strange viands, though they enter my door as Christmas presents, leave it as "Etrennes" in the stricter sense.

But I must not be supposed to mean that all my Christmas presents are edible. Although one may have what Father Faber attributed to Cardinal Wiseman—"a lobster-salad side to one's character,"—one has also a spiritual and an intellectual side, and these are not forgotten by generous friends. As Christmas Day comes round, I find myself overwhelmed by avalanches of *biblia a-biblia*—books which are no books,—almanacs and pocket-books of every form and size, "dainty" booklets of namby-pamby verse about Snow and Christmas Bells, volumes of Sermons on the Close of the Year, and similar delights. An orator unversed in horseflesh once observed that it is "proverbially ungracious to look a gift-horse in the face"; and I should not too minutely analyse these literary offerings if it were not painfully obvious that some of them have reposed in a drawer since the previous Christmas, and have been disinterred and given away because their owners wished to be civil at little cost. At Christmas 1843, Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop, wrote to a

tantalized friend: "The Queen and Prince have given me a very handsome silver inkstand as a Christmas present, 'From V. R. and Albert.'" That was an "Etenne" worth having. Oh, how I wish that I were a Court Chaplain, and could have a silver inkstand instead of an ormolu photograph-frame! But these are idle dreams.

To the Christmas Card I am vastly more charitable than the majority of mankind. It is a pretty, cheap, and easy method of showing that one has not forgotten one's friend. It must be confessed that the verse on Christmas Cards is generally better in intention than in execution; but the pictures are often really pretty, and, for my own part, I would much rather receive a well-designed card with the giver's autograph than a Stilton cheese or a boar's head. But here again we must walk warily. He who receives a Christmas Card on the morning of Christmas Eve, and sends it on to a friend by the next post, runs imminent risk of merited detection. There are some people who have a nasty trick of putting their initials in sly corners which elude the vigilance of the most experienced card-senders, and detract considerably from the pleasure of the second recipient. Contrariwise, there are others who, when sending cards, forget to give the slightest indication of their personality, and then are morose because their attention has not been acknowledged. The

comic Christmas Card of a few years ago seems to have disappeared from general use, and indeed it is quite as well, for the comedy could not, as a rule, be described as "genteel." One of my favourite books in the way of social fiction is *The Diary of a Nobody*, and I feel a genuine sympathy with Mr. Charles Pooter when, in chapter xiii., he receives an insulting Christmas Card: "I never insult people; why should they insult me? The worst part of the transaction is that I find myself suspecting all my friends. The handwriting on the envelope is evidently disguised. I wonder if Pitt, that impudent clerk at the office, did it, or Mrs. Birrell, the charwoman."

"Closely akin," as preachers say when they find that their remarks are becoming rather disconnected—closely akin to the subject of Christmas Cards is that of Christmas Trees; and here let me, like an iconoclastic historian, take the opportunity of shattering a legend. It has been constantly affirmed that the Christmas Tree was first introduced into this country by the Prince Consort, and for many years this supposed fact was cited to illustrate the Prince's excessive Germanism. But contemporary records make it abundantly clear that Christmas Trees flourished in our social soil ten years before Prince Albert paid his first and most momentous visit to Windsor Castle. Charles Greville wrote from Pan-

shanger, Lord Cowper's house in Hertfordshire, on the 27th December 1829:—

On Christmas Day Princess Lieven got up a little *fitte* such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of coloured wax candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, work-boxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages.

Princess Lieven had a long and a remarkable career, and not all its incidents were so wholly blameless as the introduction of the Christmas Tree.

That we live in an "iron age" of unromantic realism is with some a boast, with others an admission. Adult humanity has parted with all its illusions, and boyhood is following suit. I had, however, hoped that the idea of the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* was still true to life, and that Infancy, at any rate, retained its privilege of Illusion. But this Christmas, as I was peering into the window of a Toyshop, I was rudely undeceived. Among the happy deceptions—the "new-born blisses"—which I enjoyed when I was "a six years' darling of a pigmy size," I vividly recall the Stocking into which Santa Claus was supposed to drop his Christmas gifts. It was ecstasy to dive into the depths and draw out an orange, a tin soldier, or a shilling box of paints.

Everything had the charm of unexpectedness, and therefore was a delight. The most spoilt and present-laden child could not criticize the boons of a supernatural visitant. The Stocking was glorified by the Glamour. It was the Triumph of Illusion. Not so to-day. I see in the shop-windows Stockings ready filled. No need for the good offices of Santa Claus, for kind Mr. Gorringer or Mr. Barker fills the Stocking according to a regular tariff; and intelligent Infancy, walking past the shop with its Mamma, says, "Please, may I have a big stocking this year—bigger than last Christmas? And I don't want a Noah's Ark. I want an Electro-bus."

## II

### SWANS

I HAVE been told by those unhappy beings whose duty it is to examine Prize Poems (or poems intended to be "Prize") that the Phoenix is the most inevitable and indestructible creature in the poetic menagerie. The lapse of ages has not withered it, nor immemorial custom staled its infinite variety of reappearance. Whatever be the presented subject—Autumn or Sunset, Jerusalem or San Francisco, a Fire, an Earthquake, or a Funeral—as long as it suggests disappearance and resurrection, the Phoenix is dragged from his long home and used as an absolutely original illustration of recuperative energy. I am further told that, by an unwritten but binding law which obtains among Examiners, the most distant allusion to this symbolic bird damns the poem in which it appears and thereby considerably clears the field. Second only to the Phoenix in persistent vitality is the Wooden Horse of Troy, whose simultaneous appearance in every newspaper describing the arrival of the Suffragettes in the Furniture-van pleasingly

illustrates the wide diffusion of classical culture. The War-horse, scenting the battle from afar and eager to be in it, ranges from Job to Mr. Chamberlain. The Dog is as dear to Mr. Galsworthy as he was to Pope, and the Cat has her own peculiar nook in the Temple of Literature, and her characteristics fixed for ever by Shakespeare's hand. The Eagle, again, has his permanent place in the prose of Gibbon and the verse of Gray.

The pride, and ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bare

is balanced by the fine sentence which declares the authorship of *Tom Jones* a greater glory than the right to quarter the "Imperial Eagle of the House of Austria." But the Old World has no monopoly of Eagles, and we have read that, when the British Lion is in trouble, "the Eagles of the Great Republic laugh ha, ha!"

Conspicuous in the list of animals which poets and prose-writers have conspired to honour is the Swan, whose pedigree connects him with high Olympus, and who, since his metamorphosis, has played a varied but incessant part in the rhetoric of the human family. He is encrusted with tradition. A very minor poet says that

Spenser carries you well along,  
And the Swan of Avon is rich in song.

But Shakespeare himself gives sanction to the fancy that to "play the Swan" is to "die in Music," and a later bard has embodied the same thought in a pregnant couplet—

Swans sing before they die ; 'twere no bad thing  
Should certain persons die before they sing.

The Swan which floated double, "swan and shadow," on "still St. Mary's Lake" may well be regarded as the type of stately and graceful progress; and so one recognizes an exquisite verisimilitude in the language of the young lady at Dingley Dell, who, unconsciously quoting from *The Merchant of Venice*, called Mr. Winkle's skating "Swanlike." It will be observed by the careful reader that the eulogists of the Swan generally place him in an invidious juxtaposition with his lowlier rival, the Goose.

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the leaves are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a Queen.

That is the springtime of the heart, the season of hope and happiness and pleasant self-delusion. But, as we grow old and jaded, the distinction no longer seems vital, and we find a solid wisdom in the counsel of the despondent poet—

Let the long contention cease !  
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.  
Let them have it how they will !  
Thou art tired ; best be still.



But all this may be regarded, and contemned, as a transcendental view of Swans, remote from actual life and the concerns of flesh and blood. Let me hastily seek what Mr. Haldane would call "the Pathway to Reality," and speak of the Swan as he really is. When Mr. Justice Kekewich died, in the fulness of work and vigour, a daily paper of high repute said that the lamented judge had "died literally in harness." Blinkers, traces, and a crupper would seem strange trappings for a deathbed ; and, when the scribe wrote "literally," it may be presumed that he meant "figuratively." We have done with the figurative uses of the Swan, and now approach him literally. The Country Friend in *Happy Thoughts*, initiating the Cockney-tenant into the perils of rural life, says : "Savage fellows, swans. A blow from a swan's wing will break a man's leg. Swans are always vicious unless they know you, and, even when they know you, they are uncertain-tempered." This may or may not be true of the Swan in life—my own experience rather leads me to think it is. But to the Swan, when he has once fallen a victim to the poulterer's art, we may reverently apply the charitable formula *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, which, being freely rendered, signifies—a Roast Swan is an uncommonly good thing. No one knew the gastronomic truth more thoroughly than our English forefathers, and, when Sir Edwin Landseer introduced a Swan into the splendid medley of dead

game in his picture of "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," he was severely faithful to the high traditions of the English Kitchen. That superlative authority, Dr. Kitchener—happily so named,—says in his invaluable *Cook's Oracle* that "the Swan was a dish of state, and in high fashion when the elegance of the Feast was estimated by the magnitude of the articles of which it was composed. The number of swans consumed at the Earl of Northumberland's table A.D. 1512 amounted to twenty."

The Swan has his permanent place in the literature of the Table. There was a great statesman who had an inconvenient habit of reading poetry to his family after dinner, till the elders went to sleep and the juniors slipped out to the stable for a pipe. One evening he was reading, I think from Prior, the description of a City Feast, in which there occurred some such couplet as this—

Fish and flesh, and tart and custard,  
Lark and leveret, swan and bustard,—

on which his wife, half awakened by a familiar sound, murmured, "Not swan and bustard, dear. Swan and Edgar." She was dreaming of millinery, while the statesman's thoughts were more worthily employed with memories of well-spent hours at the Mansion House or the Goldsmiths' Hall. It is worthy of remark that the invidious contrast, already noted, between the Swan and the Goose survives even the

action of the Great Leveller, and applies to the dead as to the living bird. Thus *Moubray on Poultry*, an author too generally neglected, informs us that "the Ancients considered the Swan a high delicacy, and abstained from the flesh of the Goose as impure and indigestible." Nor am I, a modern, confident that in this "the Ancients" erred.

There lies before me as I write a curiously corrupt and illegible manuscript, bearing in some places a close resemblance to a Palimpsest. A careful study of this document has discovered that it is a traditional recipe for roasting a swan ; and I have, with infinite difficulty, extracted a few lines which seem to be in a high degree what the critics call "actual" and "convincing" :—

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar,  
And put them in the swan (that is, when you've caught her).  
Then tie her up tight with a small piece of tape,  
That the gravy and other things may not escape.  
A meal paste, rather stiff, should be laid on the breast,  
And some whited-brown paper should cover the rest.  
Fifteen minutes let pass ere the swan you take down,  
And pull the paste off, that the breast may get brown.

In view of that last epithet, it is curious that Lord Beaconsfield, when writing to his sister about a swan which he encountered at a banquet, praises it as "very white and tender." I stick to my metrical recipe, and prefer it brown.

To quote, or even to suggest, a "Limerick" is now, I believe, if not an offence against the law, at least a

breach of taste. But "The Light Green," was a classic before the world knew what "a Limerick" meant ; and the merry muse of Arthur Clement Hilton may not unfitly close this paper :—

There was a young gourmand of John's  
Who'd a fancy for dining off swans ;  
To the Backs he took big nets  
To capture the Cygnets ;  
But was told they were kept for the Dons.

### III

## IN RETREAT

"How can you live in a place with the absurd, and worse, name of 'Marine Retreat'?" It was a cry of pain wrung from Matthew Arnold's delicate fastidiousness by the superscription of a friend's letter written from Blackpool or Southport. And the curious observer will discover a "Retreat" so-called—a staring little box made of red brick and plate glass—glistening on the noisy esplanade of every seaside town. In London, "Retreat" takes another significance; and a conventual-looking building, standing back from a suburban road, behind a screen of dusty elms, proves on inspection to be a "Retreat" for Superannuated Clowns or Christian Jockeys—in short, a Benevolent Institution. Yet once again, the title of "Retreat" is not seldom borne by Religious Houses of the Roman persuasion, and signifies an abode of the Passionists. This last use of the word "Retreat" caused not a little misapprehension and alarm in the now distant days when Anglican clergy first arranged those occasional periods of retirement from the world which are

commonly spoken of as "Retreats," and by the weaker brethren as "Quiet Days." In the year 1864, Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, in a published Charge recommended "Retreats" to the attention of his clergy. His biographer, Dr. Liddon, wrote: "What a 'Retreat' might mean—whether it was anything material or anything moral—was a subject of some grotesque misapprehension at the time. But it is difficult to see how anyone can object to what it actually does mean. Call it a religious conference or retirement, and everyone will pronounce it to be admirable. So entirely are we the slaves of partiality and prejudice." And even this does not exhaust the list of possible "Retreats," for the poets recognize at least one more:—

I praise the poet ; his remark was shrewd,—  
"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude !"  
But then I claim a friend in my retreat,  
To whom I whisper, "Solitude is sweet."

Since last I put pen to paper I have been living in a Retreat—not a Marine Retreat, not Commercial, not Conventual, not Ecclesiastical, and not amatory. But I have spent seven days in absolute seclusion, and in a space of sixteen feet by twenty-six.

I esteem very highly the value of such an occasional disappearance from the world. In the first place, it is extremely good for one's bodily health. One wakes one morning feeling, like the gentleman in the illustration of "Lamplough's Pyretic Saline," that one is a

little "slack"—a little "off"; that one has been eating too much or walking too little; or has exposed oneself temerarily to the slings and arrows of outrageous weather. Anyhow, we send round for the doctor, who comes with all despatch, smelling the profits of a long and costly illness. In that, mercifully, he is disappointed.

"Temperature slightly elevated—only a point above normal. Let me look at your tongue. Ah! I think I can give you something to improve that. Now let me listen to your back—a long breath—and now say Nine hundred and ninety-nine. Thank you. That's all right. You have only got a slight chill; but you must take care of it in this changeable weather."

"Do you mean that I'm to stay indoors?"

"Yes; I am afraid that is what I mean. You could only go out at considerable risk."

"Risk! What risk?"

"Well, the risk which always attends on a neglected chill."

There is a solemn vagueness about this oracle, which reminds one of Bishop Blomfield's statement that an archdeacon is a man who goes up and down a diocese performing archidiaconal functions; but Vagueness, judiciously applied, is an instrument of awful power in a doctor's hands, and is as worthy to be extolled in poetry as "Vastness" itself. That pregnant phrase—"The consequences which always

attend on a neglected chill"—clinches the argument and decides our action. "Very good, doctor; I suppose you know best. *Do manus*; I submit."

"I think you will be the better for it. Keep in your own room. Let your diet be light and nutritious—a little clear soup and a sole à la Colbert. As to the question of stimulants—well, you must settle that for yourself. I will write out something for you to take now, and something for bed-time; and I think you had better have a little preparation of Phenacitine in case your night is not good. And I will look in again in the morning."

Every man owes it to his self-respect to profess a passionate fondness for work, and to simulate, if he cannot feel, a bitter disappointment when he is kept from business. We duly play our part, and say, with cheery stoicism, "Well, I suppose it can't be helped. It would be very short-sighted policy to get oneself really knocked up. So I'll just keep quiet and warm, and shall be glad to see you when you can spare time." So the doctor marches down stairs, steps lightly into his electric brougham, and gives the order "Carlton Gardens" or "Grosvenor Square" in a voice which can be heard of men, and heard with awe, in the unfashionable quarter of Stuccovia. The patient, glancing with satisfaction round his comfortable den, prepares to begin his "Retreat." First and foremost, there are books waiting to be read—not



Treatises on Political Economy, not Diaries of Journeys to Nebraska or Singapore ; but delicious novels by Mr. Quiller-Couch or Mr. De Morgan ; Mr. Arthur Benson's latest—not last—book of Essays ; and the urbane satire of *Hustled History*. Our scheme of reading for the Retreat being now arranged, we begin to safeguard our freedom by abandoning our engagements. "Very sorry. Prevented coming. Letter follows." This is the approved form, and now it flies abroad in orange envelopes to every quarter in which one has had a tiresome or disagreeable engagement. But, before the letter can be written, we must decide whether to justify ourselves with the vague awfulness of a "chill," or whether we shall better bespeak credence by giving our disorder a more specific name. In this strait we may take counsel with the author of the *Book of Snobs*, and choose between bronchitis, hepatitis, neuralgia, cephalalgia, and the rest of the plagues which terrified the party at "The Evergreens." It is as well to choose the least familiar, and, as the doctor has hinted not obscurely at errors of diet,<sup>1</sup> "Hepatitis" shall be the chosen name. The servant is carefully instructed, "If Mr. Welbore calls, please say I am very sorry I cannot see him, for I am unwell. If he asks what is the matter, say a slight attack of Hepatitis, but say it makes talking impossible." Mr. Welbore, as I know

<sup>1</sup> In this connexion see "Swans" in the last chapter.

by long experience, can be easily repulsed, but I expect to suffer a good deal at the hands of my near neighbours Mr. Cumming and Mr. Gowing (if Mr. Grossmith will allow me to borrow from his rich treasury of fun). Mr. Cumming is patronizing and instructive. He will not take no for an answer. Rejecting all offers of tea in the drawing-room, he forces his way into my den. "Now, my dear fellow, you look, to my eye, extremely seedy, and you are quite on the wrong tack. I know all about Hepatitis. An uncle of mine died of it, and my youngest brother had a narrow squeak last year. What are you eating? Fish? Chicken? Monstrous! And drinking champagne! Your doctor must be a booby or else he's playing his own game. Two plasmon biscuits a day and six glasses of the hottest water you can take down. That will set your liver to rights and get your appetite up in no time." Gowing is kindness itself. He ravages club-land in search of news for his imprisoned friend, and comes in with a bagful of it just before dinner. Deaths, suicides, bankruptcies, and divorces — how Smith, who looked the picture of health, went down under two days' bronchitis, and how Jones—by the way, he was up at Trinity with us, in our year—had a stroke on Monday night and never spoke again. "There's an immense quantity of influenza about, and of a very bad sort. I shouldn't wonder if you were sickening for it. I shall come and enquire to-morrow."

The "friend in my retreat" whom the poet desiderated must, I should think, have been a friend of very different type from Cumming and Gowing, and I have learnt by long experience that the only chance of making one's seclusion tolerable is to barricade the door against all visitors except the doctor. "Please say I can't see anyone—*anyone*, you understand. Talking gives me a headache. It is always so with Hepatitis." And good old Hepatitis carries us triumphant through. One is even praised by the Good Samaritans whom one has repelled from one's door. When one gets about again, and encounters the Cummings and Gowings, it is extraordinary how kind they are. "My dear fellow, you were perfectly right. I know what Hepatitis is. You can't keep too quiet. As it is, I am afraid you are a good deal pulled down."

The door thus barred against intruders, one's stock of literature sorted, a modest meal ordered, a comfortable armchair by a cheerful fire, slippers and a dressing-jacket, and what more can a man require for rational enjoyment? One can do just as much or just as little as one likes. Shall we take out the vellum-bound book of pecuniary fate, and see how our account stands? No—a thousand times, no—lest the sight of an exiguous balance should deter us from allowing ourselves those slight alleviations of our lot which illness, especially Hepatitis, renders necessary—a new edition of a favourite author in twelve handy

volumes—just the thing for reading on a sofa ; another lot of that remarkably restorative champagne, which has become so much more expensive since it was discovered that the King drinks no other ; and ten days at Monte Carlo to seal our recovery.

But, though we may abjure an unworthy solicitude about money, it is difficult when in Retreat to avoid all thoughts of it. Is there the remotest prospect of my income ever increasing, or is the trend, as the papers say, of all my investments to be eternally downhill ? Can I stretch my income so as to meet the increasing exigencies of life ? Will the old brougham-horse do another season ? I wonder if the butler would give notice if I cut off the second footman and gave him one footman and a boy ? What am I getting in return for the £200 a year which Algy costs me at St. Winifred's ? His reports speak flatteringly of his conduct ; but he is thirty-fifth in a Form of thirty-eight ; and a pewter pot for Running is the only trophy which he has brought home.

"These are black Vesper's pageants," and they are happily dispelled by the entrance of five-o'clock tea, with scones and marmalade and the *Westminster Gazette*. A "light and nutritious diet" indeed, both in its material and its literary elements. But these are the privileges of Hepatitis, and these the choice enjoyments of a well-ordered "Retreat."

## IV

### OUT OF RETREAT

WHAT is Anthony Trollope's present standing in the world of fiction? I do not greatly concern myself with the ebb and flow of current criticism; but I have a dim notion that Trollope, having been condemned as "banal" and "bourgeois" by two generations of the high-sniffing, has suddenly regained popularity, and is on the way to the supreme honours of a "Boom." This matters nothing to me; I was loyal to the author of *Barchester Towers* in his period of abasement, and my conviction would remain unaltered whether his circulation sank to zero or were multiplied a hundredfold.

In mentioning *Barchester Towers* as my favourite among Trollope's novels, I am chiefly, though not solely, influenced by the episode of the Stanhope Family, than whom a more life-like group were never drawn in fiction.

The great family characteristic of the Stanhopes might probably be said to be heartlessness; but this want of feeling was, in most of them, accompanied by so great an amount of good nature as

to make itself but little noticeable to the world. They were so prone to oblige their neighbours that their neighbours failed to perceive how indifferent to them was the happiness and well-being of those around them. The Stanhopes would visit you in your sickness (provided it were not contagious), would bring you oranges, French novels, and the last new bit of scandal, and then hear of your death or your recovery with an equally indifferent composure.

It is a curious illustration of the moral effects of Hepatitis that I, who last week could only complain of my friends' undue solicitude, should now be feeling as if the world were full of Stanhopes.

*Sincerum est nisi vas quodcunque infundis acescit.*

The affectionate persistence of Welbore, the officious zeal of Cumming, the well-meant garrulity of Gowing, all take a sombre colouring from the eye affected by Hepatitis. All the objects which a week ago "did" most "greatly please" now seem distasteful, and what were enjoyments are now penances. The *far niente* which seemed so *dolce* is now the greatest bore, and I yearn to be whirling in a motor or toddling round the Links.

My room—my own room—my den—my *délicieux chez-moi*, as Eugénie de Guérin called it—seems to have undergone a change for the worse. Last week it looked, as Mr. Folair said, "pernicious snug"; to-day I feel with Nicholas Nickleby, whose chamber was thus extolled, that "for a man at all particular in such matters it might be a trifle too snug; for,

although it is undoubtedly a great convenience to be able to reach anything you want from the ceiling or the floor, or either side of the room, without having to move from your chair, still these advantages can only be had in an apartment of the most limited size." I long to gaze on some fresh object. The chimney-pots of the opposite house seem, after a week's steady contemplation of them, painfully monotonous. I yield to no man in my devotion to Oxford, but I am tired of gazing all day long on Turner's view of it from Hinksey, with an undergraduate sitting in a hayfield with cap, gown, and umbrella. If I change my place and regard the opposite wall, even the fair, faint colours of my favourite Arundel seem dull, and the figures out of drawing. I simply long for space to stretch my legs, and to be able to lay down a novel without upsetting a tray of medicine bottles or a dish of orange jelly. Jelly—I pause on the word, for it is so redolent of Hepatitis. Of whittings and boiled chicken and seakale I have eaten enough to serve for a lifetime. Milk and Bovril and Barley-Water must never again be mentioned in my presence. "Something on a tray," which a week ago seemed the simplest and most attractive of all forms of food, now inspires me with absolute disgust; and I wish that I were carving the family sirloin, talking broken French to the governess, and listening to Algy's recitals of hair-breadth 'scapes at football and practical jokes played

on the Natural Science Master. The long and short of it is that I have had enough of my Retreat.

. . . . .

A tap at the door. "Dr. Snuffin, Sir." The doctor enters, subsides into a chair, and gently grasps my wrist. "The pulse is capital. No need to take the temperature. There can be no fever with a pulse like that. You have gone on with the Nux Vomica and Phosphorus? Yes, that's right. You have a constitution which responds remarkably to treatment. You had better have another bottle made up."

"Doctor, I'll drink as much physic as ever you like; but I positively refuse to be cooped up a day longer in this dismal den. I'm going out to-day." *Dr. Snuffin*: "I was about to make that very suggestion. Your temperature has now been below normal for three days. The wind has got round to the Southwest. I think half-an-hour's turn up and down the sunny side of the Square might be safely attempted. Only be very careful to put on a fur-coat, and goloshes would make you quite secure."

It is my firm belief that Snuffin intended to keep me a prisoner for another week, and to call twice a day; but he has a good deal of the courtier-like perceptiveness of his eminent grandfather, Sir Tunley (who attended Mrs Wititterly and other celebrities), and he saw that in my eye which meant a bold stroke



for freedom. "Who would be free"—but the quotation is something musty. I have "struck the blow" of self-liberation; and I am rejoicing in my freedom. Everything is delicious. There is a softness in the air suggesting spring,

Hope, and a renovation without end.

The horses, fresh after a fortnight's holiday, are pulling with all their might, and we whirl along with the most exhilarating of all motions. The sky—well, it requires a large dower of faith to assert that a London sky in January is blue; but at the top of Hyde Park the mist is considerably less thick than in the swamps of Stuccovia; and a kind of blueness, as of the weakest milk-and-water, shows in the gaps between the clouds. To walk up and down the sunny side of the Square is pure rapture. One feels one's legs beneath one, and stands and opens one's lungs and draws in great draughts of an air which, if not absolutely Alpine, is a good deal more invigorating than the fumes of Eucalyptus and Terebene.

"I don't think I shall be at home for luncheon. If it keeps moderately fine, I shall drop in at the Club." Hullo! There's Welbore. "My dear Welbore, I daren't come near you. I believe I am still full of microbes"—and Welbore retires rebuffed. Gowing is more formidable, and would bear down on me with all his conversational horse, foot, and artillery, only

happily at the moment he is arguing with the Secretary about the ventilation of the Hall, and telling the Steward that he doesn't understand his business. *Sic me servavit.* I slip unheard into the Dining-room, and feel that I am really free. "Clear soup, sir?" "No, thank you." "Very nice fillets of whiting." "Never mention a whiting to me again. I see Pork Chops on the Bill of Fare, and let me have a pint bottle of Bass." "What vegetable will you take, sir? Seakale?" "Anything in the world except Seakale." "And will you take a sweet to follow?" "Yes—as long as it isn't orange jelly." But Club-land is a dangerous territory for him who has only just broken the bonds of his "Retreat."

Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance desires.

If I stay here much longer, I may be doing something rash—losing my money at Bridge, undeterred by the thought of Snuffin's bill, or agreeing with a friend to go to the play and sup at the Carlton afterwards.

These were very unworthy ways of celebrating one's recovered freedom ; so I shall just jog home in a patient four-wheeler, and dine in the bosom of my family on a half-way diet of boiled pheasant and custard pudding. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance ; and it shall not be my fault if Snuffin again condemns me to a week's Retreat.

## V

### BRIGHTON

MR. GLADSTONE, though very little of a courtier, was in the habit of saying that the Prince of Wales was the most sensible man he knew. If it were accordant with good taste for a subject to eulogize his Sovereign, the same tribute might be paid to King Edward VII., who, as I write, is flying from the mist and influenza and depression of London, along one of the most exhilarating of English highways, to the brightest and most salubrious of English towns. "Brighthelmston," says an anonymous author who described the "Beauties of England and Wales" in the year 1770—"Brighthelmston is situate on the banks of the sea, at the distance of sixty miles from London. It is said to owe its name to Brighthelm, a Saxon bishop, who lived in this neighbourhood. The advantage of the situation of Brighthelmston has, within these few years, occasioned a great resort of the principal gentry of the southern parts of England to this place, and engaged many of them to reside here during the summer. Brighthelmston is also become the peculiar resort of

Valetudinarians for bathing in the sea, the water of which, in this place, is said to contain more salt than the sea-water of any other port in England. The time of bathing is early in the morning; and here the gentlemen bathe on the west side of the town and the ladies on the east. The bathing-machine is a wooden box, about double the size of those of the centries in St. James's Park, raised on very high wooden wheels. The bather ascends into it from the beach by wooden steps, and it is then pushed forward into the sea, while the bather is preparing for the ablution. The guide waits on the middle of the steps to receive the bather, who, when dipped, reascends the machine, which is then dragged back again upon the beach."

This description of the "Centry-box" on wheels has an admirable verisimilitude even to the present day; but it is permissible to indulge a little genial scepticism about the Saxon Bishop Brighthelm who "lived in this neighbourhood" and gave his name to the place. Whether or not Bishop Brighthelm ever existed outside the pages of a Gazetteer or a Hagiology it skills not to enquire, for the true Founder of Brighton was that merry but expensive monarch King George IV. It was, I believe, in the summer of 1782 that the Prince of Wales, as he then was, exhausted by the social labours of the Season, joined some of his boon companions at the "agreeable fishing-village of Brighthelmston," where they were

wont to recruit their energies. In other words, he went to Brighton, fell in love with it, and became the author of its fame. Espying some vacant land at the junction of the London and the Lewes roads, he bought it, and in 1784 began to build that strange combination of domes and minarets and Moorish arches which he christened "The Pavilion." An anonymous observer, dazzled by the bizarre splendours of the gilding and looking-glass and Chinese lamps and dragons, remarks that the Pavilion "closely resembles the Kremlin at Moscow"; but John Wilson Croker more aptly says: "The outside is said to be taken from the Kremlin; it seems to me to be copied from its own stables. It is an absurd waste of money, and will be a ruin in half a century." But in the meanwhile the worthy Croker was commanded to dine at the Pavilion; and notes, with the appreciative eye of the true gastronome, that "the kitchen and larders are admirable—such contrivances for roasting, boiling, baking, stewing, frying, steaming, and heating; hot plates, hot closets, hot air, and hot hearths, with all manner of cocks for hot water and cold water and warm water and steam, and twenty saucepans, all ticketed and labelled, placed up to their necks in a vapour bath." That vision of the twenty ticketed saucepans, up to their necks in a vapour bath, is a truly regal touch. The only pity is that Thackeray did not know it when he penned the fourth of his

Lectures on the Georges, and paid his tribute to the princely genius which "built the Palaces of Buckingham and Brighton." The kind of company which was kept at the Pavilion, and the kind of life which was lived there, in the days when Lady Conyngham ruled the roast and Lord Hertford set the fashion, is written in all contemporary records, and not least graphically in Chapter II. of the First Volume of Greville's Memoirs. Thackeray declared that he had received from an eye-witness the account of the hospitality accorded by "The First Gentleman in Europe" to the first subject of the British Crown: "The Prince invited the Duke of Norfolk, now a very old man, to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the Duke drove over from his Castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of grey horses, long remembered in Sussex. The Prince had concocted with his Royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the Duke—a challenge the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the First Gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the Royal brothers filled a great glass for the Duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. 'Now,' says he, 'I will have my carriage, and go home.' The carriage was called and came. He staggered into it as well as he

could, and, stumbling in, bade his postilions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn and when he woke in the morning he was in bed in the Prince's hideous house at Brighton. I can fancy the flushed faces of the Royal Princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace ; but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a Gentleman."

These crapulous and meretricious memories terminate with the year 1830. Under bluff King William and the devout Queen Adelaide the Pavilion became infinitely less splendid, but incomparably more respectable. William IV. had not the slightest taste for pomp or show. His delight was to stuff his dining-room with chance acquaintances picked up on the Pier or the Parade, fill them with the best of meat and drink, and then spend the evening in grotesque and boisterous merriment. If he could catch hold of an old sailor who had been his shipmate in less exalted days, his cup of happiness overflowed. Croker thus describes the festivities at the Pavilion on New Year's Eve, 1833: "When the clock struck twelve the King started up in great spirits, and insisted on having a country dance. Lady Falkland sat down to the piano and struck up a lively tune. Everyone took out their partners, and who do you think the King took out? *Lord Amelius Beauclerk*,

You know Lord Amelius, and you will think I am jesting. No, by all that's nautical and quizzical, Lord Amelius was His Majesty's partner, and I am told by one who saw it that the sight of the King and the old Admiral going down the middle hand in hand was the most royally extravagant farce that ever was seen." But William IV. had other and more attractive playfellows than superannuated seamen ; he was particularly fond of children, and the Children's Parties of the Pavilion are not yet forgotten. Mr. Leveson-Gower, in his Memoirs published three years ago, described the kindness of the King to any sons of his old friends whom he discovered at school in Brighton : " We were often summoned to the Pavilion, and were delighted with the King, who was very kind to us, and told us sailors' stories, sometimes rather coarse ones, which amused us much." That tinge of coarseness, inherent in all the sons of George III., made way in 1837 for the refinement and decorum of a Princess's Court. But, a few years later, the passionate loyalty of the inhabitants of Brighton, and their determination to see all they could of the Young Queen and her Fairy Prince, drove the illustrious couple away. They took refuge at Osborne and Balmoral, where, though one might be bored, it was impossible to be mobbed ; and in 1849 the Pavilion was sold to the Corporation of Brighton for £53,000. In the gilded halls which once beheld the



debaucheries of George IV. and the buffooneries of his brother, I have heard the blameless publicists of the Social Science Congress—now, alas! defunct—discouraging by the hour about Hygiene and Statistics, and the contending orators of the Church Congress debating the “nicely-calculated less or more” of vesture and ceremonial. What would Lady Conyng-ham have thought of it all? How would a “Congress” have impressed Charles Greville? But, once launched on the associations of Brighton, I could go on for ever. Scarcely any town in England has crowded so many memories into a century and a half. At Brighton William IV. dismissed Lord Melbourne from the Premiership, performing thereby the last great act of Royal Prerogative. At Brighton the Duchess of St. Albans, once Harriet Mellon, and afterwards Mrs. Coutts, made her famous reply to the toast of her health—“Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—since the days when anyone who wished could hear me for sixpence in the gallery.” At Brighton the magnificent Duke of Devonshire held an almost regal court, though in a mansion considerably less impressive than Chatsworth; and Horace Smith, of the *Rejected Addresses*, contributed that element of liveliness which ducal entertainments are apt to lack. At Brighton F. W. Robertson preached the best sermons in the English language; Pusey took refuge from the strife of tongues at Oxford; Thackeray

sought bodily health and literary material ; Constance Kent confessed her melodramatic crime ; and the late Sir Robert Peel passed his frank judgment on the electioneering methods of the Primrose League.

Yet one more memory, and that a tender one, lingers on the sea-front at Brighton. Who knows not the Bedford Hotel, as it stands in stucco splendour dominating the crowded esplanade ? It owes its name to the sixth Duke of Bedford, who bought it and converted it into an hotel ; but before its conversion it was a Boys' School, and within its walls Dr. Blimber talked about the Ancient Romans, and Mrs. Blimber sighed for Tusculum, and Cornelia Blimber applied her forcing system to the luckless Paul. I love to know the historic bases of my favourite fiction, and I enjoy my dinner at the Bedford all the more keenly when I think of Dr. Blimber's butler in his blue coat, "who gave quite a winey flavour to the table-beer—he poured it out so superbly."

## VI

### CANDLEMAS

"THE man of imagination—nay, and the philosopher too, in spite of her propensity to burn him—will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church, because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. The mention of other religious bodies, or of their leaders, at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following. . . . Catholicism suggests—what shall I say?—all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays." This profoundly true remark of Matthew Arnold is, I think, illustrated by the associations which cling round such names and observances as Christmas, Michaelmas, Lammas, Martinmas, Candlemas. They whisper "the last enchantments of the Middle Age." They remind us of a time when the external forms, at least, of religion so pervaded national life that it was the most natural plan in the world to mark the changing seasons of

the year by reference to liturgical observances. The Mass of the Holy Nativity, and the Mass of the Guardian Angels, marked the 25th of December and the 29th of September; so Christmas and Michaelmas became two principal landmarks of the year. St. Martin was duly honoured in the Mass for the 11th of November; so Martinmas became a synonym for the beginning of winter. Lammas, when the loaf made from the newly-reaped corn was offered at the altar, was the equivalent and forerunner of our Harvest Home. Prettiest, alike in sight and in sound, of all these picturesque and significant festivals is that which the Prayer-book calls "The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin," and which the Catholic vernacular of English-speaking folk has christened "Candlemas-day."

Liturgical writers tell us that this festival is placed on the 2nd of February, just forty days after Christmas, because by the Mosaic Law an interval of forty days was to elapse between the birth of a child and its mother's readmission to the congregation. It is the oldest of all the festivals celebrated in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and it has been one of the most popular with the English people, who have always had a special devotion to festivals which illustrate and honour domestic life. Its pet name, so to call it, of "Candlemas" is at least as old as St. Bernard, who, writing in the twelfth century, thus describes the

observances of the day :—" We go in procession, two and two, carrying candles in our hands, and in the way we sing 'Great is the glory of the Lord.' We go two by two in commendation of charity and a social life. We carry lights in our hands, first to signify that our light should shine before men; secondly, this we do in memory of the Wise Virgins (of whom Blessed Mary is the chief) that went to meet their lord with lamps lit and burning. And from this usage, and the many lights set up in the church this day, it is called *Candelaria*, or Candlemas. Because our works should be all done in the holy fire of charity, therefore the candles are lit with holy fire. They that go out first return last to teach humility, 'in honour preferring one another.' Because God loveth a cheerful giver, therefore we sing in the way. The procession itself is to teach us that we should not stand idle in the way of life, but 'go from strength to strength.'" Truly a delightful *rationale* of a sacred rite, steeped in the humane and social and joyous spirit which animated the "men and women of Shakespeare's plays," in an age which was not too busy to be devout and not too devout to be cheerful. From St. Bernard to Shakespeare is a far cry, but the lapse of four centuries did not exhaust the popularity of Candlemas. Robert Herrick was a forerunner of John Keble, and an enthusiastic eulogist of this eminently domestic feast. In these degenerate days

most of us are content to reckon the season of Christmas as closed with Twelfth Night, and to take down our holly and mistletoe on the 7th of January; but Herrick dealt much more liberally with the time of sacred merriment, and fixed its close on "Candlemasse Eve." It is a pleasure to rehearse his light-hearted verses on the changing beauties of the Christian year :—

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
Down with the Mistleto ;  
Instead of Holly, now up-raise  
The greener Box, for show.

The Holly hitherto did sway ;  
Let Box now domineere  
Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
On Easter's Eve appeare.

Then youthful Box, which now hath grace  
Your houses to renew,  
Grown old, surrender must his place  
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
And many Flowers beside ;  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne  
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,  
With cooler Oken boughs,  
Come in for comely ornaments,  
To readorn the house.

*Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's hold ;  
New things succeed as former things grow old.*

So much for "Candlemasse Eve"; but the Feast itself was marked by more mysterious rites:—

Kindle the Christmas Brand, and then  
Till Sunne-set let it burne;  
Which quencht, then lay it up agen  
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
The Christmas Log next yeare;  
And where 'tis safely kept the Fiend  
Can do no mischief there.

And then, abruptly returning from the regions of mysticism to those of materialism, the poet concludes with this remarkably practical precept:—

End now the White Loafe and the Pye,  
And let all sports with Christmasse dye.

Happy days, when men could pursue their "sports" without reproach from the 25th of December to the 2nd of February; when Leisure ruled the Lotus-land of English life, and Commercialism and Competition were uninvented horrors! We have our "White Loafe" all the year round, and our "Pye" at least as long as is good for us; but Leisure is a lost art.

When Herrick celebrated in rhyme the social uses of Candlemas, its more spiritual side was illustrated in the majestic prose of Dr. Donne (recalled to modern memory by Archbishop Benson in the Lincoln Judgment). "We solemnize the day," he said, "by bringing candles into the church, because He who was the

Light of the World was brought into the Temple on this day of Lights." A century later "Pietas Londinensis" tells us that Candlemas Day was observed as a "Grand Day" in the Temple Church ; and the learned Wolcot, in his book on the usages of English Cathedrals, records that in the Collegiate Church of Ripon, as late as 1790, the Feast was marked by "one continued blaze of light all the afternoon, by reason of an immense number of candles." And I think, but am not sure, that I have read of some similar observance in the " Old Church"—now the Cathedral—of Manchester.

I do not propose to track the name of Candlemas through all the hymnals and books of sacred poetry where it inevitably occurs. Some of the Latin hymns for to-day, which have found their way, through translation, into our collections, are interesting and ingenious—as, for example, *Quod chorus vatum*, of the ninth century ; and *Lætabundus*, of the eleventh century ; but our vernacular hymns on the Feast are unimpressive, and Keble is not at his best in "Bless'd are the Pure in Heart." Here and there one comes across a verse in which the natural and spiritual associations of the date are blended :—

When through brown earth and russet grass  
The Snowdrop peers at Candlemas,  
Fit emblem 'tis, so white and clean,  
Of Maiden-Mother, Virgin Queen.



That allusion to the snowdrop touches what for the unecclesiastically-minded person must be the distinctive joy of Candlemas. It tells us that the winter is gone; and for us, who dwell in these "climes beyond the solar road," that is a most exhilarating reflection. "February Fill-dyke" has begun worthily of his name. My friend Venator sees a good month's hunting, over grass made soft and scent-holding by the rains of early spring, before the bitter winds of March bake the earth into bricks, and "the stinking violets," as *Punch's* huntsman called them, drown the scent. Pinto—it is Lord Beaconsfield's name for the habitual diner-out—looks forward with refined satisfaction to those most hospitable months of the London year which intervene between the opening of Parliament and Easter. "Salmon is y-comen in," and out of the abundance of the mouth the heart speaketh. For the Parliamentary, the first day of February is the beginning of a New Year—fresh ambitions, fresh hopes, fresh fears,—the restless anxiety to make a telling speech, the ever-receding prospect of political office, the haunting dread of a Dissolution. "We are now," wrote Matthew Arnold in the Dedicatory Letter of *Friendship's Garland*—"we are now on the point of commencing what Arminius, with his fatally carping spirit, called our 'Thyesteän banquet of claptrap'; we are on the eve of the meeting of Parliament," and he dated the Letter "Grub Street, Candlemas Day, 1871."

I no longer have a seat at the "Thyesteän banquet," and my interest in it is only that of the benevolent onlooker. But, as age creeps over us, the weather becomes a topic of increasing importance; and I welcome Candlemas Day, if only for this, that it brings with it the prospect of clearer skies and softer airs. Well indeed might the divine Thomson exclaim, after the miseries of a prolonged winter—

Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal Mildness, come !

## VII

### A POLITICAL PARTY

HEPATITIS is a disagreeable complaint; but, like much else that is disagreeable, it has its compensations. Chief among these is an emancipation from miscalled gaieties. A man who has had Hepatitis in January cannot reasonably be expected to dine out, or go to a play, or, above all, to attend an evening party, until Easter is well over. "Thanks so much. It is so kind of you to ask me, and you know how I should have enjoyed it. But Snuffin says that, when one's liver has been as bad as mine was, a chill is the most dangerous thing in the world; and it really is impossible to avoid chills if one goes out in the evening. So I am making a rule this spring of not going out after tea, and, do you know? I think it answers." It certainly answers supremely well as regards my own feelings, which resemble those of Mr. Bultitude on that eventful evening when he sent Dick back to school. "Mr Bultitude's attitude—he was lying back in a well-wadded leather armchair, with a glass of claret at his elbow and his feet

stretched out towards the ruddy blaze of the fire—seemed to imply that happy after-dinner condition of perfect satisfaction with oneself and things in general which is the joint outcome of a good cook, a good conscience, and a good digestion.” An absolute unselfishness is, I hope and believe, a leading feature of my character, and scarcely less marked is my love of social freedom. I have not the slightest wish to impose my own ideas of enjoyment on other people, nor would I, if I could, interfere with theirs. Indeed, “it is a source of melancholy satisfaction” (as Sir Robert Peel rather diffusely translated *suave*) to think of one’s kinsfolk and acquaintance struggling with tempests, and forging their way through suffocative crowds, and bribing treacherous linkmen to bring the carriage, while oneself sits snugly by one’s own fireside and ponders on the strange ways of the world when it sets out in pursuit of pleasure. “Drip, drip, drip from the footman’s umbrella down the nape of your neck.” In this graphic phrase a much-experienced dame described the accompaniments of dining-out in winter ; and far severer are the penances which attend the arrival at, and the departure from, an Evening Party. Scarce a hundred yards from the tranquil nook where I sit thus musing

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,

Lady Montfort’s Evening Party is raging. Even

through my shuttered windows, I seem to catch the muffled thud of carriage-wheels, the maddening shriek of the murderous motor, the raucous clamour of linkmen, the mutual recriminations of coachmen and chauffeurs. It is a solemn thought that, while I sit almost culpably at ease, some of my nearest and dearest are defying asphyxia and courting pneumonia in the self-sacrificing discharge of social duty. If just now I took the liberty of mentioning Lady Montfort's name, it was only because she is one of the most fascinating characters whom Lord Beaconsfield ever drew; and, obviously, my comments must be understood to apply, not to a party which Hepatitis has forbidden me to attend, but to a long series of similar entertainments which in days of better health and stronger nerves I have faced and overcome.

It is the eve of the meeting of Parliament. The scene may be laid in the panelled dining-room of 10 Downing Street, where the King's Ministers, buttoned to the chin in blue and gold, hear His Majesty's Speech as a kind of grace before meat; or, three hours later, at Lansdowne House, with its gallery of sculpture which no Palace can equal; or, again, where the thronging hansoms of the Liberal Party flood with light the stucco square which takes its name from Belgrave. The scene matters nothing. The feeling in the air (I speak in a figure), the excitement, the

animation, the topics of discourse, are the same everywhere. To-night, if on no other night of the year, we are all political, and Politics blend sweetly with the weather in the chattering chorus of the social throng. "Did you ever see such a night? It really is quite a service of danger to come out. And I call it heroic of you, just after the Influenza. Well, it really is a duty to support the Liberal Party, especially just now. Mid-Devon was so very unfortunate. I am so thankful to hear that the Chief is all right again. It was too unlucky about the Downing Street party; and how patriotic of Lady Montfort to step into the breach! I hope we shall see her; but shall we ever get up? What an awful crowd! I almost think it would be wiser to give it up and take refuge in the tea-room. Oh! here come some red coats and some blue ones. I like always to see some uniforms at an evening party, they brighten it up so. These men must have come from the Full Dress Dinner. I wonder what there is in the King's Speech. Oh, nothing, nothing; only just what you know from the papers. Well, that's a relief. I was so afraid of something tremendous, and then we might have had a Dissolution. Ah, yours is a Borough. That makes all the difference. Of course ours is a County division, and a very big one, and it would be no joke to have to pay £2000 again this year."

This rapid and disjointed talk pervades every

corner of the hospitable house. The staircase is impassable. At the buffet forty are feeding like one, and one like forty. In the cloakroom, ladies, rudely blown about by Kingsley's "soft sou'-wester," are rearranging their toilets, and men, madly impatient to be rid of their overcoats, are trying in vain to disturb the leisurely lordliness of Mr. Gunter's waiters. Furthermore, it may be noted that everyone is talking at the very top of his or her voice, and that a look of desperation not far removed from anguish marks the countenance of each struggling guest. "I just contrived to say how de do to our hostess, and that was all I could manage. I was really swept off my legs by the crowd. What a pretty room! and so well lighted! Have you been into the next room? Well, if I were you, I really shouldn't attempt it. I just peeped in, and it was as hot as the Black Hole of Calcutta. Such a sudden change in the weather! I think one always feels it. But it will make it easier to get away. An east wind, after these hot rooms, would be fatal. Do let's sit down a moment. We can share this music-stool. What a relief! Oh! here comes Mr. Taper. Now we shall hear all the news. Dear Mr. Taper, can't you find a chair, and come and sit down? We are longing to know everything. Is Sir Ruffle Buffle going to the House of Lords? Is Augustus Stiltstalking to be put into the Cabinet? I suppose Buzfuz must be Attorney-General, and that Snubbin

will succeed him ; or do you think there's a chance for Philip Phunky ? ”

*Mr. Taper*: “ Well, really, I can't tell you much. You have heard all about the Speech. No Dissolution this year, whatever happens. The new Education Bill is to be a great improvement on the last. Young Salem thinks that the Rights of Parents have been overdone ; he is going in for the Rights of Grandparents, and I am told he relies on the Grandmothers of England to pull him through.” “ Well, that's really very interesting. I always thought Mr. Salem a very nice young man ; and I do hope those dreadful bishops will behave better to him than they did to Anselm Kewsey.” “ Now, I really think it's time to be going. I wonder if we can slip down the backstairs. But I really must have some soup and a sandwich before I go, for I am quite exhausted by that battle upstairs. Oh ! thank you, Mr. Taper. So kind of you—quite a friend in need—only *half* a glass. And I wonder if you would be so kind as to ask for my carriage ? ”

“ Mrs. Barnacle's servant.” “ Gone for it.” “ Mrs. Barnacle is next.” “ Mrs. Barnacle's carriage stops the way.” “ Good-night, Mrs. Barnacle.” “ Good-night, Mr. Taper, and remember you dine with us to-morrow, and bring us all the news from the House.” So ends the Political Party.

The fact that there is a Greek equivalent for “ the



Cart before the Horse" shows that the most logical people whom the world has ever seen were yet liable to that trick of memory which, just as one nears the conclusion of a subject, reminds one of some introductory topic which ought to have been handled at the beginning. Thus the word "Dinner," of frequent and agreeable use in political circles, reminds me that all the more distinguished guests who attend a Political Party on the eve of the opening of Parliament have probably been dining with their political chiefs. Dinners of the Government and dinners of the Opposition have been given from the beginning of recorded time; and, when the Liberal Unionists first resolved to fashion themselves into a Party, they felt it was due to their political dignity that they too should have a dinner of their own, instead of sitting as alien guests at the tables of high Toryism. One of the Bigwigs of Liberal Unionism was the Duke of Omnium, and it was agreed that he should give the Sessional Dinner at Gatherum House. Questioned by a Liberal friend as to whether his guests were to be members of the House of Lords or of the House of Commons, the Duke replied, with an exquisite appreciation of his new associates, "Oh! mainly House of Commons, with a few booby peers thrown in to please the Birmingham Radicals."

## VIII

### LENT

"IN my young days, there was no Lent." With this simple but conclusive formula an Illustrious Personage is said to have silenced an ecclesiastically-minded adviser who protested against Courtly festivities during the penitential season. The period covered by the term "my young days" extended, say, from 1820 to 1840, when the traditional observances of religion had all but died out, and the Oxford Movement had not yet made its mark on parochial life. I say advisedly "all but died out," for it will be found, on close examination, that not one of the usages which the Oxford leaders revived had ever quite died out. The chain of ecclesiastical observance, like the golden girdle of the White Lady of Avenel, had "diminished to the fineness of a silken thread," but it never was broken; and, under the influence of the Oxford Movement, it became "as broad as the baldric of an Earl." To certain usages, which had descended to Protestant England from her Catholic past, a doctrinal significance was attached, and storms

of controversy raged around them. The Puritans lashed themselves into fury over the Ring in Marriage and the Baptismal Cross. The Nonjurors were rent in twain by disputes about the "Epiklesis" and the "Mixture." But the observance of Lent caused no such commotions. It seems to have been accepted by all parties alike as tending to practical piety and "recollectedness." It was, in truth, not sectional but national. Burnet was a very unecclesiastically-minded bishop, but he vigorously urged the claims of Lent on the attention of his clergy. No taint of clericalism clings to the memory of Richard Steele; yet, writing in Lent 1713, he said: "If it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we are now in is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way." John Wesley, whose life was nearly coterminous with the eighteenth century, maintained the strict observance of Lent both by precept and by example; and, before Wesley was laid in his honoured grave, Beilby Porteus had become Bishop of London, and had applied himself, with a vigour which astonished his somnolent age, to the work of religious revival. "His Friday Lectures at St. James's, Piccadilly, begun in 1798 and continued for four successive Lents, created quite a *furor*." William Wilberforce, writing

in 1798, says: "The Bishop of London is preaching every Friday in Lent. Crowds to hear him; fine people and gentlemen standing all the time." The *British Critic* for 1802 says that the Bishop's Lenten exertions produced "the most eminent, substantial, and salutary advantages"; and the Lent Lectures at St. James's, Piccadilly, have maintained, for upwards of a century, an exceptionally lofty level both of learning and of eloquence. Perhaps the high-water mark was reached in Lent 1870, when the preacher was Liddon, then in the fulness of his powers, though only at the beginning of his fame. A contemporary scribe thus recorded his impressions: "For several Sundays the space in front of the church has, more than half an hour before the beginning of the service, been thronged by a fashionable concourse, which has eagerly watched for the opening of the door, and has pushed into the lobby with the uncere-monious vigour of a plebeian mob at the pit-entrance of a theatre on a 'first night.' Cabinet Ministers, ex-Ministers, members of the nobility, a throng of fashionable women, and a crowd of men who seem to have strayed out of their element in going to 'afternoon prayers,' have filled the church to overflowing." Canon Scott Holland writes about the impression created by these Lent Lectures with his usual vivid accuracy:—

Was anything ever seen like the sensation which they produced? Those smart crowds packed tight, Sunday after Sunday,

to listen for an hour and forty minutes to a sermon that spoke straight home to their elemental souls. It was amazing! London never again shook with so vehement an emotion. "Society," in its vague, aggravating ignorance, believed itself to have discovered Liddon. Why, for years before we (at Oxford) had stood ranked thick on each other's toes in huddled St. Mary's to catch every word of that ringing voice. Those belated Duchesses, indeed! And yet it was something that, however late in the day, they should all feel it necessary for their reputations to be there at St. James's.

By the time to which these extracts relate the Oxford Movement had been at work for nearly forty years, and had transfigured the outward aspect of the English Church. Among other changes which the Movement had wrought was the altered view of Lenten obligation. Instead of being, as heretofore, the peculiar discipline of a small and pietistic band, it had won its way to general recognition. And the process, which had gone far by 1870, has now attained to much more extensive developments. Every church in London, whether labelled High, Low, or Broad, has its elaborate programme of Special Services, and great is the company of preachers who gather from afar. Many a pulpiteering reputation has been made by a course of Lent Sermons in some fashionable church; from the distant days when a vehement young curate called George Body first electrified All Saints, Margaret Street, to the present season, when Father Waggett and Father Adderley, Canon Beeching and Canon Holmes are gathering their usual crowds in

the Parish Churches of Belgravia. The Bishop of London, who seems to have a faculty akin to omnipresence, holds Lenten Missions all over London, which outvie the historical exertions of his predecessor Porteus. It is to be remarked that, though the morning services are, of necessity, attended mainly by women, men of all ages and classes are found in increasing numbers at the evening services on week-days in Lent. Those services are, as a rule, sandwiched between tea and dinner. The banker drops in on his way from the city, the barrister from his chambers, the M.P. from the House of Commons. The ordinary choir is reinforced by smart young men from the Bachelors' Club, and an officer of the Guards helps the curate by reading the lessons. Outside church, it is observed that social festivity subsides. No one gives a ball, and the smallest dances conceal themselves, so to speak, behind a curtain of secrecy. Self-respecting people do not get married in Lent, or, if they do, they are fain to be content with shorn rites and musicless services. We may be quite certain that, when little Prince Edward of Wales meets his matrimonial fate, there will be no repetition of that State Wedding in Lent which so much disturbed the peace of good Churchmen on the 10th of March 1863. Said Bishop Wilberforce :—

I am *very* sorry for the time of the marriage, but everything possible has been done to get it changed, and in vain. I think

the best thing now possible would be for the Archbishop to write a letter, saying that, for high State reasons, that time having been thought necessary, he, as Archbishop, thinks it his duty to express that he, so far as it is lawful for him to do so, dispenses for that day with the Church's ordinary rule, in order that all may, without scruple, loyally devote it to rejoicing. This would turn the breach into a gain.

There is another department of Lenten observance in which the advance has been less conspicuous. Father Benson, of Cowley, remarks in one of his devotional books that the modern Church has apparently lost the power, enjoyed by olden saints, of going without food for forty days and forty nights at a stretch. I am afraid that this is an undeniable truth; and even the renunciation of butchers' meat does not come easily to our degenerate constitutions. Sunday after Sunday the Vicar of the church which I attend announces that "the Fast of Lent continues throughout this week"; and the flock, though they do not ignore the admonition, observe it, as the Revised Version says, "by divers portions and in divers manners." Some, who require mutton, renounce Theatres. Others substitute moselle for champagne. Tobacco-loving curates forswear their pipes, and ladies who three weeks ago outflamed the macaw subside into violet or black. Yet another section of Church-people, rigorously depriving themselves of what the doctors call flesh-foods, contrive to combine abstinence with self-indulgence. Before

now I have mentioned the gastronomical enthusiasm and knowledge, creditable in so young a man, which characterize my friend Tom Garbage. Only last week he appeared at my frugal table in quite a pensive mood; and, having done ample justice to *consommé*, a beefsteak, a wild duck, and some peach-fed ham, he produced from his pocket-book a *Menu* which, as I understood, he had encountered at the Carlton Restaurant. "Your food," he said with engaging frankness, "is all right, but it's stodgy. After that mass of meat I shan't be fit for Fleet Street till eleven o'clock. Now I like a meal which doesn't interfere with work. Just look at this *maigre* dinner; and, if you think your cook can manage them, let me have three or four of the things next time I dine here."

#### GUINEA "FISH" MENU FOR LENT.

##### Hors-d'œuvre.

Caviar Frais. Crêpes. Royal Natives.

Soupe de Chapon à la Provençale. Velouté d'Eperlans au Paprika.

Truite Saumonée Livonienne. Mignonettes de Sole.

Timbale de Macaronis aux Truffes.

Mousse d'Ecrevisses au Champagne.

Sarcelles à la Broche. Salade d'Oranges.

Asperges de France.

Soufflé au Parmesan.

Biscuit Glacé aux Noisettes. Friandises.

Fraises Romanoff.

"N.B.—The 'chapon' included above must not be confounded with 'capon'—it is a special kind of fish procurable only at Marseilles."



Though myself what Solomon calls "a man given to appetite," I fancy that I could manage pretty well for a day or two on this scheme of diet. It is indeed to be regretted that the *chapon* is only procurable at Marseilles; but our Stuccovian fishmonger is a man of resource, and I feel sure that he will not consent to be outdone by the purveyor to the Carlton Restaurant.

## IX

### MID-LENT

THE week takes its character from the Sunday which begins it; and Sunday, March 29, 1908, was the Fourth Sunday in Lent, colloquially called "Mid-Lent" or "Refreshment" Sunday, and, in liturgical language, *Dominica Refectionis*. To trace the connexion between this title and the portions of the Bible appointed to be read in the service of the day would carry me out of my proper province; but a word about the different ways of observing the day will not be out of place: "It has always been observed as a day of greater festivity than was permitted on any other Sunday in Lent; and the *Mi-Carême* of the French Church still gives an illustration of this usage. In Rome, also, the 'Golden Rose' is blessed on this day, and presented by the Pope to some distinguished person who is considered to have done good service to the Church in the past year; and the ceremony is accompanied by festive observances which make Mid-Lent Sunday conspicuously different from the others of the season."

The writer of the foregoing extract speaks of "any other Sunday in Lent," and the preposition is used with perfect accuracy. The six Sundays which intervene between Ash Wednesday and Easter-day are "in" Lent, but not "of" it. The week-days which precede and follow them constitute Lent; but the Sundays, though embedded in Lenten surroundings, do not belong to Lent. The "Forty Days of Lent" is a phrase universally recognized; but, if the Sundays were added, Lent would have forty-six days. It is, indeed, the intervention of these weekly holidays that fortifies the strict observers of Lent to bear the abstinence of the intervening weeks. People who, during Lent properly so called, emulate the Nuns in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and

Live on nothing but cabbage and hot-cross buns,

address themselves on the Sundays with singular zeal to roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. The over-worked cleric who, during Lent, forswears his one luxury—indeed it is almost a necessity—tobacco, on Sunday evening draws out a companionable pipe from the drawer where it has lain interred, and flings himself into his well-worn armchair with a sigh of audible enjoyment. There is a disagreeable child in *Jane Eyre*, who, when asked whether he would rather sing a hymn or have a cake, replied that he would prefer the hymn, because the angels sing hymns, and he would be a

little angel here below. He then sang the hymn, and had the cake afterwards. Similarly, I think I have heard of an infant, nurtured in Anglican circles, who renounced sugar-plums all the week and ate the seven days' allowance on Sunday. This showed at once a creditable self-control and a truly liturgical instinct; but the proverbial schoolboy who, for a Lenten discipline, gave up washing, could scarcely have pretended to enjoy the hebdomadal ablution, which, by parity of reasoning, should have marked his Sundays. When thus the ordinary Sundays in Lent are honoured, it is difficult to mark "Refreshment Sunday" with special observances. There is a limit, though an elastic one, to the human capacity for roast beef. A debauch of tobacco on Sunday night would clash with Monday's duties. Even in eupeptic infancy, a surfeit of lollypops might in its consequences be as fatal as that surfeit of lampreys which Mrs. Markham described for the benefit of Richard, George, and little Mary. Once I remember episcopal authority being invoked to rule the point. A Belgravian hostess, whose ecclesiastical principles were at war with her worldly instincts, and who knew full well that a dance before Easter is, from the mother's point of view, worth a dozen balls in the Season, consulted her cousin, the Bishop of Barchester. The Bishop, who knew his way about the world as well as most of us, said: "I see your difficulty; but

the solution is quite easy. Give your dance at *Mi-Carême*. Even if you choose to make it a Ball, I think the effect will be good. It will show people that, for us Church folks, the difference between Mid-Lent and the rest of the Forty Days is still a great reality." A similar case of conscience once arose with reference to a Ball on Shrove Tuesday. The hostess was anxious to secure the attendance of a very Great Lady, who always contrived to reconcile the claims of the Church and the world in an agreeable harmony. To the hostess desperately pleading that she knew that Shrove Tuesday was an odd night for a Ball, and that it was only too likely to clash with early church on Ash Wednesday, but that every other night was already bespoken, the Great Lady replied, after a reflective pause: "Well, my dear, I see your difficulty, and I will bring my girls if you promise to have pancakes for supper." Shrove Tuesday is to me a day of sweet associations, for its Pancakes turn abstinence into delight; and I believe that at a certain College in Cambridge the way is prepared for them by a feast of Eggs and Bacon, provided by a pious Benefactor to soften the transition from full diet to the Fast of Lent. But of Ash Wednesday the material as well as the spiritual associations are depressing. The name recalls a dusty day in March, with a north-east wind blowing, a draughty and half-filled church, "the dread voices

of Commination" (as Dr. Farrar justly called them), "and the wail of penitential psalms"; and then, awaiting our return, a revengeful repast of Salt Fish, Egg Sauce, and Parsnips. If anything could have shaken my allegiance to the Established Church, it would have been the experience and the memory of that gastronomic outrage.

But to return to my appointed subject of Mid-Lent. It has been marked for me this year by no special indulgences. If balls are still given, I am no longer asked to them, and my dinner-giving friends seem to have overlooked the secular aspect of "Refreshment Sunday." An adjourned visit to the dentist can scarcely be regarded as a pleasure, even when contrasted with the austerities of Lent; and it requires a good deal of fresh enthusiasm to enjoy an afternoon spent in watching Athletic Sports at Harrow, with an unsuccessful nephew giving broad hints about tips and "tuck-shops." The pleasantest incident of the week has been the presentation of the portrait of the Bishop of London, which we of his Diocese have given him, and which last Monday he received at the Mansion House. The whole performance was really a "Refreshment." The genuine enthusiasm of the crowded audience was refreshing. So was the Lord Chancellor's restrained but emphatic eulogy. So was the generous language of Archdeacon Sinclair, whom many had regarded as certain to succeed Bishop

Creighton in the See of London. But most refreshing of all was the Bishop's boy-like pleasure, his unstudied gratitude for all the kindness which, as he said, "makes the air of London warm for him," and his palpable enjoyment of the life and the work, which so curiously fit his temperament and gifts.

As one listened to the speeches and marked the faces of the crowd, it was inevitable to record the words which, nearly forty years ago, Mr Gladstone wrote with reference to a similar occasion: "You have not known me as a flatterer, and so I the more freely say that it makes the heart bound to feel that even in this poor world truth and justice sometimes claim their own; and thank God it has not been in the power of jealousy, or cowardice, 'or any other' evil 'creature' to detract one jot from the glory of that truly great Episcopate the records of which you have written alike in the visible, outward history of the Church and in the fleshy tables of the heart of man." What was true of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in 1869 is not less true of Bishop Arthur Ingram in 1908; and the great statesman's closing benediction on his bishop-friend was present, in substance if not in words, to the hearts of many who noted, alike on the canvas and in the living man, the worn and weary aspect of their still young diocesan: "May the undying courage with which you gird yourself for the work feed you with the bodily strength which, I am

well assured, is the only quality for it that can ever fail you." If only the Bishop of London could be persuaded to insert a few more "Refreshment Sundays" in the Kalendar of his too-busy year, it would be better for him and better for the Church.



## X

### HEALTH AND POLITICS

"HEALTH is one of the elements to be considered in calculating the career of a publican, and I have always predicted an eminent career for Ferrars because, in addition to his remarkable talents, he has apparently such a fine constitution." Ferrars was of course a purely fictitious character—not even a portrait drawn from life. But, in laying this stress on the part played by physical strength in political achievement, Lord Beaconsfield was, for once, not indulging his fancy but stating a plain and rather dismal truth. A "truth," indeed, yet not a truism. Many a man, lacking this one qualification for political service, has not only marred his career and destroyed his peace, but curtailed his life, in the endeavour to keep abreast with men perhaps intellectually his inferiors but in physical force his betters. The great Lord Grey at the most critical moment in the fortunes of the first Reform Bill was protesting, with an almost excessive vehemence, that his only inducement to remain in office was the hope of rendering some service to the

State ; and, in enforcing this point, he extemporized a magnificent misquotation. Dryden had written—

Punish a body which he could not please,  
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease.

Grey, applying the same thought to his own case, exclaimed :—

What else could tempt me on these stormy seas,  
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?

Again and again that generous prodigality, accelerating the final and fatal bankruptcy, has been exhibited on the stage of our political life. Thus was Sidney Herbert, the fine flower of physical and moral beauty—ininitely the most gracious and attractive figure in the group of Peelites,—who died at fifty, worn out by the labours and sorrows of the Crimea. “My health,” he used to say, “has thwarted me in everything I undertook. Whether it was fox-hunting or politics, the strong fellows always beat me.” Ten years later there was Henry Winterbotham, “the young martyr-statesman,” as Liddon called him in a sermon at St. Paul’s, whom many will still recall as the rising hope of the stern and unbending Radicals—killed by official work in his thirty-seventh year. And in more recent times the meteor-like career and disappearance of Lord Randolph Churchill showed, even more startlingly, that even the most exceptional combination of political and Parliamentary gifts is only a snare if the physical constitution is unequal to

the strain. John Bright was, I should imagine, a man of considerably more than average strength; yet even he broke down, even to the point of having to leave the Cabinet, under the stress of official work; and, even in his fullest vigour, he was never equal to a very laborious post. Gladstone, though, in his marvellous old age, he seemed to be, as Mr. Morley said, "encased in a frame of pliant steel," began public life with the reputation of delicate health, and was menaced in the very prime of manhood by serious lung-trouble. That he became the marvel of physical strength which we all remember, and was able down to the verge of ninety years to work like a man of thirty, was due, no doubt, to the wonderful regularity of his disciplined and ordered life—due most specially, as he himself eagerly declared, to the saving grace of Sunday. "Sunday I reserve, with rare exceptions, for religious employments. It is Sunday, I am convinced, that has kept me alive and well, even to a marvel, in times of considerable labour. It is impossible for me to be thankful enough for the exemption [from illness] which I enjoy, especially when I see far stronger constitutions—constitutions truly Herculean—breaking down around me." Perhaps the most remarkable instance of a feeble constitution, preserved by care through a long period of public life, was that of Lord John Russell, who on his eleventh birthday weighed 3 st. 12 lb., who, when he

entered the House of Commons, was warned by his doctor that he could not live through a single Session; who was twice Prime Minister, filled all the most laborious offices of State, and spent sixty years in the activities of political life. If an "Interviewer" from the *Lancet* had asked Lord John the secret of his longevity, the answer would have been something like this: "As I had a bad digestion, I lived on very simple food. As there was consumption in my mother's family, I lived as much as I could in the fresh air. I spent a good deal of my time on horseback, and I never fussed." In illustration of this last-named and most important habit, Lord John might have quoted his own laconic account of his conduct at a perilous conjuncture—"Seeing that nothing was to be done that night, I left the Cabinet and went to the Opera." Of course the ideal constitution for a political career was that of Palmerston, who died Prime Minister at eighty-one, after a lifetime divided between the exacting labours of the House of Commons and the scarcely less strenuous pursuits of Society and Sport. "He used to go out partridge-shooting long after his eyesight was too dim to take correct aim, and persevered in his other outdoor pursuits. Twice during the last year of his life he rode over from Broadlands to his Training Stables at Littleton to see his horses take a gallop on Winchester Racecourse. He rode down in June

to the Harrow Speeches, and timed himself to trot the distance from his house in Piccadilly to the Head Master's door, nearly twelve miles, within the hour, and accomplished it." To be sure he had the gout from time to time, and eventually it killed him; but that was, so to say, all in the day's work. Gout was rather specially the Statesman's disease. Walpole endured it. Chatham died of it. Althorp killed himself by trying to stave it off. It drove the great Lord Derby out of office. It diminished the vigour, though it never could spoil the temper, of Lord Granville. And, in spite of all warnings to the contrary, the habitual victims of gout flattered themselves with the venerable delusion that it was "a safety-valve to the constitution" and "kept off worse things." Even Lord Beaconsfield was not exempt from that superstition; and I have read a letter in which he extols the "renovating ferocity" of his last attack. Putting on one side the case of such invulnerable heroes as Lord Palmerston, perhaps the sort of constitution which Lord Beaconsfield possessed is as good an equipment as any for Parliamentary life. It was a constitution which did not incite its owner to physical effort, yet never interfered with mental alertness, and was capable of prolonged endurance; which did not imperatively demand fresh air, but thrived in the fusty atmosphere of Downing Street and the House of Commons; which shrank instinctively from excess,

and inclined by nature to temperance, moderation, and self-control; and, above all, was absolutely proof against excitement, worry, and nervous wear-and-tear. It was, in a word, a constitution not exceptionally strong, but absolutely sound, and exactly adapted to the requirements of official life. When a friend urged the septuagenarian Palmerston to believe that a course of active Opposition would suit his health better than the labours of office, he replied: "No, no; that stirs up the bile and creates acidity. Ask Disraeli if it does not." And certainly that remarkable man was never so healthy and so happy as when he was leading the House of Commons and governing the Empire.

But all the instances which I have quoted of healthy and long-lived politicians belong to the happy days when statesmen were not expected to appear on public platforms. If a man in high office addressed his supporters once between one General Election and the next, he was thought to have discharged everything in the way of oratorical duty which the most exacting constituency could require. John Bright, who made an annual address at Birmingham, was censured for setting an example of dangerous activity. Mr. Gladstone, by his early crusades in Lancashire, by his orations at Blackheath in middle life, and by his later Pilgrimages of Passion to Midlothian, created a precedent which since his day has killed many a

weaker man. In 1874 Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his diary: "It is a new thing, and a very serious thing, to see the Prime Minister 'on the stump.' Surely there is some little due to dignity of position. But to see him running from Greenwich to Blackheath, to Woolwich, to New Cross, to every place where a barrel can be set up, is more like Punch than the Premier." But even this activity, novel and in some respects perilous as it was, did not in those distant days extend beyond the limits of his own constituency. It was not till a considerably later period that the "old man eloquent" began to take the whole world as his parish, and to harangue the electors of every Borough which he touched on his Northward journeys, and every County through which he passed. It was this startling innovation on the more reticent habits of his predecessors which in 1886 drew down on Mr. Gladstone a Royal remonstrance, and elicited a characteristic defence:—

Mr. Gladstone must state frankly what it is that has induced him thus to yield to importunity for speeches. It is that, since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the Leaders of the Opposition have established a rule of what may be called popular agitation, by addressing public meetings from time to time at places with which they were not connected. This method was peculiarly marked in the case of Lord Salisbury as a peer, and this change on the part of the Leaders of Opposition has induced Mr. Gladstone to deviate on this critical occasion from the rule which he had generally or universally observed in former years. . . . Your Majesty will be the first to perceive, that, even if it had been

possible for him to decline this great contest, it was not possible for him, having entered upon it, to conduct it in a half-hearted manner, or to omit the use of any means requisite in order to place (what he thinks) the true issue before the country.

The official and constitutional propriety of these orations by leading statesmen, outside the boundaries of the place which they represent, has now passed beyond the sphere of discussion. The habit of making speeches all over the country has become a recognized and inevitable part of a statesman's duty. That the Platform has its uses no one will deny, but it makes a tremendous addition to the fatigues of political life. A Cabinet Minister has spent an exhausting week in London, sitting up each night in the House of Commons, perhaps piloting a Bill through Committee, and busy all the forenoon and afternoon with the regular work of his office. He has promised, at the request of a friend or by the advice of the Whips, to address a meeting in Lancashire or Devonshire. He must hurry to the station, dine in the train, travel for four or five hours, address a crowded audience, in a hall as hot as Tophet, for an hour and a half, drive out three miles into the country, meet the local leaders at a heavy supper, go to bed late and dog-tired, rise early, get his breakfast while he is dressing, and catch the express for London in time to meet an important deputation at one o'clock. The effect of all this on nerves, circulation, and digestion can be



imagined by us all, but accurately described only by a doctor examining for Life-Insurance. If it had not been for the Colston Banquet at Bristol on the 13th of November last, the Liberal Party would not to-day<sup>1</sup> be mourning the retirement of its loved and honoured leader.

<sup>1</sup> April 11th, 1908.

## XI

### BUDGETS

HERE, clearly, is a subject on which at the very outset the authority of Dryasdust should be invoked :—

“BUDGET (from the French *bougette*, Latin *bulga*, a small bag), a term applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s annual statement of the finances of the country, from the documents having been formerly presented in a leather bag.”

We will not enquire too curiously into the soundness of Dryasdust’s etymology, nor demand historical evidence about that “leather bag.” All plausible theories require facts for their support, and, if the facts do not exist, they must be invented. This is a principle on which, time out of mind, etymologists have acted ; and Dryasdust shall not, with my consent, be blamed, even if, in order to supply a satisfactory derivation, he, Germanwise, evolved that leather bag out of his inner consciousness.

The fact is that the antiquities of the subject may be disregarded. It little skills to know how the annual statement of the national finances came by its

name. What is noteworthy is that public interest in that statement, as one of the chief events of the political year, is a matter of quite recent growth, and dates from Gladstone's first Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in 1853. I have received it as a Parliamentary tradition from those who were old when I was young that, till Gladstone appeared upon the scene, the Budget was the annual orgie of Chartered Dulness. Whatever was of the slightest interest in the financial proposals of the year had always oozed out long before the "leather bag" was opened on "Budget-night." Every self-respecting M.P. dined away from the House, paired for the night, went to the Opera or the Play, "Almack's" or Cremorne; and left the House to the "Calculators and Economists" whom Burke so justly despised, the "poring, pottering fellows" whom Dr. Johnson disliked. It was a night devoted by common consent to the men of figures and statistics, the critics of expenditure, and the purists of taxation; economists like Joseph Hume, to whom an error of a farthing in the national accounts seemed a crime worthy of impeachment, and cranks like Henry Drummond, the Irvingite Apostle, who considered it a religious duty to vote with the Chancellor of the Exchequer even though he had spoken against him.

But in April 1853 all this was changed. Mr. Gladstone had just joined the Coalition Government,

and had been placed in an office for which he was uniquely qualified by a combination of financial, administrative, and rhetorical gifts. "If one could conceive of a heaven-born Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone was that celestial product." The speech in which he introduced his first Budget lasted for five hours, and, according to all contemporary accounts, held a crowded House spell-bound. Here was an orator who could apply all the resources of a burnished rhetoric to the elucidation of figures; who could make cheese interesting and tea serious; who could sweep the widest horizon of the financial future, and yet stoop to bestow the minutest attention on the microcosm of penny stamps and post-horses. Above all, the Chancellor's mode of handling the Income-tax attracted interest and admiration. It was a searching analysis of the financial and moral grounds on which the impost rested, and an historical justification and eulogy of it, as a temporary expedient designed to meet immediate and pressing difficulties. Having served its purpose, the Income-tax was to be abolished in 1860—and we are paying it in 1908! But this was a miscarriage which no one foresaw, and Gladstone's scheme astonished and interested the whole country, from the Queen and Prince Albert downwards. The Budget of 1853 demonstrated its author's absolute mastery over figures; the persuasive force of his expository gift;

his strange power of clothing the dry bones of Customs and Tariffs with the flesh and blood of human interest—even of suffusing them with something of poetic glow and colour. It was only the first of a long series of similar performances, different, of course, in detail, but alike in their bold outlines and brilliant handling. Notable, even in this series, was the Budget Speech of 1860, which asked the sanction of Parliament to the Commercial Treaty with France, and abolished the Paper-Duty. These proposals were greatly dreaded by steady-going politicians and timid financiers. The ever-watchful Greville wrote on the 1st of February: "Clarendon shook his head; Overstone pronounced against the Treaty; the *Times* thundered against it, and there is little doubt that it was unpopular, and becoming more so every day. Then came Gladstone's unlucky illness, which compelled him to put off his *exposé*, and made it doubtful whether he would not be physically disabled from doing justice to the subject. His doctor says he ought to have taken two months' rest instead of two days. However, at the end of this two days' delay he came forth, and by common consent achieved one of the greatest triumphs which the House of Commons ever witnessed. . . . He is now *the* Great Man of the day." I remember hearing it said by a close observer in the House of Commons that in every session Gladstone delivered a speech

everyone pronounced to be the finest speech they had ever heard. My excellent friend Sir Wilfrid Lawson, looking back on a lifetime spent in Parliament, said that he thought Gladstone's speech on the Taxation of Charities (proposed by the Budget of 1863) was his greatest achievement. It covers thirty-six closely printed pages of the volume called *The Financial Statements of 1853, 1860-1863*. It absolutely exhausts the history and the philosophy, the ethics and the logic, of the proposal to submit charitable funds to the general laws of taxation. It is difficult to conceive a more masterly exposition of an intricate and controversial subject ; but the most remarkable circumstance about it is that it was delivered when the Government, in order to avoid defeat, had determined to withdraw the proposal, and to a House which knew that such was their intention. Yet the interest of the argument and the splendour of the rhetoric held the attention of the hearers just as firmly as though the glowing peroration had been leading up to a defiance of the Opposition, instead of a complete and compulsory surrender. Surely the force of oratory could no further go. Another, a much later, and a much lighter, Budget speech of the same great enchanter lingers in my memory. In the summer of 1880 Gladstone had just routed Beaconsfield, and had become Prime Minister for the second time, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. " His

genius had entered on its Odyssey, or sunset, stage," as an enthusiastic admirer wrote in the fulness of his heart, little recking of the fourteen years of strife and stress which lay before his venerable chief. The main feature of the Budget of 1880 was the repeal of the Malt Tax, and I can perfectly recall the curious grace, and sort of comic courtesy, with which Gladstone, discussing the strength of home-brewed ale, and facing Colonel Stanley and Lord John Manners on the Opposition Bench, extolled the splendid hospitalities of Knowsley and Belvoir, "which strike with astonishment, *and sometimes even with bewilderment*, the favoured guests who are permitted to partake of them."

Not by any means all Chancellors have made the Budget interesting, though many have tried. Dull beyond all dulness were the Financial Statements of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, whose "low doctrine" stirred Gladstone's indignation to its depths. The same might be said of Sir Charles Wood, who however made amends for his dulness by his cheerful willingness to withdraw his proposals when he found them unpopular. Not much livelier was Hugh Childers, though indeed his memorable scheme of half-sovereigns which were to be worth less than ten shillings drew from a disgusted Liberal the vernacular protest—"When it comes to the Exchequer issuing flash coin, I'm off." Robert Lowe, whose characteristic idea of his duty

was that he "had to distribute a certain amount of human misery, and was bound to distribute it as equally as possible," was driven from office by an insurrection of the match-girls, whose wretched business he had proposed to tax. Disraeli was a much livelier financier, and his Financial Statements were said to resemble a Columbine's skirts, being "all flimsiness and spangles." But, in spite of his nationality, Finance was not his strongest point, and, when he became Prime Minister, he gladly handed the Chancellorship to Northcote, whose graceful scholarship and literary instinct imparted a distinction to the most prosaic business. No one tried harder than Lord Goschen to make his Budgets interesting; but jokes about Death Duties and conundrums about "Who drinks rum?" are the sole survivals of his elaborate merriment.

Sir Algernon West, who was officially cognizant of the processes by which Budgets are evolved, wrote thus about Lord Randolph Churchill, whose reign at the Exchequer lasted only from August 1886 to January 1887:—"On the evening of the day on which he carried his Budget through the Cabinet, after describing to me how he had done so, he said: 'There in that box are all the materials of our Budget. They are unpolished gems; put the facets on them as well as you can, but do not speak to me on the subject again till the end of the financial year.' What that Budget was cannot yet be told; but it may be



fairly said that it far exceeded in importance any Budget since Mr. Gladstone's great performance of 1860"<sup>1</sup> If poor Lord Randolph had not, in his own poignant phrase, "forgotten Goschen," and if he had ever produced this astounding Budget, he would have had among his most keenly interested hearers the late Lord Cottesloe, who died in his ninety-third year in 1890. The obituarist described him as "a familiar figure in the House of Commons on the annual nights when the Budget speech was made. Of such speeches he had listened to more than fifty." The mind shrinks appalled from so terrible a retrospect.

<sup>1</sup> We know all about it now.

## XII

### THE FESTIVE SEASON

THIS title, though "soiled with all ignoble use," and associated mainly with mistletoe and plum-pudding, belongs of right to Easter. The apparently interminable winter—a winter marked this year by rather special sickliness and sadness—has at length come to an end. Nature is trying, though at the moment not quite successfully, to break the chains of the six months' imprisonment which has held her in bondage. Her feeblest attempt in that direction is a welcome activity. The smallest spark of green in a russet hedgerow—the first leaf which pokes its delicate nose through the smutty bark of the lilac in the back garden—is a pledge and prophecy of brighter days to come.

There is a rapturous movement, a green growing,  
Among the hills and valleys once again,  
And silent rivers of delight are flowing  
Into the hearts of men.

There is a purple weaving on the heather,  
Night drops down starry gold upon the furze,  
Wild rivers and wild birds sing songs together,  
Dead Nature breathes and stirs.

## SOME THREEPENNY BITS

the aspect which spring—and the Holy which I am now writing—once presented to He must have been living in a remarkably intimate and describing an abnormally warm season; but the picture is so pleasant that we will not too curiously enquire whether it is true to life, even in that favoured land of Ireland where the Poet, by a strange conjuncture, is Primate too. For, after all, the true charm of Easter lies in something which neither east winds, nor leaden skies, nor untimely frosts,

Nor all that is at enmity with Joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

Easter is for grown-up people the really "Festive Season," because it is the annual Festival of Hope; and, though childhood and youth regard Hope as their natural birth-right—their inalienable property,—it is otherwise, sadly otherwise, with manhood and old age. When those dismal stages of existence are reached, we begin to feel that Hope is not an inevitable accompaniment of life, but a rare and precious boon, to be carefully cherished and even passionately prized. Just in proportion as we feel our hold on it becoming less secure, we value it increasingly, and we cling to every aspect and incident of life which encourages it.

The loss of hope in a human soul is the gathering of the darkness; its increase is the brightening of the dawn. To be robbed of it even in our poor earthly life is a deep misfortune; for,

though energy may be possible without it, serenity is not ; though duty may be faithfully continued, happiness is gone. But hope in our earthly prospects matters very little if its eternal treasures be garnered up where man cannot rob us of them.

I must forbear to pursue the line of thought indicated in those last words, for I am not writing for the pulpit. Yet surely the least ecclesiastically-minded of mankind must perceive what has been called "the fine practical instinct of the Church," which at all times and in all places has associated the yearly resurrection of the natural world with her own special message of

Hope, and a renovation without end.

But, though we are constrained to lay on one side that which is at once the divinest and the most human element of Easter—Hope—there is plenty to be said about less vital issues. This world is a very real place, and the hopes connected with it may lawfully find a place even in a mind which dwells habitually on the greatest Hope of all. "The labour of life," said Mr. Gladstone, "is cheered by the song of life, and the lessons of Hope are, on the whole, the lessons of wisdom." One's hopes need not be, though too often they are, merely selfish. That during the brief remainder of one's span one may be more useful in one's day and generation, more true to one's ideals, more mindful of the truth that "he who is not actively kind is cruel"—this is a hope which,

though personal, is not selfish. Then there is hope for one's friends—hope that they may walk worthily of the high vocation with which we believe that they were called, and may

Look forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed.

Hope for one's country, with the accompanying effort to make that hope a reality, is the best form of patriotism. All through that hideous period of our recent history, when Bloodshed and Rapine and the insensate pursuit of wealth, and all the "obscene Empires of Mammon and Belial," had got the upper hand, we hoped that England might yet regain her self-possession, and resume her ancient function of teaching Peace and Freedom to the world. During the years of the South African War, when the old ideal of English honour had died down to its very roots, it required all the symbolism of Easter to keep hope alive and to assure one of a national renovation. But we went on, hoping, as the phrase is, against hope; and we lived to see the "Second Spring" of England's better mind. And then, again, a laudable and inspiring hope is hope for the causes in which we believe. I may not speak of that Supreme Cause for which "the martyrs flared in Nero's tar-barrels, and maidens gave their delicate limbs to be torn by the lions in the arena," sustained through all by the unconquerable Hope. I speak of causes less sacred,

indeed, but not less heroic—the cause of the Christian populations offering an age-long resistance to the black tyranny of Turkish rule; the cause of a dismembered and down-trodden Italy, striving generation after generation to be one and to be free; the cause of Labour at home, claiming for its children a larger share in the heritage of national prosperity than their parents have ever known; the cause of humanity, which cannot live at ease, and laugh, and enjoy itself as long as man or beast is the subject of organized cruelty. There are a hundred causes more, some won already, some to be won soon; and these all have lived by Hope, and by the passionate and persistent energy which hope inspires.

As I write these words, I bethink me that some of my readers are just now battling for a cause. It must always be a matter of regret to serious-minded people when a contested Election takes place at Passion-tide or Easter.<sup>1</sup> Even the most callous must feel a jarring contrast between the furious turmoil of a political battle and the thoughts which at this season of the year occupy all Christian hearts. But if we are persuaded in our innermost conscience that the cause which we have made our own is really the right cause, and that truth and justice and freedom are bound up in it, then the lesson of the season surely is, not that we should stand aloof from

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to a by-election at Manchester.

the conflict, but that we should play our part in it like the sworn soldiers of a high crusade, remembering always that gentleness is just as characteristic a mark of the true soldier as courage, and that devotion to the flag need not involve disparagement of those who have ranged themselves on the opposite side.

I look back over an interspace of twenty-eight years, and I recall Mr. Gladstone's first and most striking victory in Mid-Lothian. The General Election of which it formed a part had raged all through Passion-tide and Easter, and many a supporter of the Liberal creed found thoughts of manifestoes and majorities, and bad politicians defeated and good ones crowned, mingling strangely with his prayers and praises. And yet so firmly persuaded were we of the righteousness of our cause that, even if the polling had been fixed for Good Friday, we should have voted with a clear conscience, and with the absolute conviction that we were doing our bounden duty to God and man. I once heard my friend Arthur Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, say in a sermon: "I know no radicalism except that which I sucked in from the breasts of the Gospel." When a man can feel thus about his cause, he is in little danger of profaning it by unworthy methods, or prostituting it to selfish ends. He believes in it with a faith which, though enthusiastic, is still serene; and

the most passionate storms of controversy burst over that faith and leave it undisturbed. "It remained motionless," said Tyndall, describing the rainbow which overarched an Alpine waterfall—"it remained motionless, while the gusts and clouds of spray swept furiously across its place, and were dashed against the rock. It looked like a spirit strong in faith, and steadfast in the midst of the storm of passions sweeping across it; and, though it might fade and revive, it clung to the rock as in hope and giving hope. And the very drops, which, in the whirlwind of their fury, seemed as if they would carry all away, were made to revive it and give it greater beauty."



## XIII

### BANK HOLIDAY

"SURELY a compulsory game, an enforced amusement, an imposed recreation, are ludicrous contradictions in terms." The eminent critic from whom I quote was writing with reference to the amiable custom, prevalent at Public Schools, of compelling little boys, whether they like it or not, to take part in cricket and football and similar delights. "We are but children of a larger growth"; and, when we submit to have our quarterly holidays prescribed for us by Act of Parliament, we really are displaying that same spiritless submission to authority which we learned in the Fourth Form at Eton or Harrow. As in our subservient youth, so now, we grumble but obey. We may cordially dislike the discipline, yet we submit to it; although it is no longer enforced, as in early days, by the irrefragable argument of physical pain. There is a rule, and that is enough for us. Parliament (moved thereto by my benevolent friend Lord Avebury) has decreed that on Easter Monday we shall all keep holiday, and we loyally do our best

to put a cheerful face on an experience which we dislike but cannot avoid. In like manner, forty years ago, we panted across the Football Field and puffed up the Hill at Harrow, or "grazed our scalps and bruised our shins against 'the Wall' at Eton, in what is probably the most brutal game in the world."

Of Easter Monday, 1908, it may be safely affirmed that no one, unhampered by rule, would have chosen it for merry-making. There was a wind which stabbed one to the very vitals, a rapid succession of sleet, snow, and stinging hail, and an occasional gleam of pallid sunshine, which, like a silver plate on a coffin, only intensified the prevailing gloom. Not such, I trow, is the weather which the natural man chooses for his holiday. He likes to bask, and lounge, and look up at a blue sky; to feel the breath of summer as the south-west wind blows into his face, and to smell it as it comes across the fields, made odorous by Mayflower and lilac and chestnut bloom. These are the concomitants of a genuine holiday, and for these we were yearning in this third week of a frozen April; but, as the poet beautifully says:

A Power beyond our seeing  
Staved us back, and gave our choice the law.

The "Power" in this case is "Lubbock's Act." We could not, though we would, put off our holiday till May. We must take it, with as good a grace as we could muster, on the 20th of April. But, though the

time of our quarterly festival is thus rigidly ruled for us, a generous latitude is conceded as to the place. Why, then, did I choose Hampton Court? Well, in the first place, I am, by naturalization if not by birthright, a loyal subject of the Kingdom of Cockaigne, and we old-fashioned Londoners regard long journeys by train as incompatible with the true spirit of a holiday. The journey by road is at least half the fun of the day. As we speed along in 'bus, or van, or char-a-banc, we feel that we move with the moving tide of existence through an endless and varied succession of interests and excitements. We eschew the early rising and hurried breakfast and crowded stations which are inseparable from trips by train. We like to digest our rasher with befitting calm, and to return not too late to the tranquil hearth of home. This being so, long excursions are not for Londoners. We leave them to our more strenuous brethren of the North. Our choice is practically, though not statutably, restricted to a radius of twenty miles. In such weather as that of last Monday the very sound of "black Hampstead's swarthy moor" freezes the blood. St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, and the Tower of London I know by heart. Cleopatra's Needle has lost the charm of novelty. The hothouses of Kew, when tenanted by fifty-six thousand of my fellow-trippers, are hot in a sense and a degree which even I, a sun-worshipper if ever there

was one, find oppressive ; and so, by a gradual process of exhaustion, we come round to Hampton Court, as being at once sufficiently distant to give a sense of travel, and not distant enough to necessitate early departures or late returns ; providing abundant shelter from that fury of the elements which is sure to rage on Easter Monday ; respectable even to the excruciating point of gentility ; and, above all, instructive. On that last epithet I lay much stress, for, quite obviously, the instructiveness of Hampton Court forms a great part of its attractive force. On Easter Monday I was one of twelve thousand trippers. In their company I journeyed down ; in their company I spent the day ; in their company I returned. An ancient chronicler has ascribed to the English people a particular way of taking their pleasure which it is a point of honour not to cite except by allusion. I should not say that my fellow-trippers were exactly sad, but a Pan-Anglican Synod could not be graver, nor a Lodge of Good Templars more sober. Dr. Liddon once said that, if St. Paul could rise from his grave and traverse the streets of London on the afternoon of a wet Bank Holiday, "he would have occasion to reconsider his statement that they that be drunken are drunken in the night." The weather on Easter Monday might have tempted even an anchorite to alcoholic indulgence ; but the Apostle himself might have joined our company without the slightest risk of sustaining a

moral shock. It was an absolutely sober concourse, and pre-eminently decorous. Husbands and wives, mothers and families, young men and maidens, roamed side by side through the galleries and cloisters, and spread themselves over the wide lawns, with a sombre and silent decorum which did not seem to have much in common with enjoyment. No doubt the effect of sombreness was partly the result of their clothes. Why is an English crowd all black, brown, and grey? Why, when all Nature, and art too, is flashing with the hues of the rainbow, do English people sedulously array themselves in sepia and Vandyke Brown and Indian Ink? Under that sullen sky a girl who had ventured on a scarlet blouse, or a Brave who had flaunted an orange-coloured bandana, would have been a benefactor to the æsthetic sense; but grave as the garb of Quakerdom was our clothing, and our demeanour still more grave. It is true that, on the Village Green, Hampton still vindicated its claim to the title of "Merry," for there were displayed the meretricious attractions which Mrs. Jarley, moved by professional jealousy, long ago condemned—the "low beatings and knockings-down, the jokings and squeakings, of your precious Punches"; and cocoanuts, and Aunt Sallys, and Merry-go-rounds, and all the traditional resources of blameless mirth. But inside the Palace a different spirit prevailed. We trod as reverently as if we were approaching the actual

presence of Henry VIII., with Tower Hill looming in the background. There was not a ripple of laughter or a spark of fun in all the company. Voices were hushed to a church-going undertone, and the spirit of conscious self-improvement filled the air.

I said just now that its Instructiveness is evidently one of the Palace's chief charms in the eyes of those who frequent it; and, as we solemnly paced the courts and corridors, everyone expounded to his companion a private theory of each object which met his gaze—when this was built and what that was used for; in which chamber Cardinal Wolsey slept, and in which hall bluff King Harry banqueted; whether Ann Boleyn really kept her dulcimer in the aumbry, and why Queen Mary behaved so disagreeably to her sister Elizabeth. I might have endeavoured to collect these *Voces Populi*, and reproduce them; but I bethought me that Sir Frank Burnand has saved me the trouble by describing, with his inimitable touch, the architectural and archæological lore which such a place as Hampton Court (or Bovor Castle) elicits from its admirers.

They show me a fine old room, with painted, panelled ceiling and side-gallery. Englefield (who is an authority on these matters) says that this was the old Chapel. We none of us think it could have been the Chapel, on account of the fireplace. Then, says Englefield, positively, it was the Refectory. Refectories, says Childers, were only in monasteries. Englefield is positive that it *must* have been the Chapel or the Refectory; or, after

some consideration, the Armoury. "But," objects Poss, "they wouldn't have had that sort of window." Englefield says, "Why not?"—which is treated as an absurd question; whereupon he suggests that it's the Hall. "No," says Stenton, "the other's the Hall," meaning the place where Englefield looked through a window in the screen. "Some of the passages here," says Englefield, "are beautifully corbelled." I am getting tired; I hate sight-seeing and having knowledge thrust on me, so I merely reply, "Yes, beautiful," and nearly fall down the winding stairs.

Barring the fact that my fellow-trippers seemed to enjoy the sensation of "having knowledge thrust on" them more than any other part of the day's proceedings, the passage which I have just transcribed exactly reproduces the *Voces Populi* of Easter Monday.

And so once again I set my face towards the City of which Hampton is a suburb, on the whole not ill-pleased with my compulsory holiday. I have seen a great host of my fellow-citizens enjoying themselves in a way which, indeed, I could not share, but which was, in the strictest sense of the word, exemplary for orderliness and sobriety. So far so good; and, when one compared what one had seen with the squalid orgies which were common on Bank Holidays twenty years ago, and which renewed their vigour at certain stages of the South African War, one could only feel thankful for a marked and tangible improvement. Still the whole effect of the day's proceedings was to leave upon the mind that sense of "hideousness" and

"*ennui*" in the "steady and respectable life" of the Middle Class, which made Matthew Arnold "shiver"; and I can understand his desire to "introduce, with time, a little more soul and spirit into the too, too solid flesh of English society." "I do not wish my countrymen to be the café-haunting, dominoes-playing Frenchmen; but rather some third thing, neither the Frenchmen nor their present selves." Those words were written more than forty years ago; and, if I may judge by what I saw and heard on Easter Monday, the evolution of that "third thing" is not yet complete.



## XIV

### MAY DAY

"UPON the morning of the second of the merry month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, we went out for a stroll, with a kind of forlorn hope of seeing something or other which might induce us to believe that it was really Spring, and not Christmas." These words, written by Dickens seventy-two years ago, seem likely to be only too appropriate to the 2nd of May 1908, on which day these thoughts ought to see the light. As the dates happen to coincide, I transcribe the passage as it stands; but the perverseness which led Dickens to make his tour of observation on the Second instead of the First of May, must not divert our thoughts from the peculiar glories of May Day. The learned Lemprière, and other guides to classical knowledge used to tell us that "the ancient Romans went in procession to the Grotto of Egeria on May Day." Clearing the centuries at a bound, Mrs. Markham and the historians of her school told of "Evil May Day," which befel in 1517, when "the violence of the London

apprentices and populace, directed against foreigners, especially the French," led to a marked interruption of the *entente cordiale*. Macaulay, in more majestic prose, describes the traveller's approach from London to Oxford, and his first sight of the "graceful tower of Magdalen College, on the summit of which a Latin hymn is annually chanted by choristers at the dawn of May Day." Of that curious rite, Druidical by origin and Christian by conversion, Miss Rhoda Broughton has given an account in *Dr Cupid*, describing with singular delicacy the misty green of the Oxfordshire meadows as seen through the chill air of a May Day morning. Washington Irving, in one of his prettiest essays, describes the revels which, when first he visited England, still surrounded the May Pole on the village green and greeted the coronation of the Queen of May. "The Hall, according to custom, became a scene of merry and delightful confusion. The servants were all agog with May and music; and there was no keeping either the tongues or the feet of the maids quiet when they anticipated the sports of the green or the evening dance." A less romantic account of May Day and its festivities is preserved in *Sketches by Boz*, where the pleasantries of the "Young Lady with the Brass Ladle" are interwoven with anecdotes of chimney-sweeps and climbing boys, whose special festival seems, for some occult reason, to have been the First of May. It was on

May Day that the Queen of the Bluestockings, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, gave an annual feast at her house in Portman Square (now occupied by Lord Portman) to the chimney-sweepers of London. "They were regaled with roast beef and plum-pudding; a dance succeeded, and each guest, on departing, received a shilling from the mistress of the house." The judicious chronicler who tells us this adds, with the caution of a true historian: "It is said, though the statement is much doubted, that this entertainment was instituted to commemorate the circumstance of Mrs. Montagu's having once found a boy of her own, or that of a relative, among the sooty tribe."

Nowadays the nearest approach to a May Day Festival is the annual parade of van-horses, fostered by the expert skill of Sir Walter Gilbey; but the older and more traditional observance of the day did not die without a struggle. The "Young England" movement of the 'Forties, which was a quaint attempt to revive mediæval methods of government, mediæval forms of religion, and mediæval customs in society, made much of National Holidays, and especially cultivated May Day. Disraeli, who, though not dangerously young, played vigorously at "Young England," dated the preface to *Sybil* "May Day, 1845"; influenced, probably, by the same kind of sentiment as that which, twenty-three years later, impelled him to date a letter to a High Church clergy-

man in his constituency on "Maunday Thursday, 1868." His associates in the movement, such as the late Duke of Rutland, then Lord John Manners, and Frederick William Faber, seem to have believed that, if only they could persuade English labourers to dance round May Poles, all social miseries would be cured, and the Golden Age would at once return. The greater minds of the Oxford School seem to have escaped this amiable insanity. Keble, in *The Christian Year*, treats May Day rather cavalierly, as merely the introduction to dry and dusty summer. Newman ignores the day altogether, though he gives us some beautiful verses on the month :—

Green are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,  
And rich the hues of May ;  
We see them in the gardens round,  
And market-panniers gay.  
And, e'en among our streets and lanes  
And alleys, we descry,  
By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,  
The blue transparent sky.

When the joy of summer possessed his soul, he wrote about—

The freshness of May,  
And the sweetness of June,  
And the fire of July  
In its passionate noon.

But the realities of weather such as we have lately endured prompted him also to pen "A Song for an Inclement May." When Thackeray, in the character of

"Mr. Spec," dined at the hall of the Bellows-Menders' Company, he remarked that the Hebrew melodists who performed after dinner "sang a rustic madrigal describing 'Oh, the joys of bonny May—bonny May-a-a-ay, When the birds sing on the spray,'" etc. ; and Bulwer Lytton, in his *New Timon*, bowed the knee to the prevailing superstition, and wrote about "Luxuriant May." To me, as I sit cowering over my fire, while great jets of icy rain beat on my windows, and Kingsley's "Wild North Easter" shakes the jerry-built walls of Stucco Square, all thoughts of merriment or luxuriance seem cruelly unreal, and I find my only comfort in the recollection that other Mays have been nearly as disagreeable. Matthew Arnold notes "a dull first of May" in 1865, and in May 1869 he writes that "in this vile east wind everything looks harsh and gloomy." May 22, 1867, was Derby Day, and "Hermit" won his famous victory with snow lying on the course. In May 1873 Bishop Wilberforce wrote : "The marks of the frost of the 20th are very sad ; large oaks with every leaf shrivelled up and black, as if they had been burnt."

But the reflection that other people have undergone experiences as disagreeable as one's own is not a very satisfying topic of consolation ; and, instead of dwelling longer amid the tombs of departed Mays, we will now, just for a change, look forward a little, and enquire what pleasures the oncoming summer may

have in store for us. For such as are still young enough or old enough (for it is the septuagenarians who are invincibly gay) to enjoy society, this summer will be just the same as all other summers. Weather does not much affect the Season. A cold summer puts a check on garden-parties and mercifully makes water-parties impossible; but, in compensation for these withdrawn delights, we get more dinners; and balls always hold their own in spite of wind and rain. An evening party is pleasanter in cold weather than in hot, and Matthew Arnold thought it also prettier. On the 6th of May 1877, he wrote about a gathering which he had attended on the previous night: "The women were quite superbly dressed. The weather being cold, they wore heavy stuffs, and the floors were almost impassable from rolls of brocade."

Politics this summer will, I suppose, be rather specially interesting; for a new Cabinet, even if it accomplishes nothing else, will always provoke a lively curiosity. We all are anxious to see how the new men will acquit themselves in the new places; whether Mr. Lloyd-George will lighten the burden of taxation under which we groan, and whether Mr. Runciman will burn his fingers by contact with those educational firebrands which Mr. M'Kenna found so hot. But it is perhaps in the ecclesiastical sphere that the summer of 1908 promises to show most sport.

Even in a normal year May is a month devoted to religious dissipation. Every Society, great or small, sacerdotalist or puritanical, which exists to promote a religious cause, holds its annual festival in May. Country vicars, with tanned faces and amorphous boots, crowd the avenues of the Church House. Brawny curates shoulder their way into advantageous corners, and cheer their favourite orators as lustily as last year they cheered their College Boat. Devout women, clad in the grey waterproof of parochial activity, cover the area of the largest halls, and flit, like sombre butterflies, from flower to flower of religious eloquence. *The Record* is in strong demand, and the *Church Times* runs into special editions. All this is the normal accompaniment of a London May; but this summer May is to be the precursor of a yet more abundant and exhilarating June. For the Pan-Anglican Congress is at hand, and all other ecclesiastical excitements will be absorbed in this gigantic dissipation. A religious megalomania has seized the clerical mind. My Vicar tells me that the whole Anglican Communion will be present, by representation, in London. Every topic which concerns, however remotely, the religious, moral, and social welfare of our world-wide Empire will be exhaustively discussed. The Albert Hall will not be able to accommodate more than a Sectional Meeting, and St. Paul's Cathedral will be crammed from the

Crypt to the Cross. Already the clans are beginning to gather. Strange Bishops from outlying provinces, some with gaiters and some with trousers, some with moustaches and some with pectoral crosses, are beginning to pervade the streets. Missionaries from the most distant stations are thronging in for the May Meetings—

And many a swarthy face, and stern, is there,  
And many a man who knows deep things and rare—  
Knows the Chaldaic and the Coptic rite,  
The Melchian-Greek and Ebio-Maronite.

It is obvious that these "swarthy faces" must be lodged and boarded somewhere, and not at the expense of their owners. So we of the laity are required by our spiritual guides to decide, without loss of time, whether we should prefer to house a colonial archdeacon, or an interesting representative of the native priesthood from Zanzibar. The previous question, whether we wish for either, would be regarded as superfluous and even irreverent. The passion of Pan-Anglicanism has obsessed us all, and London will see some strange doings.



## XV

### LIBRARIES

"HACKNEY is a very large and populous village on the north-east side of London, and is inhabited by such a number of merchants and persons of wealth that it is said that there are near one hundred gentlemen's coaches kept there. Mr. Tyssen is Lord of the Manor." Such was Hackney in 1769; to-day it comprises within its boundaries three Parliamentary boroughs and an electorate of 33,000. This territory belongs to Lord Amherst, rightly called "of Hackney," who descends, through two heiresses, from the afore-said Mr. Tyssen, and was raised to the Peerage in 1892. For something like half a century the rents of Hackney, or some portion of them, were regularly devoted by Mr. Tyssen-Amherst as he was, Lord Amherst as he is, to the formation of the magnificent library which is now to be dispersed. Dispersed a library may be, but happily it can never be destroyed. Books liberated from private ownership are like the ashes of Huss when cast upon the waters; they mingle with the life of the world, and are even incalculably diffusive.

Washington Irving has a feeling passage on the dispersion of William Roscoe's library at Liverpool :—

The good people of the vicinity thronged, like wreckers, to get some part of the noble vessel that had been driven on shore. Did such a scene admit of ludicrous associations, we might imagine something whimsical in this strange irruption into the regions of learning. Pigmies rummaging the armoury of a giant and contending for the possession of weapons which they could not wield ! We might picture to ourselves some knot of speculators debating with calculating brow over the quaint binding and illuminated margin of an obsolete author ; of the air of intense but baffled sagacity with which some successful purchaser attempted to dive into the black-letter bargain he had secured.

The sight of such a dispersion draws no tears from me. A collection of books, however numerous and splendid, so long as it is confined under lock and key at Sheffield Park or Osterley, gives genuine pleasure to very few, and, if the inmost truth were known, is valued chiefly as mural decoration. Once in a blue moon a Macaulay comes along, "entertaining himself very agreeably from breakfast till two in the afternoon" in Lord Stanhope's library at Chevening, or revelling through a long summer's day in "Lord Spencer's magnificent collection of Aldine editions at Althorp." But such visitors are few and far between, and private libraries are, as a rule, unread. But, once cast on the waters of the open market, books float through natural channels to restful havens ; and an Elzevir or a Baskerville, which was a disregarded item in its stately home, is treasured like a relic and revered like an ikon when

it finds its way into the keeping of the humble but fervent book-lover. Such a book-lover it was who, after describing the simple equipment of his dwelling near the stars, thus went on to praise his books:—

But the best of our wealth is what comes after—  
See, row by row on their silent shelves,  
The wise world's wisdom, the gay world's laughter,  
In stately folios and tiny twelves.  
Singers and sages of every fashion,  
Whatever your fancy, there's food for each ;  
Shelley for splendour, Byron for passion,  
Pepys to prattle, and Pope to preach.

Those "stately folios"! Nothing else in the world so stamps a room, and makes even a garret dignified. Lord Beaconsfield spoke of himself as having been "born in a library"; and, though this was only his heightened and florid way of saying that his father's books overflowed from the sitting-room into the bedroom, he had the root of the matter in him, and knew that the outside of a book is at least half of the whole. "It was unlike modern libraries, for it was one in which folios greatly predominated; and they stood in solemn and sometimes magnificent array, for they bore, many of them, on their ancient though costly bindings the proofs that they had belonged to many a Prince, and even Sovereign, of the Church." I knew the library which Lord Beaconsfield thus described, and he did not in the least exaggerate the impression produced by those bindings on a sensitive

spirit. "Never," to quote the *Bibliomania* of Thomas Dibdin—"never did the Bibliomaniac's eye alight upon sweeter copies." Charles Lamb, a book-lover to the core, liked the decencies, but was no friend to the luxuries, of binding. It tormented him to see the waste of Russia or Morocco on books of no account, "when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios." The size and stature of a book, apart from its covering, moved him profoundly: "I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio. The octavo editions are painful to look at." The late Lord Houghton, thanking Gladstone for a present of his *Gleanings*, wrote: "I should like to have had them in more bibliothecal form. Samuel Rogers used to say that nobody had written carefully since they had ceased to be printed in quarto." There is a touch of reverent awe in the Rev. Richard Hooper's Introduction to Chapman's *Homer*, which bespeaks the genuine book-lover. Speaking of *Batrachomyomachia*, he says: "This very rare volume is a thin folio, with an exquisitely engraved title. Of this folio a LARGE PAPER copy is in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, the only one I have seen."

Sir Walter Scott knew—no man better—the solemn charm of a folio-filled library: "A gloomy room, whose antique oaken shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios so dear to the seventeenth

century, from which, under favour be it spoken, we have distilled matter for our quartos and octavos, and which, once more subjected to the alembic, may, should our sons be yet more frivolous than ourselves, be still further reduced into duodecimos and pamphlets." The library at Osbaldistone Hall was good, but I should have liked that at Bracebridge Hall even better. It was full of volumes "in silk linings, triple gold bands, and tinted leather, locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the mere reader; dazzling one's eyes, like Eastern beauties peering through their *jalouses*." I am "a mere reader," and I cannot pretend to lament a change of ownership which enables me to lay my "vulgar hand" on the books I love.

One of the most attractive libraries in fiction is sketched in *Robert Elsmere*: "The chequered bindings of the books, in which the creamy tints of vellum predominated, lined the whole surface of the wall with a delicate sobriety of colour. . . . The glazed case was a storehouse of treasures—the first four Folios of Shakespeare, all perfect, and most of the Quartos; everything that the heart of the English collector could most desire was there. And the charm of it was that only a small proportion of these precious things represented conscious and deliberate acquisition. The great majority of them had, as it were, drifted thither one by one, carried

there by the tide of English letters to a warm and natural resting-place." That is well said, but one cannot shut one's eyes to that glazed case. The books had drifted into the library by natural currents, but they were most artificially dammed by lock and key and oak and glass; nor could I have even simulated regret if Mr. Wendover had seen fit to send the whole collection to Sotheby's, and so had made it available for the use and delight of the world.

Enough has been said to show that I stand for the principle of Free Exchanges in books as in other commodities, and that I hold in abhorrence all such as would make a "corner" in the purest of all delights. According to my theory, the more freely books are thrown upon the market, the better for the world. Everyone should always be making a library, and always dispersing it; constantly buying, and often selling. But everything must have a beginning. Mr. Gladstone, who in later life found himself cruelly circumscribed in a library which would not hold more than ten thousand volumes, once possessed a single book—*Sacred Dramas*,—the gift of Mrs. Hannah More. There must have been a time when even Lord Amherst bought his first book. If we wish to create a library, how are we to begin?

Not long ago I was taken by some friends in the country to visit the mansion of a plutocrat whose wealth ennobled the neighbourhood. The house con-

tained everything in the world that is rare or costly, from Raphaels to orchids; but the library, as far as I could see, comprised only three volumes—a book of Hebrew Prayers, Bradshaw, and *Robson Roose on Gout in the Stomach*,—all sumptuously bound in blue and gold, and bearing foreign coronets on their backs. Here was at least an attempt to form a library, though of a rather specialist and technical sort, and the humblest beginnings should not be despised. “‘My library’s small,’ said Major Ponto with the most amazing impudence, ‘but well selected, my boy, well selected. I have been reading *The History of England* all the morning.’” In 1848 *The History of England* meant Macaulay; and with Macaulay every well-conditioned library must begin. “The Bible and Shakespeare,” according to Matthew Arnold, “may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay.” The Bible, Shakespeare, Macaulay—pretty well for a beginning. How shall we go on? The beloved Lamb has helped us, at least negatively, with his excellent list of *biblia a-biblia*, books which are no books. “Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket-books, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, and, generally, all those volumes which ‘no gentleman’s library should be without’; the Histories

of Flavius Josephus, and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*." To this list of books which are no books Lamb justly adds "Draught-boards bound and lettered on the back"—a deceitful form of furniture which Thackeray loved to expose, and of which one must suppose that he was once the victim. When Sackville Maine was showing his wife and brother-in-law round his club he did the honours of the library thus: "Choice library, containing every work of importance. What have we here? Dugdale's *Monasticon*, a most valuable, and, I believe, entertaining book." And, proposing to take down a volume for Mrs. Maine's inspection, instead of pulling down a book he pulled open a cupboard, "only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited." By a curious coincidence, it was also a Dugdale's *Monasticon* which, in Dr. Birch's study at Rodwell Regis, "looked like a book, but was in reality a cupboard, where he kept his bands, his almond cakes, and his decanter of wine."

To readers of a sentimental or romantic turn Books of Reference are quite as uninteresting as Lamb's Draught-board or Thackeray's *Monasticon*. Such readers find no joy in *Hansard* or *Who's Who*, no refreshment in the *Annals of Our Time* and Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*. Yet these rather austere works have their students and devotees. A few years ago a prominent politician rented Lord Acton's house,



and thereby enjoyed the use of a world-famous library. When the politician bought a house of his own, a friend said, "You will miss Acton's library." "Library!" replied the politician with indescribable emphasis. "I don't call that a library. It doesn't contain a single book of reference."

How, then, are we to form our Library? We are to buy exactly the books which we like best, irrespective of their fame; and never to buy a book because it is rare or expensive or fashionable. We are to harden our hearts against criticism, and grapple our favourites to our soul with hooks of steel. As a boy I have cowered under Dean Farrar's rhetoric when he denounced our favourite novels as "the nameless outpourings of obscure vulgarity, the raw conceptions of unknown sensationists, the brainless buffoonery which turns even what is noblest into jest." But our love for Miss Braddon and Miss Broughton survived the storm, and *Happy Thoughts* is a joy for ever. A periodical review serves to keep the nascent library within bounds. Second-hand booksellers are very reasonable people; and, even as Master Mobbs's double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it was sent by his stepmother to the Missionaries, so an inconvenient or superfluous volume can always be utilized as a Wedding Present or a Christmas Box. I should not be surprised if Lord Amherst himself had before now acted on this principle.

## XVI

### A STRANGE ANTITHESIS

MY title was suggested by a headline which I saw printed in capitals over an Obituary Notice of the excellent Lord Overton—

“A NOBLEMAN WHO TAUGHT IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL.”

In the mind of the man who penned that line there must have been some strange antithesis between “Nobility,” technically so called, and the practice of Sunday School-teaching. His mental attitude reminded me somehow of Lyddy in *Felix Holt*, to whom Harold Transome’s “sparkling ring and general air of worldly exaltation, unconnected with chapel, were painfully suggestive of Herod, Pontius Pilate, or the much-quoted Gallio.” The fact is that the headline in question was born out of due time. Even a hundred years ago it would scarcely have been apposite.

We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,  
And one who wears a coronet and prays.

Thus, rather grudgingly, Cowper paid his tribute to William, second Earl of Dartmouth (1731-1801), of whom Richardson admitted that, bating his Method-

ism, he might have been the prototype of Sir Charles Grandison ; whom Bute excluded from the Royal Household, "lest so sanctimonious a man should gain too far on His Majesty's piety"; and whom Selina, Lady Huntingdon (herself endowed with a pedigree which reached back to the Ark) designated as the person most fit to carry on her religious work when, as was quaintly said in the pietistic language of the time, she had "exchanged her earthly coronet for a heavenly crown." The year of the good Lord Dartmouth's death was the year of the great Lord Shaftesbury's birth; and Lord Shaftesbury not merely "wore a coronet and prayed," but for seventy years pursued an unbroken course of religious activity which would have made the praiseworthy labours of the Sunday School look infinitesimally small. Lord Beaconsfield, after visiting Lord Shaftesbury at his home in Dorset, characteristically thanked him for the privilege of seeing "a great English nobleman in his own hereditary halls." A contemporary observer, at the outset of his career, described him as "the *Beau Ideal* of Aristocracy." Neither phrase overshot the mark. Shaftesbury was the greatest of great gentlemen, and though a layman, one of the most active and persistent teachers of religion whom the last century produced. One of the people who did most to encourage him in the early and difficult days of his self-renouncing career was Charlotte Sophia, Duchess of Beaufort;

who died in 1854, and of whom he wrote: "She has run a remarkable course; she fought a good fight; she kept the faith. Called by God to be His instrument for the revival of the truth in the upper classes of society, she became a 'Mother in Israel.'" There are a few people still left who can remember this typically Great Lady of the old school, and can testify that she used all the resources of wealth, rank, and social influence for the one object of promoting the religion which she professed. Another Great Lady of the same type was Elizabeth, Duchess of Gordon, who died in 1864, after consecrating twenty years of her life to the cause of the Free Church of Scotland, then struggling with its fate, and for a much longer time stimulating the religious life of the Highlands where she dwelt.

Closely linked to Lord Shaftesbury, both by relationship and by convictions, was William, Lord Mount Temple—an Eton boy, a cornet in the Blues, a courtier, a member of Parliament, a statesman of high rank; the most refined and winning figure in social life; and as completely at home when presiding over a religious conference, or expounding Holy Writ, or praying by a sick bed, as when addressing his constituents from the Hustings or piloting a Bill through the House of Commons.

Whoever knows the County of Antrim must know the glories of Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the

British Isles; and the splendid demesne of Shane's Castle, with its sub-tropical vegetation romping down to the water's edge. Thither in 1868 came the ever-watchful Bishop Wilberforce, and this is what he wrote: "Beautiful morning. Walked along lake, and after luncheon drove to Antrim and Randal's Tower. A very fine place, and great beauty. Lord O'Neill simple, humble, and unpretending as if still a country curate." And the Bishop might have added that Lord O'Neill, who was in Holy Orders, actually performed a curate's duties at his parish church, and did a great deal of work for religion much more laborious than teaching in a Sunday School. It might surprise the obituarist of Lord Overtoun to know that Lord O'Neill's example has been frequently followed. Lord Scarsdale not only "wears a Coronet," but owns one of the great show-houses of England; and Sunday by Sunday he ministers in the village church to a congregation of which he is pastor as well as patron. And younger men who in their respective ways have reconciled the claims of rank and religion shall not, with my consent, be passed over. There was Lord John Thynne, whose name is often on my pen; the handsomest boy that ever went to Eton, the smartest officer and best rider in the 9th Lancers; who spent his income in helping poor candidates into the priesthood and his spare time in ministering to the sick troopers of his regiment.

It is well to commemorate the virtues of the dead, and praise of the living should be scanty. But those who see an antithesis between social rank and practical piety should recall the group of well-born young men who, headed by the present Lord Selborne, used to conduct the Bible Classes and organize the Mission Services at Oxford House in Bethnal Green; and they might profitably learn—though the names must be withheld—about a newly-married couple of the highest rank and fashion (they are not convertible terms), who, in settling the daily order of their home, have given their household not one but three opportunities every day of joining Divine Worship in their beautiful Chapel. “A Nobleman who taught in a Sunday School” is less a portent than a Nobleman and his wife who observe the Canonical Hours of Devotion and induce others to do the same; and in the particular matter of Sunday School-teaching I fancy that the roll of the historic Jesus Lane Sunday School at Cambridge could display many names of teachers not less distinguished than the name of Overtoun.

There is a certain sketch of character in Clarendon's History which was written with reference to one of his most famous contemporaries, but which has always seemed to me to describe by anticipation a conspicuous figure of the present day: “He was a person of inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of a flowing and obliging humanity and

goodness to mankind, and of primitive simplicity and integrity of life." The original was Lord Falkland; his modern representative presides over the English Church Union. A sportsman, an artist, a linguist, a brilliant and engaging figure in society, in the highest and best sense a Man of the World; and yet, beyond most men whom I have known, a citizen of "the City that hath the foundations." A few years ago Lord Halifax was forced into a rather special prominence by disputations then agitating the Church. This circumstance brought his name and character into the ken of many who before had scarcely realized his existence; and some, who heard a little about him, desired to know more. In a happy hour the Pastor and Deacons of a Nonconformist Chapel in East London asked him to come and address a gathering of men on Sunday afternoon. He consented, the Address was announced, and the building was crowded. Some, of course, came with itching ears, and some with inquisitive eyes, and many with a variant of the old question on their lips, "Can any good thing come out of the E.C.U.?" The question asked by prejudice was answered by experience. "Come and see" was again justified by results. For an hour Lord Halifax, with eyes half shut and without a note or a pause, delivered his inmost thoughts on the tremendous issue of worldliness and other-worldliness. He spoke as one to whom this world,

and all its shows, and all its joys, and all its objects of ambition, were merely the shadows cast by the unseen realities of the supernatural sphere. The audience had expected a defence of Ritualism, or a vindication of the Sacramental system, or even, perhaps, a challenge thrown out to their principles. But—

The strain they heard was of a higher mood.

They listened with an awestruck reverence which stifled applause ; and at the end they streamed out in silence, each man acknowledging that this high-souled cavalier had lifted his hearers into a sphere

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call Earth.



## XVII

### BORROWED FIRE

PROMETHEUS began the business, and from that day to this he has never lacked imitators. A recent trial has amusingly reminded us that political orators do not disdain to thrill their audiences

With borrowed fire and thunders not their own.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., expected his Private Secretary to compose for his use "a few flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast," and to add thereto "a few arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash-payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion and banknotes, and all that kind of thing, which it is only necessary to talk fluently about because nobody understands it." Will Ladislav, in his desperate attempts to coach Mr. Brooke for the contest at Middlemarch, "had written out various speeches and memoranda for speeches, but he had begun to perceive that Mr. Brooke's mind, if it had the burthen of remembering any train of thought,

would let it drop, run away in search of it, and not easily come back again." I myself have had something of a similar experience. In 1884, when it became apparent that the Redistribution of Seats was to be effected, I received a pathetic appeal from a worthy M.P. of the old school who had for twenty years represented a maritime borough of the smallest dimensions. The borough was now to be merged in a division of the County, and my friend was requested to contest the division. In his perplexity he begged my aid. I was, in brief, to make his speeches for him. "Though I have sat for Shinglebeach for twenty years, I have never made a political speech. I should offend some of my best supporters if I did. I have spoken at stone-layings and flower-shows and Benevolent Societies' dinners, and my constituents know that I am their friend, and we get along very comfortably. But I am told that in the County the agricultural labourers will require politics in the candidate's speeches, and politics are not in my line."

After this touching experience of conscious infirmity, I cannot find it in my heart to treat too severely the gentle art of borrowing fire. It has been sanctioned by the example of some very eminent practitioners both in Church and State. Perhaps its chief exponent was Lord Beaconsfield, who drew a very considerable portion of his fire from Bolingbroke and Burke ; transferred a whole page from Macaulay's

Essay on Byron to his own sickly novel of *Venetia*; and, with a touch of genuine humour, decorated his memorial oration on the Duke of Wellington with rhetorical ornaments stolen from Thiers's eulogy on Marshal de St. Cyr. On this incident Queen Victoria, who had not yet succumbed to the Disraelitish spell, wrote to her uncle King Leopold: "The Government are rather shaky. Disraeli has been imprudent and blundering, and has done himself harm by a speech he made about the Duke of Wellington which was borrowed from an *éloge* by Thiers on a French Marshal ! ! !" And the *Globe*, commenting on the same event, wrote thus: "The Duke of Wellington has experienced the vicissitudes of either fortune, and his calamities were occasionally scarcely less conspicuous than the homage which he ultimately secured. He was pelted by a mob. He braved the dagger of Cantillon. The wretched Capefigue even accused him of peculation. But surely it was the last refinement of insult that his funeral oration, pronounced by the official chief of the English Parliament, should be stolen word for word from a trashy panegyric on a second-rate French Marshal." This, though perhaps the most conspicuous instance of Parliamentary plagiarism, by no means stands alone. It is impossible, when one reads Robert Lowe's impassioned peroration against the Reform Bill of 1866, to repress the suspicion that he had recently

refreshed his memory of Canning's similar performance in 1821. Canning had said, with reference to Lord John Russell and his first attempt at Parliamentary reform: "If the noble Lord shall persevere, and if his perseverance shall be successful, and if the results of that success shall be such as I cannot help apprehending, his be the triumph to have precipitated those results; be mine the consolation that, to the utmost and to the latest of my power, I have opposed them." With reference to Gladstone and his Reform Bill of 1866 Lowe said: "If my right hon. friend succeeds in carrying the measure through Parliament, I shall not envy his retrospect. I covet not a single leaf of the laurel that may encircle his brow. His be the glory, if such it be, of carrying this measure; mine be it that, to the very utmost of my power, I have resisted it."

But it is only fair to remember that plagiarisms such as these, though often deliberate, may sometimes be unintentional, and, so to say, subconscious. In 1865 Liddon published his first volume of Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. The structure and style of these Sermons at once suggested to the critics that the preacher "had obviously studied modern French models—no contemptible school of eloquence," and the late Mr. Kegan Paul roundly charged him with "unacknowledged plagiarism of the 'Spiritual Exercises' of Ignatius." To this

charge Liddon replied that he had not the slightest wish to ignore his debt to Ignatius, if debt there were ; but that, till his critic pointed it out, he was unaware of any such obligation. "The first sermon in my book was composed from MS. notes, compiled or jotted down at various times for the purpose of extempore preaching, and unaccompanied, I regret to say, in almost all cases, by any reference to the sources from which the several notes had been taken. Somewhere between 1853 and 1854, when I was curate at Wantage, I must have made the extracts from Manrése, and I do not doubt that I believed myself to be copying or enlarging notes of my own, of which the book before me was mainly full. . . . I am quite sure you would not seem to have attributed to me deliberate concealment of an obligation, based upon a calculation that I was not likely to be found out, if you had known the facts of the case. Indeed, I would quite as readily have acknowledged my obligations to Manrése as to Père Félix." In much more recent years an exactly similar experience befel an Evangelical preacher of great repute in fashionable London. A remarkably eloquent passage in one of his sermons was shown to have been copied word for word from Dr. De Witt Talmage ; and the explanation was precisely the same as in Liddon's Case. The preacher had copied into his note-book a passage which he admired, and, on reading it

through after a lapse of years, had thought that he recognized his own handiwork. One cannot help being reminded of the Duke of Wellington, who, when a toady told him that his despatches would be read when all his contemporaries were forgotten, replied: "By —, so they will. I cannot think how the devil I came to write them."

That invaluable friend Bishop Wilberforce, on whom I so habitually rely for social and ecclesiastical tittle-tattle, recorded in his diary for 1861, when he was touring in Ireland, a characteristic story about one of his brethren in the Irish Episcopate. This Bishop had an uncle who in his day was a bishop; and the episcopal uncle used to make his curate-nephew preach before him, with a view to testing his fitness for promotion. On these dreaded occasions the younger man used to get a brother-curate to write his sermons, and then could not read them, and constantly had to interrupt himself while he attempted to decipher the manuscript. The avuncular prelate noted this peculiarity, and searchingly enquired, "Why do you always blow your nose in the pathetic part?" It must have been a difficult question to answer at once truthfully and discreetly.

The traffic in printed sermons, designed for the use of overworked or "stickit" ministers, is, I believe, nowadays one of our languishing industries, and the superfluous energies of the Tariff Reform Association

might be directed to it with beneficial result. "Clear, orthodox, and twenty minutes" was, I believe, the accepted formula of the sermon-trade; and who will deny that such a discourse, honestly purchased in the open market, is a better article than the confused and interminable heresies which pass for preaching in some centres of fashionable religion? Only let this "cautel," as liturgical writers would call it, be observed by those who preach bought sermons: the sermon must be read through at least once, and its drift clearly ascertained, before the preacher delivers it from the pulpit. I remember a fine old "Squarson" near my home in the South Midlands, who honestly avowed that he had never composed a sermon in his life—he lacked the necessary gifts for the task. But he paid the best prices for the manufactured article, and was often quite carried away by the eloquence of the passages which he declaimed. In a voice of thunder he depicted the heroisms of the Mission-field, and exhorted—nay, commanded—his flock to give liberally for the work of "that noble Society for which I am permitted to plead this day." A thrill of alarm ran through the congregation. "Is there a collection? I haven't brought my purse. Can you lend me a shilling?" But the alarm was groundless. The Rector, pressed for time, had taken the first sermon which fell out of the publisher's packet, and had not noticed that it was headed "On behalf of the Church

Missionary Society." This good old man used to remark with some complacency, that, though he could not compose a sermon, he could alter one with any man in the Church of England; and so he did, by methods peculiarly his own. If the sermon began, as the manner of old-fashioned sermons was, with several erroneous interpretations of the text, distributed between "some" and "others," and then went on to the orthodox conclusion, my old friend would, as likely as not, curtail the discourse by omitting the latter part and leave his flock a prey to the devastating heresies of the erroneous commentators.

The Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, some time an Assistant Master at Harrow, edited the sermons of some eminent missionary—I think Henry Martyn. Being summoned, at very short notice, to preach before the boys, he took with him into the pulpit the proof-sheets of the Missionary's last sermon in England. It was a very moving discourse, but unfortunately the peroration contained some such words as these: "Ere again you assemble within these hallowed walls, he who now addresses you will be tossing on the bosom of the stormy deep;" and a delighted rumour ran through the school that "Old Simky was going to bolt from his creditors"—an atrocious libel on a blameless divine.



## XVIII

### PARLIAMENTARY HISTORIONICS

MY suggestive correspondent has been kind enough to send me the subjoined extract from the *Daily News*, and he remarks that it may inspire some interesting recollections :—

Mr. Herbert John Rolfe, of Widginton House, Beaconsfield, Bucks, for many years agent to the Hall Barn estates of Lord Burnham, and grandson of Edmund Burke's agent, left to Lord Burnham the dagger or knife thrown down in the House of Commons by Edmund Burke, on the occasion of his historic speech, certain political correspondence with Edmund Burke, eleven table-plates formerly belonging to Burke, a wood-print of Burke's residence, Butler's Court, and an oil-painting of the late Sir Gore Ouseley.

An oil-painting of the late Sir Gore Ouseley leaves me cold; nor can I, as our American brethren would say, "enthuse worth a cent" over the wood-print of Burke's residence or his eleven table-plates. The Dagger is the gem of the bequest, and it is well bestowed; for it links Lord Burnham and the Young Lions of the *Daily Telegraph* to the central crisis of the French Revolution. The massacres of

September 1792 had filled the mind of Europe with horrified alarm, and in the following December Pitt brought in an Alien Bill, imposing certain pains and restrictions on foreigners coming to this country. Fox denounced it as a concession to foolish alarms, and was rebuked by Burke, who began to thunder, in his stormiest style, against Murder and Atheism. "It had been said that there were only nineteen persons at present in the kingdom likely to be affected by the Bill; but, when it was considered that these nineteen were murderers and Atheists, the number might be said to be very great—they exceeded by many the whole Royal Family, whom they might perhaps be commissioned to murder. Besides, they might take apprentices to the trade of blood, and then God only could tell where their numbers would end. . . . He mentioned the circumstance of three thousand daggers having been bespoke at Birmingham by an Englishman, of which seventy had been delivered. It was not ascertained how many of these were to be exported, and how many were intended for home consumption." At this point of his harangue Burke, according to the contemporary reporter, "drew out a dagger which he had kept concealed, and, with much vehemence of action, threw it on the floor. 'This,' said he, pointing to the dagger, 'is what you are to gain by an alliance with France; wherever their principles are introduced their practice must follow.

You must guard against their principles; you must proscribe their persons.' He then held up the dagger to public view, saying that it could never have been intended for fair and open war, but solely for murderous purposes. 'It is my object,' said he, 'to keep the French infection from this country, their principles from our minds, and their daggers from our hearts.'" Joseph Jekyll, M.P. for Calne, who was sitting next to Burke when this scene occurred, used to say that "when he threw down the dagger the House laughed, and someone asked where the fork was." Mr. Morley says that there was "a general inclination to titter," which Burke mastered by the force of his passionate earnestness; but, knowing something of public assemblies, I suspect that "Where's the fork?" was fatal.

From that day to this the "Dagger-scene" has held its high place in the record of Parliamentary Histrionics; it is the central point of a long series. Behind it is the kingly figure of the fated Charles as he stands on the steps of the Speaker's Chair and demands, all in vain, the Five Members who have resisted him; and just a little later enters rugged Oliver, and "with much reviling language commands the Mace to be taken away, saying, 'What have we to do with this bauble? There, take it away.'" Those were heroic scenes; and it is an exercise in Swift's favourite "Art of Sinking" to recall recent

performances in the same line. I see in mental vision Dr. Kenealy (whose umbrella was at least as famous as Burke's dagger or Cromwell's "bauble") impeaching the conduct of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the Tichborne Trial, and dividing the House—1, *plus* tellers, against 433. I see Mr. Plimsoll, on fire with humane zeal for the imperilled seamen of the Merchant Service, flinging his protest on the Table of the House, and thundering through the uproar—"I will unmask the villains who have sent brave men to death."

In a lighter vein of Parliamentary acting, I see the military Cat-of-Nine-Tails introduced into a debate on the Army Act, and handed from bench to bench for sympathetic inspection. I see Lord Claud Hamilton calling attention to the inadequate seating of the Chamber, and enforcing his grievance by speaking from the Gallery, whence his voice fell down on a perplexed House which heard but could not behold the orator. I see Dr. (afterwards Lord) Playfair lecturing—no other word is applicable—on oleomargarine or anti-toxin or some similar abomination, and punctuating his speech with a series of small pomatum-pots. It was Brougham (when Lord Chancellor) who, having "begged" and "requested" and "urged" the Lords to pass the Reform Bill, eventually "prayed" their Lordships not to reject his counsel, and, suiting the action to the word, flung himself on his knees, from which, as he was what the Baron of Bradwardine

called *ebrius*, if not *ebriosus*, it was impossible to raise him. Lord Chancellor — (I suppress his name out of regard for his descendants), replying to some insinuation of venality, exclaimed, "These hands are clean," and exhibited to a horrified House a pair as black as those of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu. The genius of Lord Beaconsfield was so essentially histrionic that, when one reads the account of his maiden speech, one feels that only so could his Parliamentary career have suitably begun. "His appearance was theatrical. He was very showily attired, being dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat and a waistcoat of white, the front of which exhibited a network of glittering chains; large fancy-patterned pantaloons, and a black tie above which no shirt collar was visible. A countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek." Heavens, what an apparition! No wonder that for a brief space the House gazed in awe-struck surprise, which rapidly gave way to "laughter," "renewed laughter," and "roars of laughter," as the orator warmed to his work. His speech was directed primarily against O'Connell and the alliance between the English Whigs and the Irish Roman Catholics, and the last sentence which the reporters were able to

catch began with this singular portrait of Melbourne, the Prime Minister—"The noble Lord, secure on the pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the Keys of St. Peter and in the other the Cap of Liberty——" The remainder of the sentence was lost in storms of cheers and laughter, and the orator resumed—"I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception which I have received.—(Laughter.) I have begun several things many times.—(Continued laughter.) And I have often succeeded at last.—(Question.) Ay, sir; and, though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." Of all maiden speeches, surely this was the most histrionic.

The lapse of years and the increase of responsibility did something to curb Disraeli's dramatic tendencies, but they were still indulged on due occasion. In 1864 the late Sir James Stansfeld was a subordinate member of Lord Palmerston's Administration. It became known that Stansfeld allowed letters for Mazzini, under the name of "Mr. Flowers," to be delivered at his house in Thurloe Square, and Disraeli made this fact the ground of two most ferocious assaults on the young Minister and the Government to which he belonged. The scene was in a high degree histrionic. Disraeli had repeatedly referred to Mazzini as "not only the advocate and votary, but the great promoter, of assassination," and had insinuated the darkest things against Stansfeld's "allies." The word

"allies" was so often repeated that at last Stansfeld interjected the question—"Whom does the Right Hon. Gentleman mean by my allies?" This was the opportunity for which the great histrion was waiting, and he used it nobly. "Whom do I mean?" he exclaimed, raising his voice to a shriek of horror and waving his arms over his head "Whom do I mean? I mean the Assassins of Europe—the men of the Bowl and the Dagger—the advocates of European anarchy—the men who point their poniards at the breast of our allies." Surely not Mr. Crummles himself in his celebrated part of the Outlaw Chief, not Mr. Wopsle when he "threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down," ever outdid that overwhelming invective.

Three years later the "Assassins of Europe" were clean forgotten, and Disraeli, now Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, was piloting the Tory Reform Bill through the rocks and shoals. The unprincipled but triumphant audacity of this victorious rival threw Gladstone into a condition in which his "vulnerable temper and impetuous moods" were more than usually visible; and, in concluding the debate on the Second Reading, Disraeli feigned a sense of bodily terror, and gravely congratulated himself on the fact that there was such a substantial barrier as the Table of the House of Commons between himself and his infuriated opponent. This

was perhaps what Mr. Crummles would have characterized as "genteel comedy" or "touch-and-go farce"; but it was exactly suited to the audience, and fairly brought down the House.

"Histrionic" is a word which one would not readily connect with John Bright, lest it should imply something tawdry and unreal; but in his loftier flights Bright reached the heights of tragedy. The horrors of the Crimea hung like a nightmare over the country, and the House of Commons, silent and spell-bound, was listening to the noble eloquence in which the great Apostle of Peace urged Palmerston to "return the sword to the scabbard and save his country from the indescribable calamities of War." Higher and higher rose the strain, till it reached a point where a false step, a jarring note, a misplaced word, would have brought it down in hideous ruin. "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings." When the sentence was half completed, the hearers—as one of them told me long afterwards—held their breath. "If Bright had said 'flapping' instead of 'beating' he would have been a lost man."



## XIX

### LORDS-LIEUTENANT

CARDINAL NEWMAN has described in a delightful passage the effect which the *Christian Year* produced upon the Church of England. He shows that a poet's imagination, playing round obsolete forms and institutions, breathed a new life into them and made them both picturesque and effective: "The established system found, to its surprise, that it had been all its life talking, not prose, but poetry—

*Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*

Anglican bishops had not only lost the habit of blessing, but had sometimes been startled and vexed when asked to do so; but now they were told of their 'gracious arm stretched out to bless'; moreover—what they had never dreamed when they were gazetted or did homage—they were taught that each of them was—

An Apostle true, a crowned and robèd seer."

This passage has been constantly recurring to my memory, ever since the King entertained his Lords-

Lieutenant at luncheon and instructed them in the duties which they must henceforth perform. Mr. Haldane's Army Act has been to the Lords-Lieutenant what the *Christian Year* was to the English Church. It has taught them that they are not merely figure-heads, however impressive and ornamental; but important portions of a complicated and powerful machinery. Like the unwilling bishops when asked to bless, they find that they may be called upon to give fateful words of command; and—what they never dreamed of when they received their commissions—they are General Officers of a Territorial Army.

But there is nothing new under the sun, least of all under the temperate sun of constitutional England; and, as John Keble did not create but only revived the Church, so Mr. Haldane has not created the military character of the Lord-Lieutenant, but has revived and invigorated it. My old friend Dryasdust informs me that by an Act of Philip and Mary "penalties were imposed on persons absenting themselves when commanded to muster by the Sovereign, or by any Lieutenant authorized by the same. This was a new officer—the Lord-Lieutenant,—introduced in this reign as the chief military officer of the Crown in every county. For the military purposes of each county the Lord-Lieutenancy may be regarded as a revival of the office of the old English *Eorl*. By the Army Regulation Act of 1871 the jurisdiction and

command of the Lords-Lieutenant of counties over the militia and other auxiliary forces have been re-vested in the Crown, to be exercised through the Secretary of State for War." It was of this change, when first foreshadowed by a Liberal Government, that Matthew Arnold wrote: "Our leading class is an aristocracy, and no aristocracy likes the notion of a State authority greater than itself, with a stringent administrative machinery superseding the decorative inutilities of Lords-Lieutenant, Deputy Lieutenants, and the *Posse Comitatus*, which are all in its own hands."

The "decorative inutility" of a Lord-Lieutenanthship has always been highly prized. It is something to feel that one is head of one's own County, especially if, owing to an opportune change of Ministry, one has been able to squeeze oneself into that eminence just in front of a political or personal rival. Lord Carabas, recently made Lord-Lieutenant of Loamshire, hugs the thought that his friend the Duke of Omnium had always regarded the prize as his own, and would certainly have had it if only poor Lord Waverley had not been such an unconscionable time dying, and thereby handed the patronage to Mr. Asquith. In these easy-going days, when political strife has lost, if not its venom, at least its violence, a man who is once a Lord-Lieutenant is always a Lord-Lieutenant; but in a more

polemical age a Lord-Lieutenant who offended the Crown or embarrassed the Prime Minister might find himself remitted, at very short notice, to private life. Thus, in 1798, the Duke of Norfolk, presiding at a banquet of the Whig Club, gave the health of Charles Fox, adding that he was informed that there were two thousand persons present. "That," said the Duke, "was the number of those who first rallied round another great man—George Washington. That man established the liberties of his countrymen. I leave you, gentlemen, to make the application." This was pretty well, but towards the end of the evening the Duke went, as they say, one better, and gave "Our Sovereign, the People," or, as Lord Holland relates it, "The People—our Sovereign." The Duke was the head of the English Peerage, a man of vast wealth, and master of six Parliamentary boroughs. But Mr. Pitt was no respecter of persons, and the democratic Duke was promptly dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West Riding. The comment of a Tory historian is worth recording: "Sentiments which at one time may be passed over as Utopian must at another be resented as seditious." In 1819 Manchester had its famous "Peterloo," and lovers of constitutional freedom rose all over England in protest against the brutality of the Executive. A County Meeting, convened and presided over by the High Sheriff, was held on the 14th of October at

York. All the Whig magnates of the district were on the platform, and the speaking, though perfectly decorous, was straightforward and explicit. A concourse of 20,000 persons carried, without a dissentient voice, a Resolution setting forth that "they had learnt with unfeigned concern that a meeting at Manchester was suddenly attacked and dispersed by military force; that they had seen with surprise and regret that the Regent had been advised by his Ministers to give his Royal approbation to the interference of the military; and they prayed that Parliament might be at once assembled and these matters enquired into." Among the speakers in support of this Resolution was Lord Fitzwilliam; the representative of Lord Rockingham, the head of the Whig interest in Yorkshire, and Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding. Within a week he was informed that the Prince Regent had no need of his services; and this, as the Home Secretary, in reporting the circumstance to the Lord Chancellor, complacently observed, "was a necessary act of insulted authority." One must feel a decent regret when patriots and lovers of freedom suffer for their public spirit; but perhaps a philosopher of the school of Mr. Harold Skimpole might find a kind of compensation in the circumstance that Lords-Lieutenant are, as a rule, rather high and mighty people, and that a slight corrective may sometimes minister to their

moral health. A philosopher of this school was the inimitable Charles Greville, who, narrating the ceremonies which took place on the accession of William IV., seems to find a delicate pleasure in the annoyance of these great people :—

At one there was to be a Council, to swear-in Privy Councillors and Lords-Lieutenant. The review made it an hour later, and the Lieutenants, who had been summoned at one and who are great, selfish, pampered aristocrats, were furious at being kept waiting. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience.

However, the King arrived at last, and the swearing-in was performed with all the solemnity which befits such occasions, Greville himself officiating, and thus describing the performance :—

The Lords-Lieutenant were sworn six or seven at a time, as many as could get hold of a bit of the Testament. As each kissed the King's hand, I told him their name or county, or both ; and he had a civil word to say to everybody, inviting some to dinner, promising to visit others, reminding them of former visits, or something good-humoured.

For three hundred years, as we have seen, these Lords-Lieutenant had at least a semblance of military authority, which sometimes sate quaintly on very pacific natures :—

Although in some respects Lord Shaftesbury was a proud man, in other respects he had not a particle of pride in him. On the grand occasion of the army encamping on his estate he set forth in his little open carriage to meet the General and his Staff. On the way he overtook an old woman hobbling along ; he at once stopped, gave her his place in the carriage, and himself mounted

the box. In this way he drove up to the spot where he was to be received with all military honours as Lord-Lieutenant of the County, in absolute unconsciousness that there was anything singular in the manner of his arrival.

Lord Shaftesbury and his colleagues were deprived of their military authority by Lord Cardwell in 1871. When my friend Dryasdust presents the next edition of his Constitutional History to a yearning public, he must note that by the Army Act of 1907, Mr. Haldane has recalled the Lords-Lieutenant to functions for which, to a superficial eye, they do not seem to be conspicuously qualified. In one of Henry Kingsley's pleasantest books—*Silcote of Silcotes*—the village boy, James Sugden, thinks that the magnificent young Hussar who has thrashed the poacher must be Lord Bromby, Lord-Lieutenant of that county, "ultimate master of all souls and bodies in those parts," of whom he has dimly heard. "Not very long afterwards he happened to see Lord Bromby in his uniform. It wasn't the man at all. The Lord-Lieutenant was a little old man of seventy, with a face like a fish, but redder. Once afterwards James saw a fish like the Lord-Lieutenant, and asked the name of it. It was a red gurnard, they told him." I have often wondered who Lord Bromby really was, and whether he survived to the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria. On that auspicious occasion the late Duke of Westminster, who rode like a Centaur and looked his best on a

horse, suggested that all the Lords-Lieutenant should form a mounted corps and surround the Queen in the procession. But many of Lord Bromby's colleagues were old and infirm, and felt themselves more at home in a bath-chair than a saddle; so the suggestion, though picturesque, proved impracticable. As I glance down the list of the present Lords-Lieutenant, I seem to recognize several kinsmen of the House of Bromby. Some are advanced in years; some are not conspicuous for intelligence; some are good men across country; some excellent shots; some are well-known hosts and munificent subscribers; many have passed through the military training of the Guards or the Household Cavalry; but few would strike one as being, by nature or by education, exactly fitted for the duties which will now devolve upon them. Somehow they remind one of Matthew Arnold's friend "the Alderman-Colonel, or Colonel-Alderman, who had to lead his Militia through the London streets" during the riots of 1866, and allowed the rioters to rob and beat the bystanders. With regard to this potentate, Arnold sadly asked: "How shall we persuade our Alderman-Colonel not to be content with sitting in the hall of judgment, or marching at the head of his men of war, without some knowledge how to perform judgment and how to direct men of war?" A Training College for Lords-Lieutenant is a crying need. Let Mr. Runciman see to it.



## XX

J. P. 'S

WHEN I was writing about Lords-Lieutenant, I was thinking only of their military function, lately recalled from abeyance by Mr. Haldane's Army Act. But, as a matter of fact, their civil power is a much more considerable element in their local importance, and they are revered not so much because they are Generals of a territorial army as because they recommend names to the Lord Chancellor for insertion in the Commission of the Peace. In short, they make the Magistrates. "The Duke was in his private library, consisting chiefly of the Statutes at Large, Hansard, the Annual Register, Parliamentary Reports, and legal treatises on the powers and duties of Justices of the Peace." That Duke was Lord-Lieutenant of his county ; and we may be quite sure that his copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* opened automatically at Book IV., chapter 10, which treats "Of Magistrates and other Public Officers" in this majestic strain :—

The Common Law hath ever had a special care and regard for the conservation of the peace, for peace is the very end and

foundation of civil society. And therefore, before the present constitution of Justices was invented, there were peculiar officers appointed by the Common Law for the maintenance of the public peace. They were thence named *Custodes* or *Conservatores Pacis*, till the statute 34 Edward III., c. 1, gave them the power of trying felonies, when they acquired the more honourable appellation of Justices of the Peace. The principal of these is the *Custos Rotulorum*, or keeper of the records of the county.

*Custos Rotulorum.* Nowadays one seldom hears the title, for it is commonly swallowed up and lost in some superior rank, but it has literary associations of the most impressive kind. The great Sir Edward Coke says that "the whole Christian world hath not the like of this office, so it be duly executed"; and Justice Shallow based his pretensions against Sir John Falstaff on the ground that he, Robert Shallow, was "Custalorum, ay, and Ratalorum too." From the days of Shakespeare downward the Justice of the Peace has played a leading part in our lighter literature. No one was more attentive to his magisterial duties than the good knight Sir Roger de Coverley, who, when he espied that gang of plausible gypsies in the lane, "was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but, not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on such occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, let the thought drop." A magistrate of a similar type was jolly Justice Inglewood, whose after-dinner

tranquillity was so cruelly interrupted by the impertunity of his clerk, Joseph Jobson; and Godfrey Bertram was like unto him. "We have read somewhere," says Sir Walter, "of a Justice of the Peace who, being nominated to the Commission, wrote a letter to a bookseller respecting his official duty in the following orthography:—'Please send me ax relating to a gustus pease.' No doubt, when this learned gentleman had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose. Mr. Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English grammar as his worshipful predecessor, but Augustus Pease himself could not have used more indiscriminately the weapon unwarily put into his hands." Boswell is careful to tell us that it was "a dull country magistrate" who irritated the Doctor by a long and tedious account of four convicts whom he had sent to transportation, and drew down upon himself the dreadful response, "I heartily wish, sir, that I were a fifth." It was a company of the host's brother-magistrates who, after dinner at Marney Abbey, developed so agreeably "all the resources of the great parochial mind. Dietaries, bastardy, gaol-regulations, and game-laws were amply discussed, and Lord Marney wound up with a declaration of the means by which the country might be saved, and which seemed principally to consist of High Prices and Low Church." Just thirty years later than that dinner at Marney

Abbey, Matthew Arnold took his friend Arminius to see the instructive scene of Petty Sessions in a country town. "I asked the policeman what magistrates were on the Bench to-day. 'Viscount Lumpington,' says the man; 'Reverend Esau Hittall, and Bottles, Esquire.' 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, turning round to Arminius, who had followed me. 'Good heavens! if Bottles hasn't got himself made a County Magistrate! *Sic itur ad astra.*' 'Yes,' said Arminius, 'but I should like to know what has made Lord Lumpington a Magistrate?' 'Made Lord Lumpington a Magistrate?' said I; 'why, the Lumpington Estate, to be sure.' 'And the Reverend Esau Hittall?' continued Arminius. 'Why, the Lumpington living, of course,' said I. 'And that man Bottles?' he went on. 'His English energy and self-reliance,' I answered very stiffly, for Arminius's incessant carping began to put me in a huff." And then the offensive Prussian went on to explain that, in his country, Lord Lumpington and Mr. Hittall and Mr. Bottles would have been subjected to an examination in Law, History, and Jurisprudence before they were permitted to act as Magistrates. "To administer at all, even at the lowest stage of public administration, a man needs instruction." To which his English friend replies, "*We have never found it so.*"

One must, I suppose, have lived a good deal in the country to appreciate the solid substratum of truth

which underlies this ever-recurring satire. Mr. Nupkins, indeed, "was a public man, and turned pale as he thought of Julius Cæsar and Mr. Perceval"; but he was a civic magistrate—Mayor, indeed, of the Borough of Ipswich,—and attained his dignity by way of election. Not so the County Magistrate. He is the creature of the Lord Lieutenant, who, as we all know, has likes and dislikes, sympathies and antipathies, not wholly unconnected with politics. Lord Lumpington's position in the County is secured by birth, and the clergyman no longer hankers after a place in the Commission of the Peace. But Mr. Bottles, who regards the J.P.-ship as the stamp or hall-mark of the County Gentleman, must seek the realization of his dreams through the good offices of the Lord-Lieutenant or not at all. "Pleased!" exclaimed the Laird of Ellangowan when the opening words of the Commission were read in his ears—"The King has been pleased to appoint." "Pleased, honest gentleman! I'm sure he cannot be better pleased than I am."

"Lords-Lieutenant," says a dispassionate observer, "take different views of their responsibility in recommending candidates for the Magistracy. Political and religious considerations have their full weight given to them, and Nonconformist and Liberal justices would be at a discount in a strong Tory shire; others, again, are disposed to take the qualification of magistrates aspirant as sufficiently proved by the

partial certification of the friend who mentions them ; others institute a just and critical enquiry into personal aptitude as well as social claims. Others, again, carry circumspectness to the verge of caprice, and in appointing a Magistrate gratify a crotchet." But whatever be the special grounds on which a Lord-Lieutenant may make a nomination here or there, the principal and customary qualification for the Rural Bench is the ownership of land. Some years ago an estate in Lancashire was offered for sale, and the auctioneer's circular, after expatiating on its sporting and agricultural values and its nearness to railway stations and Packs of Hounds, added this further and stronger inducement: "A high social prestige attaches itself to the purchaser of this estate, as there is no resident squire in this or the adjacent parish. There is no superfluity of magistrates in the district, and the honourable office of Justice of the Peace would most undoubtedly be conferred on the new owner after the lapse of a decent interval of time." Happy Mr. Bottles, who purchased this privileged estate, and sate down at Quarter Sessions with Lord Derby and Lord Sefton !

I said just now that clergymen no longer hanker after places in the Commission of the Peace, and this is a happy change. In days gone by the substantial rector—the man of glebe and tithe, who drove a stepper in a smart dogcart or rolled in a landau—was inevitably a magistrate. We might be certain, even

if there were no documentary evidence to prove it, that Dr. Masham and Parson Irwine and Archdeacon Grantly were lights of their respective Benches, quite pitiless against poachers and heavily down on riot and disorder. Magistrates of this type were Archdeacon Froude, father of Hurrell and Anthony; Henry Mansel, Rector of Cosgrove, in Northamptonshire, of whom his biographer writes that, "living during the troubled period of the bread-riots, he conducted most of the magisterial business of the neighbourhood"; and William Jocelyn Palmer, of Mixbury, who was "Priest, Patriarch, and Legislator of his parish for forty years." But nowadays this phenomenon of the Clerical Magistrate is comparatively rare. Glebes are less productive; Tithes have dwindled. The Rector can barely keep a Curate—certainly not two,—and is therefore obliged to take a larger share in parochial work; and, besides all this, the reawakened conscience of the Church reminds the Parish Priest that his whole time and thought are pledged at his ordination to his flock, and that the pastoral obligation is not adequately discharged by "sending old Diggs to prison for snaring a hare."

Till Lord Ritchie's Act of 1888 turned the government of the counties upside down, the Magistrates, in Quarter Sessions assembled, not only administered justice, but also performed all the multifarious business which now falls to the County Council. Some five-and-thirty years ago the "Village Hampdens" and those

publicists who had made a special study of rural administration began to cry out for a change. Let us, they said, relieve these unpaid and overburdened men. Let us leave to them the task (for which, as we saw in the case of Lord Lumpington, they are eminently fitted) of administering justice to tramps and poachers, and let us give the power of spending the public money to the elected representatives of those who contribute it. "County Boards" were then the Heaven-sent remedies for all rural evils. Just thirty years ago there was a by-election in Northamptonshire. The Tory candidate was a noble Lord, who had been brought out at short notice, and had not found time to acquaint himself with the conditions and needs of local government. At one of his meetings a farmer rose and said, "We should like to hear his Lordship's opinion about County Boards." After due reflexion the candidate replied, "I think they ought to be charged to the Imperial Exchequer and not to the local rates." The relevance of this reply not appearing on the surface, some instructive heckling ensued, and in the end it transpired that the candidate's notion of a County Board was the wooden signpost which directs the wayfarer from Great to Little Peddlington. Starting from this premiss, the argument was sound enough; for clearly it is the traveller from afar who profits by these instructions, whereas the ploughman homeward plods his weary way without the slightest need of their assistance.



## XXI

### BLACK RODS AND WHITE STAVES

I SHOULD imagine that Sir Herbert Fust is scarcely so much as a name to the present generation. But sixty years ago he was an important personage, for he was Judge of the Court of Arches; and, in an age electrical with religious controversy, his judgments produced some memorable storms. The then Bishop of Exeter, Henry Phillpotts (1778-1869), had a passionate fondness for ecclesiastical litigation, and his habit of prosecuting recalcitrant clergy in Sir H. Fust's Court gave rise to the saying that he ruled his diocese *per fustem*, or, in the vulgar tongue, with a thick stick. A sudden recollection of this ancient quip set me on an attempt to trace the development of the symbolic from the literal uses of the rod or staff.

I suppose there is no doubt that the Rod, the use of which Solomon so earnestly inculcated, was a branch or shoot of some suitable tree. It is a really remarkable instance of Permanence in Human Institutions that, after the lapse of so many centuries, in a

world of universal and incessant change, Solomon's counsel should still prevail, and the rod or staff should still be the principal instrument of education. In another book I have sufficiently discussed those artificial combinations of various twigs which in modern England have monopolized the name of Rod. To-day I am thinking of a solitary branch or shoot—*simplex duntaxat et unum*—of some sufficiently injurious tree. The *species* and *genus* of the tree are things immaterial. The Præfects of Winchester rejoice in an Ash-plant; the graceless Paradine recommended Dr. Grimstone to try a "Penang Lawyer"; and the general sense of the educational world has assigned a bad eminence to the products of the Sugar-cane. Poets have not scorned the theme:—

So three fair summers did we twain  
Live (as they say) and love together;  
And bore by turn the wholesome cane,  
Till our young skins became as leather.

And the writers of fiction have positively revelled in it. The flagellations of Smike, and the sudden retribution inflicted on Mr. Squeers, were the work of a cane. Mr. Creakle playfully likened his cane to a tooth. "Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite?" Mr. Murdstone, when he wished to impress David Copperfield with the awfulness of arithmetic, began the problem, "If I go into a shop

and buy five thousand canes." Paul Bultitude's playful schoolfellows "imitated the action of caning by slapping a ruler upon a copybook with a dreadful fidelity and resonance." Dean Farrar described, with his habitual picturesqueness, a cut so vigorous that "the cane bent round him in the hideous way which canes have, and caught the victim a blow on the ribs." Surely it must have been some implement of this description that Johnnie Mortsheugh, the "Bedral" in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, called his "Souple"; but details are wanting.

So much for the physical and literal uses of the Rod.—illustrated, I doubt not, by the personal experience of some who read these lines. I turn now to its derivative and symbolic uses, and here we can trace a curious process of development. Some of the most familiar symbols of civil life had their origin in utility. Was a crown, in its inception, anything but a cap so decorated as to show the wearer's rank? The Garter was a necessary article of dress. The sword and the mace were weapons of offence or defence; so were the javelins with which the High Sheriff guards the Judge at the Assizes; and so were the various Rods and Staves and Wands which play such conspicuous parts in royal and official insignia. They were simply the implements with which the Sovereign's attendants repelled intrusion and corrected disorder. But there is a transitional stage which must by no means be

overlooked if we would understand the science of the subject.

A cane or rod, ringed and tipped with silver and surmounted by a silver knob, is an essential part of a Beadle's equipment. It ranks with a Proctor's bands or a General's spurs. Its use is now purely ceremonial and symbolic, but not so long ago it was practical and literal. Hogarth depicted the Idle Apprentice gambling on a tombstone during Divine Service; and who has not snatched a fearful joy from the stealthy apparition of the Beadle in the background, just making ready to apply his cane in the most austere practical mode? A century later the Board of Guardians, horrified by *Oliver Twist's* insubordinate conduct, instructed Bumble to step over to Mr. Sowerberry's with his cane, and not to spare the rebel. Nothing symbolic or derivative there; and yet it was the transition, for no Victorian beadle caned rebellious youth. Civilization has mitigated ferocity, and Poetry plays prettily round what was once an object of terror:—

Her teeth, I presume, were pearly;  
 But which was she, brunette or blonde?  
 Her hair, was it quaintly curly,  
 Or as straight as a beadle's wand?

It is sad that "C. S. C." never could recall these details of his earliest love.

After Beadles, Footmen have been held to be the stateliest objects in creation; and silver-ringed canes

are essential appendages of footmen in State livery. Gracefully protruded over the top of a State coach, they have been known to strike profound awe into a foreign visitor. This, of course, is pure ceremony; yet, so recently as the days when John Leech drew for *Punch*, he depicted a majestic menial interposing his cane, at once symbolic and actual, between the alighting lady and the importunate street-arab. The Verger of a Cathedral should, as Dryasdust would tell us, be spelt *Virger*, for the silver wand which he bears is *Virga*—the very word in the Vulgate for Solomon's "Rod"; and that Verger was nearer the historic truth of his office than probably he knew when he complained that the crowd in the Cathedral was so great that he could scarcely *verge* the Dean.

Perhaps the most perfect instance of the transitional use of the Rod is that which is exhibited in the ceremony of "Beating the Bounds." Queen Elizabeth ordained in 1559 that "once a year, at the accustomed time, the Curate and the substantial men of the parish" should perambulate the parochial boundaries; and I myself have seen the ceremony performed, the "substantial men" swinging rods from side to side. The theory of the observance was that the boys of the parish, pressing too close and receiving a cut from the rod, would in later life recall with greater accuracy the precise line which the procession took,

and so preserve the tradition of the boundary. A rod used in such a peregrination will in another generation be as purely symbolic as the Black Rod or the White Staff.

Here our theme developes into the conditions of actual life. Anyone who has the curiosity to read the notice affixed to the gates of the Parks and the Palaces before the King and Queen hold a "Court" will notice that among the notables who are allowed the privilege of the *Entrée* are "the Lords with White Staves"; and, if we turn to the unromantic pages of Erskine May's Parliamentary History, we see that Addresses from the House of Peers are presented to the Crown by "the Lords with White Staves." These are, in more familiar parlance, the Great Officers of State and the Officers of the Household. The White Staff is a tapering wand, something longer than a billiard-cue. By the delivery of these staves Lord Stewards and Lord Chamberlains and similar officers are created. By the snapping of the staff the office, as in the case of the Lord High Steward at a State trial, is terminated. Charles Greville, who was present at the funeral of George IV., says that the new King gave Lord Jersey the White Staff with a little speech, and when he went to sit in state by his brother's coffin, said: "Go on to the body, Jersey; you will get your dress coat as soon as you can."

The Lord Great Chamberlain may display his staff

II

nowhere except in the Palace of Westminster, where he has hereditary jurisdiction ; but the Lord Chamberlain of the Household and his colleagues display their staves whenever they appear on duty. I have even seen the White Staff carried by Lord Linlithgow, when he was Lord Chamberlain, in plain clothes, walking beside Queen Victoria's pony-carriage at a garden-party at the Palace. One sees in this the development of the Royal Household from the purely domestic arrangements of the Middle Ages ; for Sir Walter Scott, who never was at fault in such matters, describes the Major Domo of the Castle of Avenel as "a grave personage, whose gold chain and white wand intimated his authority." Scarcely less important as symbols than the White Staves are the "Rods" of the various Orders of Knighthood. The Order of the Garter has its Black Rod ; the Order of the Bath a Scarlet Rod ; the Order of the Thistle a Green Rod. Of these the Black Rod is infinitely the most impressive, for the Gentleman Usher who bears it is the channel of communication between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Many a new M.P. has been startled, in the early days of his Parliamentary experience, by hearing a stentorian shout of policemen in that Central Hall which separates the domain of the Peers from that of the Commons—"Black Rod !" "Hats off, strangers !" "Make way for Black Rod !" "Make way for Mr. Speaker !"

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The Black Rod is of ebony, ringed and tipped with gold ; and, striking with it on the bolted door of the House of Commons, the Gentleman Usher demands admittance (which is graciously conceded), and then delivers his Message from the Lords who sent him.

To complete my theme, let me record an instance in which there was a remarkable reversion to type, and the ceremonial wand resumed its pristine uses. At the Coronation of George IV. the Lord Great Chamberlain was represented by Lord Gwydyr, whose patronymic was Burrell, and who had married Lady Willoughby de Eresby, joint-heir of the Great Chamberlainship. Wilson Croker, writing an account of the proceedings to Sir Robert Peel, reported as follows :—"Lord Gwydyr struck with his wand one of the heralds for some supposed breach of duty. The herald, with great good sense, took the blow as a mere mistake, and said, 'My Lord, you do not know our functions, characters, or duties. We are not servants ; my family were gentlemen before a Burrell was heard of.'"



## XXII

### FLEBILIS ARBOR

*Flebilis Arbor*—The Tree of Weeping. I take the words from some pretty elegiacs written years ago by the present Master of Trinity on a withered *Pinus insignis* in the Viceregal grounds at Dublin. Surely the superscription would be more appropriate to the *Betula gracilis*, or Common Birch, by the aid of which English schoolmasters have for so many generations imparted sound knowledge and religious education to their pupils.

My thoughts have been directed to this unexpected theme by that unfailing friend the Suggestive Correspondent, who encloses a cutting from the *Observer* and asks, "Can't you make something of that?"

The mystery that surrounds the disappearance of the famous Eton swishing-block still remains unsolved. Directly the old block was missed a new one of similar size and pattern was substituted for it. On top of the old block was a date 1770 or 1779, and several names were cut on it.

Yes, indeed, it is easy to "make something of that"—only difficult not to make too much, for the august

theme, adequately handled, would carry us very far afield. The disciplinary use of the *Betula* is one of those "last enchantments of the Middle Age" which Matthew Arnold loved, and links together in a mystic brotherhood all the Public Schools of England. This touch of historic romance was felt sixty years ago by the vivacious author of *Sketches of Cantabs*. In recalling the memories of his boyhood he wrote: "I am not myself a Public School man. I have no family feeling as connected with my place of education. I cannot boast that my father and grandfather learned their lessons in the same room that I did, and were flogged on the same block where I was flogged." There was something wanting in the retrospect of his life; the Block and its hallowed associations had no place in his heart; the *Flebilis Arbor* had never waved its graceful branches over his tender youth.

Infinitely more gracious is the state of an Etonian, who, whatever his personal experiences may have been, inherits a disciplinary tradition made venerable by its antiquity and illustrious by the greatest names in Church and State. In that large and varied assortment of historic facts which Macaulay's schoolboy was assumed to know there certainly must have been included the story of that baleful night when Dr. Keate flogged seventy-two boys who had disregarded his authority. "There were benches all round the room," wrote an eye-witness, "and a largish oak table

in the middle. The floor was covered with victims; the benches and table with spectators, upwards of a hundred present. The lower boys were delighted to see their fagmasters whipped. The upper boys had a sort of delight in seeing among them those who had passed through all their previous scholastic life unwhipped, and had prided themselves upon it, and jests and laughter accompanied the execution."

Even more remarkable was the occasion when a batch of boys were sent to Keate for some religious instruction preparatory to their approaching Confirmation. The tutor who sent them had forgotten to inform the Head Master of the purpose for which they were coming, and Keate, in spite of loud protestations, flogged the whole batch, saying that, if there was any mistake, it could be explained afterwards. Whether this formidable disciplinarian ever succeeded in flogging the youthful and virtuous Gladstone is a question which I have heard often and exhaustively discussed. The best-supported tradition is that, the imputed offence being some breach of duty as Præpostor, young Gladstone pleaded as an excuse that the office had been thrust on him against his will, and that therefore it involved a lighter responsibility than if he had sought it. But Keate had little turn for casuistry; and, if the peccant præpostor really offered that plea, I feel sure that he did not escape. At Winchester, the Mother and Mistress of Public

Schools, the *Flebilis Arbor* was, by a curious departure from œcumenical usage, not the birch but the apple. "The Winton rod consists of four slender apple-twigs set into a wooden handle. It is by no means a severe-looking implement, but it must be felt to be fully appreciated." Winchester is, of all schools, the most opulent in tradition, and the invention of the *quadripartitum vimen* is ascribed to John Baker, who was Warden of the College from 1454 to 1487. It served its turn for four good centuries; with it Sydney Smith was "whipt for the substantives, whipt for the verbs, whipt for (and with) the interjections," and a goodly race of sound scholars and useful citizens was "stimulated" by it (as Mr. Gladstone once said of the West Indian slaves) "to a profitable industry." But no antiquity is sacred to an educational reformer, and I am told that Dr. Burge has discarded the *Malus*, which was Winchester's peculiar pride, for the *Betula*, which is common even to the point of vulgarity. Harrow School was founded in the reign of the great Elizabeth by an enlightened yeoman, who, having perhaps in his youth undergone the tortures described by Roger Ascham, was at pains to curb the disciplinary instincts of the teaching profession. "The schoolmaster shall use no other kind of correction save the rod, moderately, except it be a very thin Ferula for a light negligence." The "Ferula" (defined by Dr. Johnson as "an instrument with which young

scholars are beaten on the hand") soon disappeared into the limbo of forgotten abominations ; but the "rod," understanding thereby a broom-like bundle of birch-twigs, has flourished on Harrow Hill for three hundred years, and shows no symptoms of decay. The "Free Grammer Schoole of Harrowe-upon-the-Hill" was divided into an Upper and a Lower School : the Head Master flogged the former and the Lower Master the latter. When Dr. Vaughan became Head Master, he found that the Lower Master, whom we will call Hotspur, was a man of remarkably hasty disposition, and that, in the exercise of discipline, his zeal was apt to outrun his discretion, insomuch that his blows fell oftener on the benches (which at Harrow serve the same purpose as the Block at Eton) than on the person of the victim. Dr. Vaughan, whose benign manner must be remembered by all who ever knew him, said : "Dear Mr. Hotspur, I am sure that you would like to be relieved of that odious office. Henceforward I will flog the Lower School as well as the Upper." And so he did, with beautiful suavity and unerring precision, repressing any sign of distress with "Now, be a man, be a man," and concluding the performance with "I forgive you," which the smarting victim was apt to regard as an inversion of parts.

As regards the traditions of Rugby, Dr. Arnold's fame is so predominant that people are apt to forget that there ever was a Head Master of Rugby before

him. Yet surely a niche in history should be found for his immediate predecessor, Dr. John Wooll, who, in spite of diminutive stature, was so efficient with the rod that a new meaning was attached to the ancient proverb—"Much cry and little Wooll." Arnold himself administered discipline with the thoroughness and vigour which characterized all his work. Clough knew what he was writing about when he put into the mouth of an aged Philistine this protest against Arnold's methods:—

He used to attack offences, not as offences—the right view—against discipline ; but as sin, heinous guilt—I don't know what beside. Why didn't he flog them and hold his tongue? Flog them he did, but why preach?

The diminutive but vigorous Wooll, of whom I spoke just now, had a spiritual successor in the late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, sometime Master of Marlborough, who, though small, delicate, and short-sighted, was the best disciplinarian in England. Once he had a fall from his horse and broke his right arm. A delighted rumour ran through the school that now, for some weeks at least, Bradley was disabled and all was well. Some of the more daring spirits began to act on this conviction, but were rudely disillusioned when they found that Bradley could flog with his left hand as effectively as with his right. There was something almost diabolic in this ambidexterity.

Dickens's early life seems to have been spent in complete aloofness from the *Flebilis Arbor*. If we except Mr. Wopsle's great aunt, whose birch-rod was *pour rire*, all his disciplinarians—Mr. Squeers, Mr. Creakle, Mr. Bumble, Mr. Murdstone, Mrs. Gargery—rely on the assistance of a cane (reinforced at Salem House by a ruler). But Thackeray knew all about the birch, and it is impossible to doubt that both at his Private and at his Public School he had felt its banded twigs. In his account of "Archbishop Wigsby's College of Rodwell Regis" (which was really a Private School) there is a terribly realistic scene, where Master Backhouse, of whom Master Lurcher has "sneaked," marches after the Doctor into the operating-room. "The rod is heard from the adjoining apartment. Hwhish—hwhish—hwhish—hwhish—hwhish! [Re-enter Backhouse.]"

When Major Pendennis went to see Pen at Grey Friars, Pen was construing rather badly, and the Head Master had just broken out at him: "Pendennis, your idleness is incorrigible and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after-life to your country. Go on, sir, and I warn you that the very next mistake you make shall subject you to the punishment of the Rod." But at that moment the Major opportunely entered the school-room, and the storm was allayed. Such (under a pseudonym)

was Charterhouse in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and Westminster was like unto it. That famous school was still dominated by the tradition of the immortal Richard Busby, who ruled it from 1638 to 1695. "His name has passed into a proverb for severity. The rod, he used to say, was the sieve which sifted the wheat of scholarship from the chaff." The late Lord Albemarle, writing of his own Head Master, Dr. Page, says: "He was of the Busby school, and, unfortunately for me, I was that description of grain that frequently underwent this species of winnowing." So did his cousin, Lord John Russell, afterwards Prime Minister, who in his diary for the 10th of October 1803, made this significant entry: "*Cold*. I was flogged for the first time to-day."

But, when we are brooding on the historic and literary associations of the *Flebilis Arbor* the last word must be Charles Lamb's. The Rev. James Boyer was Head Master of Christ's Hospital when Lamb was a boy, or, as he himself says, "a poor, trembling child," there, and this was Boyer's system of discipline:—

In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, from what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy and reading the Debates at the same time; a paragraph and a lash between; which in those times, when Parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.



## XXIII

### ECONOMIES

"WE have warped the word 'Economy' in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, saving time, and so on. But that is a wholly barbarous use of the word—barbarous in a double sense, for it is not English, and it is bad Greek; barbarous in a treble sense, for it is not English, it is bad Greek, and it is worse sense. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house—its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time or anything else, to the best possible advantage."

Bearing in mind this dogma of The Master (as we, his disciples, used to call Ruskin), I forbear to head my column with the word "Economy." For I mean to discourse, not about the abstract principles of stewardship, but about certain ways of saving money, which may not rise to the height of "Economy" in

the Ruskinian sense, but are known to the world as "Economies." In that distinction between the singular and the plural there lies a world of significance. *Place aux Princes.* Let us begin with Royalty. When Queen Victoria became engaged to Prince Albert, the Whig Government of the day proposed to the House of Commons that the Prince should have an allowance of £50,000 a year. This was opposed by Sir Robert Peel as grossly in excess of what was required; the Government were beaten, and the allowance was reduced to £30,000 a year. No one can like a rebuff of that sort, but the Prince bore it with admirable composure; merely remarking in a letter to his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, that he should now have to reduce his subscriptions. One touch of nature, and especially of economical nature, makes the whole world kin; and we, who are not Princes, display the same intensely human trait when we endeavour to retrieve a financial loss by putting sixpence instead of a shilling into the alms-bag.

A past-master in these lesser arts of retrenchment was the Marquis of Carabas. I suppress his real name, because he lived not a hundred miles from Manchester, and his descendants might resent my familiarity. It is said that Lord Carabas had a peculiar dislike to butchers' bills, and, in order to evade them, he fed his numerous family on the pro-

ducts of the estate, chiefly rabbits and garden-stuff, thereby enfeebling their constitutions and destroying their complexions. One of these ill-nourished children was destined for the Sea, and, when the time approached for him to begin his career, Lord Carabas asked a brother-peer, whose son was going to join the same ship, whether he meant to give his boy a watch. "Oh yes; I think I shall let him have a silver watch." "Very good," replied Lord Carabas. "That settles the question. My boy can look at your boy's watch." The same thrifty nobleman was once conducting a visitor to his room at Carabas Castle, and on the way they passed a footman who was depositing a clean pair of boots outside a bedroom door. Quick as lightning Lord Carabas, who knew that the bedroom was his daughter's, challenged the footman. "Has Lady Selina had two pairs of clean boots to-day?" "Yes, my Lord." "Then take that pair down, and make them do for to-morrow," adding to his guest, in a confidential undertone as they walked away, "There's nothing which servants are more inclined to 'do' you in than blacking."

Lord Carabas had a like-minded contemporary whom we will call the Duke of Omnium. This nobleman, who pleaded guilty to an income of £200,000 a year, was always in terror of bankruptcy. After discharging his servants, ploughing up his park, and cutting down his trees, he still underwent the torments

of the lost because he fancied that too many candles were burnt in Gatherum Abbey, and, in order to evade that particular expense, he erected a gas-factory for his exclusive use. This was one of those costly economies which Bishop Creighton used to illustrate by the familiar instance of a weighing-machine for letters. How many years, he used to ask, of over-stamping one's correspondence would be required to equal the initial cost of that ormolu monstrosity?

While we are observing nature in these exalted spheres, it would be paradoxical to omit the case of the second Duke of Buckingham (1797-1861). Unlike his brothers of Carabas and Omnium, he was a man of profuse, even profligate, habits; and, though it may be doubted whether he was altogether in sympathy with Swift, there is at any rate one maxim of that great philosopher's which he had made his own: "The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes." Acting on this conviction, the Duke, when financial difficulties began to thicken round him, manfully resisted all proposals of retrenchment; and when a friend, foreseeing disaster, suggested that it was superfluous to keep, as well as a French *chef* and an English roasting-cook, an Italian confectioner, he exclaimed, with generous fire: "Good gad! Mayn't a man have a biscuit with his glass of sherry?"

The mention of sherry reminds me of the painful

truth that very rich people, and very ostentatious people, and very self-indulgent people, are often inclined to economize in wine. In some peculiarly flagrant instances the host will keep a bottle for his private use and regale his guests with another, but, for the credit of human nature, we will trust that such cases are rare. Lord Beaconsfield, after forty years of dining out in London, recorded this remarkable judgment: "We talk with wondering execration of the great poisoners of past ages—the Borgias, the inventor of *aqua tofana*, and the amiable Marchioness de Brinvilliers; but there are more social poisoners about in the present day than in the darkest and the most demoralized periods, only none of them are punished; which is so strange, as they are all found out." One of these "social poisoners" was Sir Thomas G—, whose eldest son, an officer of the Guards, invited some of his brother-officers to a shooting-party at Sir Thomas's northern castle. The ladies had left the dining-room, and the young men, fairly fagged by a long day on the hill, gathered round the fire and welcomed the first round of the claret-jug. A sniff, a sip, a taste, and then a sudden and ominous silence. Sir Thomas, with courteous concern, asked the subaltern who was sitting next him if there was anything the matter with the wine. "Well," replied the modest youth, "as you ask me, Sir Thomas, I must say that I think it's corked." "Thank you, my dear friend, a

thousand times, for telling me," replied Sir Thomas, and pulled the bell ; but, when the butler appeared, he said "Coffee."

As I remarked at the outset, these Economies, in various forms and connexions, permeate all Society. No one observed them more finely or described them more exactly than Mrs. Gaskell, who saw them as they existed in Manchester and Knutsford. "An old gentleman of my acquaintance," she said, "who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank-book ; of course the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well ; and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money." The present writer shares that old gentleman's idiosyncrasy. The unused half-sheet which one tears off a short letter is, in my eyes, a treasure beyond price ; and never do I find it so difficult to curb a temper generally well disciplined as when a correspondent writes from the first to the third side, and so robs me of the half-sheet on which my affections have been set.

A further refinement of this particular economy was observed in the case of two aged sisters, of great name and station, who wrote to each other every day.

There was a compact between them that they should fasten the envelopes as lightly as possible, so that they could be opened without being torn; and at the end of the month each lady sent her sister a neat packet of used envelopes, which only needed to be re-stamped and re-stuck, and then were used again.

Pursuing the same curious theme, Mrs. Gaskell confesses her own form of economy (which she shared with Mr. Gladstone): "String is my foible. My pockets get full of it, packed up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if anyone cuts the string of a parcel, instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold."

The word "Telegram" is, I believe, "a spot of barbarism burnt so deep into the language that it can never be obliterated." The pedants who say this would have us use instead the monstrous word "Telegrapheme"; and the Man in the Street, wiser in his generation, gets out of the difficulty by saying "Wire." But whether we choose to be barbarous, or pedantic, or popular, we mean the same thing, and it is a thing in which Economies are strikingly practised. People will clip words and lop addresses, compress their meaning till it becomes unintelligible, and risk every kind of confusion and mistake, sooner than exceed the Twelve Words for Sixpence. Stranger still, having once hardened their hearts to spend the sixpence, they will elaborate "Yes" or "No," "Do"

or "Don't," or whatever they wish to convey, into a whole sentence, sooner than not use the full number of words to which their sixpence entitles them. Closely akin to this school of Economists are those who know the precise limit of a shilling fare, exact their full two miles to the uttermost inch, and challenge the remonstrant cabman to "vindicate his helpless right" in the Police Court. The fine flower and supreme example to this fare-paring Economy was a lady who contributed much to the harmless merriment of my earlier manhood ; and, lest a forgetful generation should have lost all tradition of a name which once was famous, let Mr. Boase's *Modern English Biography* revive the thrilling tale: "Caroline Giacometti Prodgers, daughter of Mr. Prodgers, and married to Giovanni Battista Giacometti, was 'The Cabmen's Terror.' She had an exact and minute knowledge of London, and frequently had herself conveyed to within a few feet of the distance covered by a shilling fare. She was continually summoned by the cabmen, but was generally found to be correct as to the distances. She was burnt in effigy as a Guy on the 5th of November 1876."



## XXIV

### SYMPATHY

THE wisdom of the ancient Greeks deified Persuasiveness ; and to the Romans, Courage was the synonym of Virtue. The honours thus rendered to two very dissimilar qualities are characteristic of the races which rendered them. It was natural that the subtlest intellects which the world has ever known should set great store on that power of Persuasion which Aristotle declared to be the object of all rhetoric. It was equally natural that the all-conquering Roman should regard all virtue as included in that indomitable courage which had given him and his fellow-citizens a world-wide Empire. But we live in an age of clearer light ; we profess that Truth is everything and plausibility nothing ; we "have been taught," as Ruskin said, "a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now finally betray or learn to defend by fulfilling"; and to us there are qualities which make a stronger appeal than even Persuasiveness, though that is good, or Courage, though that is better. As I am not writing a treatise on ascetic theology, I need not pause on the

Seven Cardinal Virtues which Theology recognizes. There is another quality which is not included in the categories of the theologians, but which is yet a virtue of the most attractive charm, and also a moral power of incalculable effect. It is the quality which, for the want of a better name, we have christened Sympathy. The tricks of language are always worth noting, for they not seldom witness to psychological realities; and this is the case with our word "Sympathy." Originally, and in strictness, it means a fellowship in suffering; but, derivatively, it has come to mean a fellow-feeling alike in sorrow and in joy; and here surely we can trace a psychological truth. The man who has the faculty of entering, instinctively and keenly, into the sufferings and sorrows of a fellow-creature, sharing them with his friend and making them his own, is not likely to turn away in harsh or contemptuous indifference from those brighter experiences which prevent even the saddest of human lots from being monotonously miserable. There is, I suppose, no quality so winning as that which enables a man, in the Apostle's phrase, to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." This quality, which we have learned to call Sympathy, is totally distinct from mere goodness, and even active benevolence by no means implies it. Here is a sketch of character drawn by a master-hand:—

A man of unbroken prosperity, whom nothing deeply wounded, from whom no crushing could bring out perfume ; yet loveable, very, from extreme kindness, simplicity, unaffectedness ; chatty, discursive, easily pleased, easily, never deeply, interested ; a man to live with, not to die with ; for sunshine, not for clouds and storm and dark, dark night ; yet quite very loveable.

One feels instinctively, as one reads the description, that this "quite very loveable" character lacked the divine ingredient of Sympathy, and that one could neither have shared with him the transient emotion of genuine joy, nor the more habitual experience of life's stern discipline. But, if the good-natured man often lacks Sympathy, the actively-benevolent man—even the actively-benevolent woman—sometimes lacks it even more completely. We all know people who fall not very far short of the Apostolic ideal of bestowing all their goods to feed the poor, and yet contrive so to bestow them as to make the recipient loathe alike the gift and the giver ; who spend their whole time and thought on schemes of philanthropy, and yet only succeed in disgusting and alienating the people whom they long to serve and prejudicing the causes for which they live. A hard, metallic, mechanical benevolence may alter the material conditions of a human lot, and alter them vastly for the better ; but it lacks the power either to heal the wounded heart, or "to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier."

The gift of Sympathy has, as far as I have ever been able to observe, no necessary connexion with

intellectual force. I say "no *necessary* connexion," because here and there one has encountered people who were both clever and sympathetic; but I think it is a rare conjunction. Perhaps the consciousness of intellectual superiority tends to produce in unchastened natures that tendency to "sit above in a high tower" which the Son of Sirach condemned, and which is, perhaps more than any other quality, incompatible with Sympathy. The power of placing oneself on a level with the man or woman whom one is trying to serve is of the very essence of Sympathy; and that power is often, perhaps generally, lacking in those who have dominated their fellow-men by sheer force of intellect. Contrariwise, we all know people—I, at least, have several of them in my mind—who seem on the surface uninteresting enough; whose outlook on life is commonplace; who spend their days in a dull routine of common duty; who never "succeed," or "come to the fore," or "get themselves talked about," or are reckoned among those who "count"; and yet to whom their friends instinctively turn in every crisis of life, with the certainty that they will find an intuitive knowledge of their moods and needs, an unprompted discernment of what fills their hearts, and the power of supplying exactly that "one touch of nature" which makes, if not "the whole world," at least two souls kin.

But though those favoured characters which Heaven

has endowed with the gift of Sympathy may be as obscure as

A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half-hidden from the eye,

they exercise a subtle and far-reaching power. A splendid tribute was paid by a statesman of Queen Victoria's reign to a man whom the world regarded as merely a worldling—"He is the man to whom I should go if I were in disgrace." And a man who at any great crisis of his fate, and more particularly in the hour of sorrow or of shame, has found light and deliverance in Sympathy will not readily forget what it meant to him in his dark days, and will try to spread in widest commonalty the boon which has lightened, perhaps even saved, his own life. Thus the sympathetic nature, "like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spends itself in channels which have no great name on the earth"; but its effect on those around is incalculably diffusive. "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs." Among that "number" probably each of us can reckon one whose patient, or perhaps passionate, Sympathy was our crown of rejoicing when the skies were bright, and our "very present help in trouble."

But, in order to sympathize, one must oneself have suffered. One must have felt in one's own case "the sorrow God gives to a few" if one is to share with another the burden of bearing it or the joy of deliverance. And here it is that well-intending people who lack the gift of Sympathy so often do more harm than good when they attempt to console, and only aggravate the wound which they set themselves to cure. "They precipitate consolation. They do not convey the impression that they have first suffered. If they had they would have known more of the first crush and of the first bewilderment of sorrow. They would not only make allowance for the difficulty of accepting solace, but they would scarcely desire that solace to be too instantly accepted. They would know the soul must lay itself low and let the waves wash over it."

To crave for Sympathy, at any rate in the dark hours of life, is, I suppose, an almost universal instinct. Few indeed are the natures so essentially solitary and self-sufficing that they can face the miseries of this "frail and feverish being" without the support of a human heart which beats in unison with their own. But to minister sympathy to others is a high prerogative with which not all are endowed. Yet he who wishes to employ most helpfully his little span of earthly being, and to leave this world a better place than he found it, will covet the power to sympathize

more keenly than any intellectual pre-eminence or social grace. And he who really covets it, and is willing to face the suffering through which alone it can be attained, will not often be disappointed of his desire.

I ask but for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smile,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart, *at leisure from itself*,  
To soothe and sympathize.

## XXV

### TACT

A FEW years ago it was the fashion in philanthropic circles to speak of "The Three Catherines." These were three ladies, each famous in her own sphere, whose names often appeared at the foot of public appeals on behalf of religious and charitable enterprises. They were Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Tait (wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury), and Miss Marsh, the accomplished authoress of *Hedley Vicars*. Just now I was writing about Sympathy, and this week I have chanced to find a description of one of those "Three Catherines" which seemed to embody exactly what was in my thoughts: "She who is gone presented to my mind the perfect ideal of Sympathy. I have never forgotten meeting her nearly twenty years ago, when my first great grief was overshadowing me. She was so overflowing with a delicate and tender pity, full of exquisite tact, but also with expression which went far beyond mere words."

*Sympathy* and *Tact*. The conjunction of the two words suggests my present theme. What is the rela-



tion between these two qualities? Are they two names for one thing? Are they the higher and the lower form of the same virtue? Or is Tact totally distinct from Sympathy? or, yet again, is the one an essential ingredient in the other? My own notion is that the divinely-given grace of Sympathy creates Tact, and that people who are naturally blunt, rough, and heavy-handed, when once they have entered into that fellowship with Suffering which is Sympathy, develop a new sense of what is fitting, pleasing, and opportune. In a word, they acquire Tact. Some excellent people, warm-hearted and well-intentioned, lacking Sympathy in the higher sense, lack Tact so utterly that their very condolences stab one to the quick. They are honestly sorry for one's distress, but their way of ministering to it intensifies it into agony. Quite lately I saw an instance of this terrible benevolence. A lady had just lost a son-in-law, whose early death had desolated a peculiarly happy home. I had gone to her with the hope of ministering to her sorrow, when lo! I found myself submerged by the inrush of a benevolent neighbour. "Dear Mrs. —, I felt I must call just to tell you how sorry I am for you. Was your son-in-law ill long? Were you able to get to him in time? Was his death quite unexpected? I hope he did not suffer much. And what will become of your poor daughter and all those little children?" The compassion which prompted this terrific catechism

was obviously genuine, but each question was a stab aimed dexterously at the very quick of a peculiarly sensitive nature. Evidently the stabber had never suffered. It was just the case in which Sympathy would have supplied Tact, and Tact would have laid a gentler hand on the bruised and broken heart.

It is in this supremely difficult duty of ministering to sorrow that Tactlessness is most painful and most devastating; but there is no department and no contingency of life in which that dire quality does not play havoc. Illustrations of what I mean come crowding on the memory. Archbishop Longley (1794-1868), a man of no striking gifts and backed by no influences of family or fortune, rose to the Primacy of All England by the power of Tact. An admiring visitor said to him once at Addington, "Dear Archbishop, everyone knows that you have the most wonderful tact in the world. But how would you define it?" The Archbishop replied that the quality was indefinable, and could best be illustrated by negative examples. "Not long ago a clergyman wrote to me soliciting a living. He began his letter thus: 'Knowing your Grace's advanced age and increasing infirmities, I can no longer delay to put my wishes before you.' *That was not Tact.*"

A secular contemporary of the Archbishop was the Prime Minister, Lord Russell, whose political influence was sometimes marred by that artless candour which

is part of Tactlessness. Once at a concert at Buckingham Palace he was seen to rise suddenly from his seat, turn his back on the lady by whom he had been sitting—we will call her the Duchess of A.,—and sit down by the Duchess of B., at the extreme end of the room. His wife, who had observed this manœuvre with some consternation, said at the first convenient opportunity, "Why did you change your place so abruptly? Had you quarrelled with the Duchess of A.?" "No, we didn't quarrel. The fire was so very hot that if I had sate there any longer I should have fainted." "Oh! that was a very good reason for moving; but I hope you told the Duchess of A. why you left her." "No, I didn't tell her that; but I told the Duchess of B. why I came and sate by her."

Of the late Dr. Vaughan, some time Head Master of Harrow and afterwards Dean of Llandaff, it was said that, whereas Arnold's rule at Rugby had been the reign of high ideals and moral fervour, the characteristics of Vaughan's rule at Harrow were Greek Iambics and Tact. The Iambics are no concern of mine; but the Tact was often and beautifully exemplified. When the Doctor had entertained a parcel of boys at breakfast, and the young guests had shown an inclination to stay too long, he would approach one of them and, holding out his hand, would say in his blandest accents, "Must you go? Can't you stay?" and the party incontinently

broke up. It is a characteristic of Public Schools that a tradition concerning a Head Master, once firmly established, goes on from generation to generation, and is fastened on each succeeding Head in turn. So the story about Dr. Vaughan became affixed to his successor Dr. Butler, now Master of Trinity, and pursued him from Harrow to Cambridge. The father of a Trinity man once said to me: "What wonderful tact Dr. Butler has! Do you know how he gets rid of the undergraduates when they stay too long after a dinner-party? He goes up to them and says, 'Can't you go? Must you stay?'" and the party breaks up at once." The gentleman who produced this remarkable variant on the Harrow tradition must have had a quite different notion of Tact from that which commonly prevails.

The late Sir Henry Irving was fond of narrating that he and Miss Terry once consented, at the request of a Head Master, to give some scenes from Shakespeare before the boys of the school. When they were talking over the arrangements for the afternoon, Irving said, "The pieces we have chosen will take about two hours; so we must ask for a quarter of an hour's interval in the middle." "Oh, certainly," replied the Head Master; "one couldn't expect the boys to stand two hours of it straight on end." That "it" conveyed a dreadful significance of boredom which the distinguished performers duly enjoyed. If even the greatest

potentates of the stage are thus exposed to the slings and arrows of outrageous Tactlessness, much harder is the lot of the "Society Entertainer." The late Mr. Corney Grain was wont to tell that he was once performing at the house of a widowed lady whose son ought to have acted as host but did not appear. When the youth strolled in, very late, his mother bade him, in an audible whisper, go and apologize to Mr. Grain; which he did, saying thus: "Good evening, Mr. Grain. Sorry I could not get here sooner; but I was at Lady Blank's. We had a Dancing Dog *there*."

Even the gentle sex, conventionally so called, is not always exempt from Tactlessness. Not long ago I was speaking in public, and I observed among my hearers a lady with whom in earlier days I often associated in political circles. She kindly stopped to say how-de-do to me as we were leaving the building, and began in a reminiscent vein. "I am so glad to see you again. It reminds me of old times, when we were so much with Mr. Gladstone. Of course it's an immense privilege to have known him as well as you and I did, and to have heard him speak so often; but the drawback is that it makes all other speaking sound so very dull and commonplace." If I had been afflicted with oratorical vanity, this would have been a wholesome corrective, and all the more efficacious because so palpably unintended. For that large tribe of people whose tactlessness consists in never perceiv-

ing that their company is not desired, and who go through life trampling on confidential intimacies and making a third where only two should be, the famous Eton tutor, Billy Johnson, invented a happy nickname, "The good old Norman family of De Trop"—a respectable race indeed, and oh ! how widely spread.

But after all, in its primary sense, Tact means Touch ; and Ruskin elucidated this truth with beautiful ingenuity : " A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation : and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply ' fineness of nature.' This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness ; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs ; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal ; but, if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature ; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot, but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way ; and in his sensitive trunk and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honour."

## XXVI

### THE LONDONER'S TUSCULUM

To "the English Reader" (as translators of the classics call him) Tusculum is chiefly known in connexion with the Ciceronian longings of Mrs. Blimber. But Lord Beaconsfield knew his Lemprière at least as well as Dickens; and he also knew the suburbs, and detected the Tusculan character of the district which I am going to describe in this chapter.

John Wilson Croker, whom Disraeli, Thackeray, and Macaulay equally detested, lived at a villa called Munster House, not far from Fulham Palace; and Disraeli, lampooning him under the name of Rigby, says that he "had a classical retreat which he esteemed a Tusculum. There, surrounded by his busts and books, he wrote his reviews and articles and entertained a clever friend or two of equivocal reputation. No one was more faithful to his early friends than Mr. Rigby, particularly if they could write a squib." This was written in 1844. By 1870 Croker was dead and forgotten, and a surburban villa suggested more agreeable associations to the author of *Lothair*.

Fulham lies on the way to Putney, and the road is thus described: "There is something very pleasant in a summer suburban ride in the Valley of the Thames. London transforms itself into bustling Knightsbridge and airy Brompton brightly and gracefully, lingers cheerfully in the long, miscellaneous, well-watered King's Road, and only says farewell when you come to an abounding river and a picturesque bridge." Here Fulham ends and Putney begins. Crossing that bridge (no longer so picturesque as when *Lothair* was written) you soon reach Barnes Common, "studded occasionally with a group of pines and well-bedecked with gorse." Ten minutes' canter brings you to the elegant hamlet of Roehampton, where you find yourself in the midst of stately villas, erected a century and a half ago by statesmen and nabobs, and now converted into Private Asylums or Jesuit Seminaries. "One of these was Belmont, built by a favourite Minister of State to whom a grateful and gracious Sovereign had granted a slice of a Royal park, whereon to raise a palace and a garden, and find occasionally Tusculan repose." No better site could be chosen for such a purpose, for "the grounds were separated from the Royal park only by a wire fence, so that the scene seemed alike rich and illimitable." That park, of course, is Richmond, worthy to rank in extent with Tatton and in beauty with Blenheim, and teeming with those associations, half-literary,



half-political, which Mrs. Blimber and Lord Beaconsfield taught us to call Tusculan. Here Queen Caroline lived while she was governing England as Regent for George II., and, if Richmond Hill had no other title to the world's regard, the description of it in *The Heart of Midlothian* would have made it famous: "They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on its bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily-fluttering pennons gave life to the whole."

Few, though I hope fit, are they who nowadays read the poetry of James Thomson. Not everyone could place in its proper context the pathetic exclamation

Oh! Sophonisba—Sophonisba, Oh!

But "Rule Britannia" is, I believe, still sung at Conservative banquets, and Thomson may still claim his place among the literary glories of Richmond. It was there that he sought refuge from the equally

unwelcome attentions of duns and critics ; and there, strange as it must seem to readers of *The Field*, he went stag-hunting in Royal company,

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract.

Stag-hunting in Richmond Park ! It certainly sounds the tamest form of sport ; and Thomson, though he described it in *The Seasons*, was man enough to prefer fox-hunting.

We clear the chasm of a century ; and, though the stag-hunters have vanished from Richmond Park, and have been replaced by squadrons of Cockney horsemen tugging hard at the leathery mouths of hired hacks, the political and literary associations of the place are still unchanged. It was here that Lord John Russell spent the last thirty years of his long and active life, penning his countless volumes of *Recollections* and *Suggestions*, and recounting to a younger generation the inquisitiveness of Napoleon I., the social charm of Walter Scott, and the abrupt behaviour of Wellington in the Peninsula. Here, in the trellised dining-room of Pembroke Lodge, the Coalition Government decided, after a "Cabinet dinner," to begin the Crimean War, though, according to Kinglake, "all the members of the Cabinet, except a small minority, were overcome with sleep" when the momentous decision was taken.

But, though Richmond is the centre of our Tuscu-

lum, it is not the whole, and we must continue our ramble, with Thomson, the local poet, for our guide.

Say, shall we ascend  
Thy hill, delightful Sheen ?

Yes ; and then, from the higher ground—

Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames,  
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt  
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore  
The healing God ; to Royal Hampton's pile,  
To Claremont's terrass'd heights and Esher's groves.

But Thomson is carrying us too far afield. Let us pause for a moment at the foot of Richmond Hill, where, amid the lush pastures of the riverside, lurks Ham House, the most gorgeous specimen of Jacobean architecture within a hundred miles of London, and famous as the place where Lauderdale organized the "Cabal" which took its last letter from the first of his name. Here we take boat and cross the river to "Twit'nam," where, when Thomson wrote of it, Pope lay dying. I turn to my favourite Gazetteer, and I read there that "Twickenham, formerly written Twit'nam, occupies a most delightful position on the western bank of the Thames, on the Road from London, through Isleworth, to Hampton Court. This place is deservedly admired for the beauty of its scenery, enlivened by the windings of the Thames. It has been the favourite retreat of the Statesman and the Poet and is embellished with handsome seats and

tasteful villas. At the southern extremity of the village, fronted by a lawn sloping to the verge of the river, is Pope's Villa; the house has been much enlarged, and the celebrated grotto erected under the immediate superintendence of the poet has lost nearly all its original character." Pope's whole estate consisted of five acres, and into this modest space he compressed, as we are told by his biographer, "a shell temple, a large mount, a small mount, a vineyard, a bowling-green, a wilderness, a grove, an orangery, a flower-house, and a kitchen-garden." But the masterpiece was the "Grotto," which really was nothing more romantic than a tunnel under the turnpike road, but which he decorated with what Dr. Johnson called "fossil bones" and a fountain. From Pope, who built the Villa, to Mr. Labouchere, who has entertained me there, the transition is noteworthy; and yet, when we take into account the characters of the two men, not perhaps incongruous. But now the Villa is for sale, and too probably it will end its days as a Preparatory School or an Inebriates' Home.

No doubt Pope was a greater man than Horace Walpole; but, for all that, Walpole did more than Pope for the fame of Twit'nam. For did he not make "Strawberry Hill"? I turn again to my *Gazetteer*: "This delightful village is adorned with the seats of several persons of distinction, particularly an elegant Gothic seat, called Strawberry Hill,

belonging to the honourable and ingenious Mr. Walpole." Macaulay treats the subject less sympathetically: "To decorate a grotesque house with piecrust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards, to match odd gauntlets, to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground, these were the grave employments of his long life. In his villa every apartment was a museum, every piece of furniture was a curiosity; there is something strange in the form of the shovel; there is a long story belonging to the bell-rope." All very true, but from that villa he wrote the *Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, and we shall have a better historian than Macaulay before we have a better letter-writer than Horace Walpole. But Pope's Villa and Strawberry Hill do not exhaust the historic and literary glories of Twickenham. "In the centre of the river, nearly opposite the church, is an island called Twickenham Ait, the chief part of which is laid out in pleasure-grounds. The Eel Pie House has been noted for the last two centuries as a favourite resort of refreshment and recreation." The Eels and the Pies have vanished, and the House is for sale; but they are eternally associated with memories of Theodore Hook, and "Ingoldsby" Barham, and Charles Mathews, and a shocking joke about "Pie-housely" (or "piously") inclined. All the riverside is haunted by the ghosts of that convivial crew, for

Hook, like Croker, had his Tusculum at Fulham, and believed that there was no more delightful place on earth than Thames Ditton.

Give me a punt, a rod and line,  
A snug arm-chair to sit on,  
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,  
And let me fish at Ditton.

But it is time to be turning homewards, and we must not deviate to sumptuous Chiswick, where Charles Fox and George Canning breathed their last, or to Turnham Green, where a Lord Mayor of London was made to stand and deliver. We are close to Kew and its amazing Pagoda, rich with memories of George III. and Queen Charlotte and demure little Fanny Burney. At Hammersmith, where the injured but not innocent Consort of George IV. closed her wretched life, we touch the cab-radius and bid farewell to Tusculum.

## XXVII

### STRAWBERRY HILL

"THE world knows nothing of its greatest men."

I believe that, in cultured circles, money has been lost and won on the question whether the fourth word in this remarkable prosaic line is "nothing" or "little." I plump for "nothing" because I love alliteration, and I leave the decision to those who are familiar with the poetry of Sir Henry Taylor. One of those "greatest men," of whom the modern world knows "nothing," or at best little, was George Henry Robins (1778-1847), whose varied accomplishments and mellifluous eloquence entitled him to be styled the Cicero of the Auction-room. It is recorded of Mr. Riley, the auctioneer in *The Mill on the Floss*, that, though he had received a tincture of the classics at the Great Mudport Free School and had a sense of understanding Latin generally, his comprehension of any particular Latin was not ready. "Doubtless there remained a subtle aroma from his juvenile contact with the *De Senectute* and the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*, but it had ceased to be distinctly recognizable as classical, and was only perceived in

the higher finish and force of his auctioneering style." A similar curriculum, as I should judge, and attended by similar results, had gone to the making of Mr. George Robins, and it was most distinctly perceived in his method of drawing a Catalogue. A specimen of his unequalled skill in this little-cultivated branch of literature lies before me as I write, and recalls the warning verse with which Thomas Ingoldsby concludes the doleful tale of "The Babes in the Wood" :—

Be sure he who does such base things  
Will ne'er stifle conscience's clamour ;  
His riches will make themselves wings,  
And his property come to the hammer.  
Then he—and not those he bereaves—  
Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,  
When he finds *himself* smothered with leaves  
(Of fat catalogues) heaped up by Robins !

Well, really, I think that to die smothered with the leaves of Robins's gorgeous diction would, next to "dying of a rose in aromatic pain," be the most apolaustic form of euthanasia. Eloquent words rush unbidden from my pen when I close the purple, pictured, page of George Henry Robins.

Just now I was describing the Londoner's Tusculum, and among its points of interest I mentioned Strawberry Hill. That curious epitome of the Gothic Revival, struggling towards beauty through error and confusion, was bequeathed by Horace Walpole, who died in 1797, to his niece Lady



Waldegrave, and from her descended to the seventh Earl Waldegrave (1816-1846). It was this Lord Waldegrave who dispersed the collection, and in offering it for public auction gave memorable scope for the genius of Mr. Robins. The sale began on the 23rd April 1842. "A wooden building was erected on the lawn for the purpose of accommodating the visitors, no apartment in the dwelling-house being large enough." The Catalogue, which a friend in Manchester has been kind enough to lend me, is an octavo volume of 230 pages, with wide margins, an ornamental cover, an Introductory Essay by Harrison Ainsworth, some engraved illustrations, a coloured frontispiece, and a portrait of Horace Walpole. The true inspiration of the Auctioneer, rising to an unusual height of confidence and daring, speaks on the title-page:—

Mr. George Robins is honoured by having been selected by The Earl of Waldegrave To sell by public competition The valuable contents Of Strawberry Hill, And it may fearlessly be proclaimed as The most distinguished Gem that has ever adorned the annals of auctions; And within will be found a repast for the lover of literature and the fine arts of which bygone days furnish no previous example, and it would be in vain to contemplate it in times to come.

This is good because it is courageous, and, indeed, attains to prophetic prevision; but the "Prefatory Remarks," also from the golden pen of Robins, are even better—more copious, more unrestrained, more akin to "the pride and ample pinion that the Theban

Eagle bare." The Auctioneer (if so homely and technical a designation can be admitted to such Empyrean heights) thus introduces himself to his readers. He has been "the favoured agent in introducing to the public, in endless variety, unique collections of all that is rare in taste and *virtu*"; has had it in his power "to enrich the royal and national collections of every civilized country, the galleries of the Cognoscenti, and the cabinets of amateurs"; and has "exchanged properties extending over several millions of pounds sterling." Yet, in spite of all this gorgeous experience, he "approaches his present herculean undertaking with feelings such as he never experienced on any former occasion, fully sensible that the distribution of this precious Museum, crowded with the tangible records of past ages—treasures consecrated by the hand of time and genius—far exceeds in interest and importance all that has preceded it in the chronicles of auctions, and that no future sale can by possibility enter into rivalry with it." As he advances towards the actual execution of his task, this creditable modesty deepens into a kind of sacred awe, and he is overwhelmed by "the hallowed recollections which surround a pictorial and historical abode, so dear to its distinguished originator, and so often and so tenderly referred to in his letters and writings." That abode, according to this Cicero—nay, rather, this Chrysostom—of the Auction-room, is

"rich in all that can delight the antiquarian, the scholar, the virtuoso, or the general lover of art"; and is so "perfect and unapproachable in all its details that all will quit it with the fixed opinion that his peculiar tastes were those to which the energies, the learning, and the research of the noble founder were directed." The "noble founder" is beautifully eulogized as "the mighty master who planned and matured this wondrous whole, and whose life, almost from the cradle to the tomb, was occupied in snatching from the depredations of time the few remaining specimens of the classic ages—the treasures of Gothic halls and cathedrals, and the antiquities of the Middle Age." Thus the dithyrambic Robins; but we must tear ourselves from the spell of his eloquence, and make acquaintance with the "unrivalled and wondrous Collection" which he is "instructed to distribute to the world."

The first six days of the sale were occupied by "the Library of Books"; the seventh and eighth by the Prints; the ninth and tenth by Coins and Medals; the eleventh and twelfth by Miniatures, Enamels, and "Porcelaine." The remainder of the sale (which lasted for twenty-four days) disposed of the Pictures and Furniture.

Somehow or other the hand of the Master is hardly seen at its best when he is describing the Library. I judge that the illustrious Robins, in spite of all his culture, was not a true Book-lover. When he is

describing the books at Strawberry Hill, his style is notably restrained ; he deals sparsely in the italics and capitals of which he is generally so profuse, and his illustrative comments are jejune. He warms a little to a PRECIOUS AND UNIQUE VOLUME of French drawings ; declares that the "taste, spirit, and wit" of Madame du Deffand's Letters have never been equalled ; and calls Sir Sackville Crowe's account-book "a highly interesting historical document" ; but, on the whole, books leave him cold. When we come to the Engravings, a genial warmth begins to animate the style. "This is unquestionably the most complete collection that has ever been made," and "it would be unpardonable to pass over in silence" its leading beauties ; but it is not till we reach the "objects of *Bijouterie* and *Virtu*" that the rhetorical fire bursts into many-coloured flame. Henceforward life is a series of emotions, as we pass from Gallery to Refectory, from China Room to Holbein Chamber ; and the ardent Robins is at hand to tell us what, and why, and how much to admire. "A TRULY SPLENDID ILLUMINATED DRAWING." "A most exquisite cabinet gem, in a black and gold carved frame." "The most perfect miniature in the world." "The case of A CELEBRATED WATCH." "A BEAUTIFUL 14-INCH SILVER-GILT PLATEAU, the centre representing George I. on his throne, supported by Britannia and Justice, and the Royal Arms, surmounted by Phaeton in his

car, military trophies and allegorical devices beneath." Can the mind of man conceive a more majestic combination? Next we approach the Picture-gallery, where everything is beautiful, but eulogy pursues a *crescendo*. "A Dutch Surgeon Dressing a Boor's Leg" is commended as "very clever." Two Sea Pieces are "remarkable for their extraordinary power, and replete with interest." An Infant Hercules by Annibale Caracci is "a truly beautiful cabinet gem, possessing all the truth to nature so remarkable in this highly-esteemed master." But even Painting does not stir the Muse of Robins to such altitudes as Furniture. It appears that Horace Walpole—"the enlightened connoisseur to whom Strawberry Hill is indebted for its matchless collection of all that is rare and valuable"—himself designed a Cabinet; and this Cabinet so impressed itself upon the sensitive temperament of genius that Robins found thirteen lines of his catalogue barely sufficient to describe its charms. When we learn that it was made of rosewood and ivory, and that it was ornamented with statues of Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Fiammingo; with the Walpole Arms supported by a Cupid and a Lion; with a relief of Flowers, Eagles' Heads, and Festoons; with eighteen figures—Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist; a Lady by Gibbons; Perseus and Andromeda; the Hercules Farnesi, Flora, Diomede, the Medusa, and the Barberisi Lion—we are prepared

for the concluding judgment (in italics): "It is perfectly unique, and as a work of art may be pronounced Matchless." Yes, indeed. It was with this Cabinet as it was in old time with Phidias's statue of the Olympian Zeus—"The spirit could grasp no more, and the man might end." However, the high-souled Robins knew a trick worth two of that. He had no notion of "ending" before his appointed time; and, recovering from the swoon of admiration—the "dissolving ecstasies"—induced by the sight of the Cabinet, he went on gaily with his appointed task. Never, perhaps, is he so entirely happy as when describing the stained-glass of which Strawberry Hill was full, and he is never for a moment staggered by the seeming incongruity of the subjects depicted. In Horace Walpole's Bedchamber we are introduced to "a pair of extremely beautiful pieces of old stained-glass, with Portraits of William and Maurice of Orange, Moses receiving the Tables of the Law, and a figure of Ceres." In the Library we find "St. Augustine Writing" in company with "A Cavalier in the Costume of Charles I." In the Blue Bedchamber the window was enriched with "Charity, Moses Slaying the Egyptian, and the Administration of the Sacrament, with medallions of Birds and whole-length figures." The "Unjust Steward" seems unequally yoked with "Two Small Flemish Landscapes," nor do "the Royal Arms of England" quite harmonize

with "The Flight into Egypt and two small Landscapes with Goats." But perhaps the glories of the stained-glass at Strawberry Hill reached their highest splendour in the Oriel Window of the Great Dining-room, which combined in harmonious perfection the arms of Walpole, St. Christopher, the Battle of the Amalekites, a group of heathen deities, two Coats of Arms, the children of Israel gathering Manna, two Dutch Landscapes, two Cavaliers, Jacob blessing Esau, and a Dutch Cobbler whistling to a Bird in a Cage ("a most humorous specimen"). Well indeed might these achievements be described as "most beautiful specimens of this rare art"; but even the most tender-hearted antiquary who ever bemoaned the dispersion of Horace Walpole's Collection would scarcely wish to see them reseated in their place of light.

But now, when we just cast a glance over "the Chapel in the Grounds," the Dairy, and the Workshop, we have concluded our journey. The Catalogue, which began impressively with "Lot 1. *Musarum Deliciæ*, containing Essays upon Pastoral Ideas by a Nobleman," ends ignominiously with "a turning-lathe as originally used by Horace Walpole," and utters its last word in "Sundries." From start to finish, "upstairs and downstairs and in my Lady's Chamber," George Robins has been a fascinating companion; and I should uncommonly like to know how much he made out of that Sale at Strawberry Hill.

## XXVIII

### FLATLAND

THIS title belongs of right to a Fairy-Tale of the Higher Mathematics for which Dr. E. A. Abbott was responsible.

But I use it in a more sublunary sense, and with reference to a practical point which emerged at the recent Church Congress. My readers will, I am sure, thank me for presenting the case exactly as it is presented by "a High Dignitary" in the congenial columns of the *Daily Mail*. The sentiment, the phraseology, and the heading are all so admirable that to suggest the alteration of a single word would be to gild refined gold and paint the lily:—

#### ARE FLATS DIGNIFIED?

##### A REASON FOR BISHOPS' PALACES

Hardly anyone (writes our special correspondent at the Church Congress) supports the Bishop of Norwich in his views that the episcopal palaces should be sold and the bishops' salaries reduced for the benefit of the poorer clergy.

One High Dignitary said: "We think the statement quoted in the *Daily Mail* very ill-advised and untimely. It is obvious



that if the Church is to remain established there must be a certain dignity preserved. A bishop who lived in a flat might be comfortable enough, but would his clergy regard him with respect or his laity look up to him? I doubt it. These residences are most of them historic, and must be preserved. I think that the Bishop of Norwich has let his democratic instincts get the better of him."

Where all is good (to use one of the consecrated phrases of Journalism) it would be invidious to particularize; but every now and then one encounters in one's reading a sentence which goes home to the very heart, and I find such a sentence embedded in my quotation: "A Bishop who lived in a Flat might be comfortable enough, but would his clergy regard him with respect or his laity look up to him?" I wish I knew the "High Dignitary" who propounded that searching question, for he seems to exemplify, in their full perfection, the mental habits which are engendered in an endowed and Established Church. I protest that, till I read that question, I had never realized the degradation implied by residence in Flatland. I had never dreamed that the clergy would necessarily treat with disrespect a diocesan whose study, dining-room, drawing-room, and bedroom were all on one floor; while for myself, as a feeble unit of the Laity, I can affirm that I should much oftener pay my respects to a Bishop who was accessible by a lift, than to one who dwelt in a "keep," approached by a break-neck flight of stone steps, or in a palace containing

fourteen staircases covered with a mile and a quarter of carpet, with "260 brass stair-rods." (For these and similar details of episcopal housekeeping the curious reader is referred to a Pastoral Letter of the Bishop of Winchester, 1892.)

Frankly, I hold a brief for Flatland, and I maintain that the dwellers in it not only may be "comfortable" (as the High Dignitary grudgingly concedes), but also, if on other grounds they deserve it, may enjoy the respect both of clergy and laity. Is there a more glorious name in the later annals of the English Church than Lightfoot? No one, I believe, despised him because he produced his *Ignatius* and his *Galatians* in the academic Flatland of Trinity College, or rose at four to make his own fire and prepare his sermons in the ecclesiastical Flatland of St. Paul's Chapter-house. "But," the High Dignitary may reply, "when Lightfoot dwelt in Flatland he was not yet a bishop. A mere saint or scholar or theologian may dwell in a Flat, and no one knows or cares; our contempt is reserved for a Bishop in a Flat." Here the High Dignitary must settle accounts with a higher, even the Archbishop of Canterbury; for the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth is a pile of flats—for all the world like the "Residential Mansions" of Piccadilly or Pall Mall; and there, during the session of Parliament or of Convocation, picked Bishops dwell, not only in comfort but in dignity, and think themselves

uncommonly lucky that there is no hotel-bill to settle when they return to their widowed dioceses. But, in truth, this notion that a Bishop's title to respect depends on the size, shape, or splendour of the house in which he lives is of quite modern growth, and the High Dignitary, if he looks at the history of the Church, will find that Bishops have been greatly revered even when they lived in very humble habitations. No English Bishops ever received so grand a testimony of popular reverence as the famous Seven who on the 8th of June 1688 willingly exchanged their palaces for flats (probably not even comfortable) in the Tower of London. Sancroft, when ruling in traditional state at Lambeth Palace, was not half so great a man as when he wrote from his "poor cottage at Fressingfield, which is not yet made a sufficient covering for me in this sharp winter." Bishop Ken, evicted from his moated palace at Wells, spent the evening of his days, through Lord Weymouth's kindness, at Longleat, where he occupied "apartments in the upper part of the house." This sounds suspiciously like a Flat, yet Ken wrote the Morning and the Evening Hymn, and was "the Jewel of Mitred Saints and a Pattern to all believers." Ken's spiritual successors, the Nonjuring Bishops of the Eighteenth Century, dwelt of necessity, if not from choice, in holes and corners. They celebrated Divine Worship and conferred Holy Orders in secluded chambers—closely

resembling Flats—in the Inns of Court, or else in the private dwellings of humble laymen; and yet they enjoyed at least as much of personal and official reverence as was paid to the heresiarch Hoadley or the worldling Cornwallis. It was from an "Upper Chamber"—the Scriptural analogue of a Flat—in Aberdeen that the Scotch Bishops, starved and persecuted, sent out to America that apostolical commission which the endowed and established episcopate of England had been too cowardly to confer.

"I," said Counsellor Pleydell to Colonel Mannering, "am a member of the suffering and Episcopal Church of Scotland, the shadow of a shade"; and, though this would no longer be anything like a true description of Scottish Episcopacy, the Episcopalians of to-day may look back with reverent affection to the days when their Bishops could show the unmistakably Apostolic credentials of poverty, persecutions, and labours by land and sea. There is no more justly venerated name in the annals of Episcopacy than that of Robert Jolly, who was Bishop of Moray and Ross at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, and he was thus described by a secular historian: "He was a man of singular purity, devotedness, and learning. If he had no opportunity of attesting the sincerity of his faith by undergoing stripes and bondages for the Church of his adoption, he developed in its fulness an unobtrusive self-devotion not inferior

to martyrdom. He had no doubt risen to an office of dignity in his own Church—he was a Bishop. But to understand the position of a Scottish Bishop in those days one must figure Parson Adams, no richer than Fielding has described him, yet encumbered by a title always associated with wealth and dignity, and only calculated, when allied with so much poverty and social humility, to deepen the incongruity of his lot and throw him more than ever to the mercy of his scorner. The office was indeed conspicuous, not by its dignities or emoluments, but by the extensive opportunities it afforded for self-devotion. In reality the Bishop was the parish clergyman of the small and poor remnant of the Episcopal persuasion who inhabited the odoriferous fishing-town of Fraserburgh. There he lived a long life of such simplicity and abstinence as the poverty of the poorest of his flock scarcely drove them to." It is dreadful to think that this apostolic life was lived in a Flat, and condemned accordingly. But worse remains behind, for my next citation contains the very word which so upset the High Dignitary: "The history of St. Paul's, Dundee, takes us back into the old days of the Scottish Church. Under Bishop Strachan, who died in 1810, aged ninety, the Episcopalian worshipped in an upper *Flat* in Seagate. This venerable prelate should worthily be remembered, in passing, as being one of those scattered Bishops and clergy who very often per-

formed service twelve times in one day—that is, to twelve separate congregations each of the legal number of five—during the dark days of persecution.”

We have seen at the outset that the High Dignitary was troubled by the thought that, if a Bishop were improperly housed, the laity would not look up to him. Let me try to soothe his fears by reference to a concrete example: “The three highest titles that can be given to man are those of Martyr, Hero, Saint; and which of the three is there that in substance it would be irrational to attach to the name of John Coleridge Patteson?” So, thirty-seven years ago, Mr. Gladstone wrote concerning the murdered Bishop of Melanesia. “To the country which owned him he was an honour; for the Church which formed him he was a token of high powers and a pledge of noble destinies. Thankfully indeed might she commend him to his rest.” This is a layman’s tribute to a Bishop who lived, not in a “Flat,” but in a hut which his own hands had fashioned—a single room, with no carpet or curtain, “which only hold dust and make the room fusty.”

It is to be remembered that the Bishop of Norwich, whose scheme for getting rid of Episcopal Palaces so perturbed the *Daily Mail* and its spiritual adviser, was himself a Missionary, and he knows, as Patteson knew, that to live in a sumptuous dwelling is not the only, or even the surest, method of attracting the

respect whether of clergy or of laity. Dr. Hook was not a missionary, except to English slums, but he had the Apostolic temper; and sixty years ago he was preaching the very doctrine which Bishop Sheepshanks preached at the Yarmouth Congress: "Let Farnham Castle and Winchester House and Ripon Palace be sold, and we shall have funds to establish other bishoprics. I do not see why our Bishops should not become as poor as Ambrose or Augustine that they may make the people really rich."

What would the High Dignitary say to this?

## XXIX

### HEROES OF FLATLAND

JUST now I was letting my mind play round that arresting question of the *Daily Mail*—"Are Flats dignified?" As the question had originally been asked with reference to possible changes in episcopal residences, and as a "High Dignitary" had dealt with it in that connexion, it seemed natural to follow the lead, and to consider, in the first instance, the ecclesiastical associations of Flatland. But now I give the question a wider scope, and I propose to recall some of the secular names which, at one time or another, have made Flatland illustrious.

Edinburgh is, I believe, the Capital of Flatland, and I do not remember an earlier allusion to a Flat, in the sense of a dwelling, than that which Sir Walter makes in *Guy Mannering*: "The period was near the end of the American War, and the great bulk of the better classes still lived in Flats or dungeons of the Old Town." The turn of the century brought no change in this mode of living. Sydney Smith, narrating the circumstances in which the *Edinburgh*



*Review* originated, uses the word "Flat" exactly as Sir Walter had used it: "One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth storey or Flat in Buccleuch Place which was the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to by acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*." Are Flats dignified? Surely from the birthplace of the Buff and Blue there emanates a dignity which ennobles all similar habitations.

The headquarters of Flatland in London are to be sought in the quiet precincts of the Albany, picturesquely described by Sir George Trevelyan as "that luxurious cloister, whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of the Piccadilly traffic." The "cloister" consists of a long and rather dim courtyard, flanked right and left by piles of residential chambers which house-agents describe as "self-contained." Those chambers, though now a little fallen in the world's regard, have given local habitation to some illustrious names. In the Albany, Byron, at the summit of his social fame, composed *Lara* and caroused with Scrope Davis. In the Albany, George Canning dreamed of the Premiership which he won so bravely and lost so soon, and pondered those purple patches which gave his oratory a permanent place in English literature. In the

Albany, just before the crisis of 1831, Lord Althorp gathered round him the small but powerful band of Radical-Whigs who gave him the leadership of the Whig Party. Here Tom Duncombe, the Radical M.P. for Finsbury, learned the art of combining the most democratic politics with the most modish exterior (and gained immortality in chapter ii. of *Nicholas Nickleby*). Here, in the early years of the first Reformed Parliament, dwelt young Mr. William Gladstone, M.P. for Newark, straining his eyesight to read St. Augustine (in twenty-two octavo volumes) by insufficient light, collecting his household of two servants round him for Family Prayers, and entertaining Wordsworth and Talfourd at literary repasts. Here, at the close of 1840, T. B. Macaulay took up his abode, in "chambers every corner of which was library"; here he wrote his History, and here he entertained his friend T. F. Ellis at "probably four hundred dinners or more." If all those dinners were as good as the one specifically recorded—"a lobster-curry, woodcock, and macaroni"—their united witness would give a sufficient answer to the question "Are Flats dignified?"

Second only to the Albany as a *locus classicus* of Flatland we must rank the Temple. Here for at least four centuries a succession of distinguished men have lived and died, never dreaming that residence in a Flat or its equivalent detracted aught from dignity or self-

respect. In the Middle Temple, that finest of fine gentlemen John Evelyn dwelt while he was pursuing "the impolisht study of the law." In Inner Temple Lane, Dr. Johnson held his surly court. In King's Bench Walk, Charles Lamb lived "airily, up four pair of steps, as in the country," and, being able to lock his friends out as often as he desired, "held free converse with his immortal mind." In Brick Court, Oliver Goldsmith disturbed, by his games of romps and outrageous supper-parties, the learned studies of young Mr. William Blackstone, who dwelt beneath him. In 1803, when Sydney Smith came to settle in London, he found his philosophical friend Francis Horner established in the Temple. "He lives very high up in Garden Court, and thinks a good deal about Mankind." In Hare Court, Thackeray learned the use of pen and pencil. In more recent years, Sir David Dundas, lawyer, politician, and dilettante, lived to a good old age in King's Bench Walk, surrounded by a kind of cloistered luxury which Disraeli depicted in *Sybil*: "The scene is a spacious library that looks upon the Thames and the gardens of the Temple. Though piles of parchments and papers cover the numerous tables, and in many parts intrude upon the Turkey carpet, an air of order, of comfort, and of taste pervades the chamber. The hangings of crimson damask silk blend with the antique furniture of oak, and the upper panes of the windows are tinted by the

brilliant pencil of feudal Germany." Surely the dignity of Flatland is established by that characteristic tribute.

But there are other Inns of Court besides the Temple, and all alike are parts of Flatland. In the tranquil courts of Lincoln's Inn the youthful and impecunious Pitt quietly laid the ground-plan of his life's imperial work. The picturesque sensibility of Nathaniel Hawthorne caught the peculiar charm of legal Flatland when he "went astray in Holborn" and found himself in Staple Inn: "In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet." In Furnival's Inn, Dickens wrote the *Sketches by Bos* and the earlier part of *Pickwick*. One of the most powerful men in England was John Thaddeus Delane, editor of the *Times* in its commanding days. The confidant of statesmen, the maker and unmaker of Ministries, the distributor of ecclesiastical patronage and literary fame; honoured, as Queen Victoria's Letters sufficiently show, by the close attention and not seldom the high displeasure of Crowned Heads, Delane dwelt long and contentedly in Serjeants' Inn, and emerged from Flatland into the society of Princes and Premiers and "Paladins of High Finance" on a footing of something more than equality.

Flatland, in that wider extension of the term which covers unfurnished Chambers and the upper parts of shops, can boast two illustrious denizens in Richard

Cobden and John Bright. Cobden dwelt for years on the first floor of 38 Grosvenor Street, the lower rooms being occupied by the famous neurologist Dr. Russell Reynolds. In the upper regions of 132 Piccadilly, Bright composed some of those Parliamentary orations which will be studied by lovers of pure English when all the verbiage of his contemporaries is forgotten.

The military and political designs which may have been lurking in the mind of Louis Napoleon when, as the phrase went, he "Haussmannized Paris," do not just now concern us. But the sanitary, commercial, and æsthetic advantages of broad, straight, avenues, cut through mazes of squalid courts and lanes, can scarcely be disputed; and early in the 'fifties London copied Paris by creating Victoria Street, which destroyed a network of dangerous slums and opened a direct communication between the Houses of Parliament and fashionable London. This striking improvement was accompanied by a great extension of Flatland; for the new Victoria Street consisted exclusively of mansions let out in separate Flats or floors; and buildings constructed on the same plan soon overran the whole neighbourhood, insomuch that Victoria Street and its purlieus may dispute the antique claim of the Albany or the Temple to be considered the capital of Flatland. To enumerate all the famous dwellers in the Victoria Flats would be to recall some of the best-known names in politics and in journalism,

the most conspicuous, perhaps, being John Arthur Roebuck, who, by the unaided force of his brilliant but acrid genius, changed Sheffield from a Radical to a Tory town.

Those who remember Archbishop Tait would probably pronounce him as impervious to æsthetic impressions as anyone they ever knew. Yet once at least he aimed a heavy blow at the principal ornament of Flatland. I refer to that mountainous pile of Flats which overlooks the Birdcage Walk, and which its admirers, greatly daring, have likened to the Castle of Edinburgh. With reference to this building the Archbishop said, at the Banquet of the Royal Academy in 1880: "Why should a private citizen be allowed to overshadow the whole city of Westminster by a building akin to the Tower of Babel, not only in size, but chiefly from its being made of bricks and being a mass of confusion? If a man wishes to give his tenants mountain air on the plain of London, surely he ought to be compelled by some higher authority to erect his monstrous tower according to some plan approved by the arbiters of taste." But I believe that some of my readers dwell, at least occasionally, in Queen Anne's Mansions, and I will not hurt their feelings by criticizing their abode.

## XXX

### WHITEHALL

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield was driven finally from the Premiership and retired into private life, one of his supporters in the House of Commons requested a pre-eminent favour. "May I," he said, "bring my boy to see you? I have always taught him to revere you as the greatest of Englishmen, and you will make me a proud and happy man if you will give him just one word of counsel which he may treasure all the days of his life." The favour was conceded, and the exultant father duly produced Young Hopeful, whom the aged statesman thus solemnly addressed: "My dear young friend, your good papa has asked me to give you a word of counsel which may be of service to you when you come to man's estate. *Never ask who wrote the Letters of Junius, or on which side of Whitehall Charles I. was beheaded*; for, if you do either, you will be considered a bore, and that is—well, something too dreadful for you, at your tender years, to conceive."

We may hope that, in that gradual amelioration

of the human lot in which we all profess to believe, the habit of discussing the identity of Junius, and balancing Sir Philip Francis against Lord George Sackville, has disappeared into the limbo of forgotten boredom; but the caution about the scene of King Charles's execution is as needful to-day as it was when Lord Beaconsfield uttered it, and it recurs to my mind in all its force when I peruse this passage from the *Daily News*:—

The Government has taken a very important step, from the public point of view, by announcing in the *London Gazette* that it intends to take over and "discontinue as public thoroughfares" certain streets leading out of Whitehall, such as Downing Street and Charles Street. In addition, Treasury Passage, which leads from the Horse Guards Parade into Downing Street and also Delahay Street, part of Prince's Street and Prince's Mews, will come under this ruling, as well as a portion of Great Scotland Yard, higher up towards Charing Cross. This step, which will be carried out by a bill in Parliament, will really create a Government "preserve" "of the immense block of buildings occupying the south-west corner of Whitehall.

Whitehall is, perhaps, the best-known street in London. Piccadilly and the Strand and Fleet Street might dispute its pre-eminence in richness of association, but a picture of Whitehall would be recognized in any capital of Europe, and that is more than can be safely said of its rivals. Its majestic width, its beautiful Banqueting House, and its westward vista, closed by Henry VII.'s Chapel, have attracted artists, domestic and foreign, for three centuries. Historically,



it stands linked with Runymede in English memories ; and its very purlieus and passages, with which the Government proposes to deal so high-handedly, are encrusted with tradition. Let us begin, as the *Daily News* begins, with Downing Street, the official abode of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the traditional meeting-place of the Cabinet. "There is a fascination in the air of this little *cul-de-sac* ; an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness." The words are taken from Theodore Hook, whose relations with Governments in general and Treasuries in particular may perhaps have warped his judgment. But Lord Beaconsfield, whose experience had been more fortunate, was loud in praise of the institutions over which he had presided ; and the sentence which he puts into the mouth of the elder Mr. Ferrars exactly represents his own view:—

Though a cynic and with little respect for his fellow-creatures, he had a pride in official purity ; and, when the Government was charged with venality and corruption, he would observe, with a dry chuckle, that he had seen a great deal of life, and that, for his part, he would not much trust any man out of Downing Street.

The south side of Downing Street is formed by a modern pile of Italian buildings erected between 1868 and 1873 by Sir Gilbert Scott ; the House of Commons having, by a singular act of caprice, com-

manded a Gothic architect to destroy his Gothic plans and execute his task in a style with which he was wholly unfamiliar. The chief promoter of this autocratic action was the Philistine Palmerston, who insisted that Gothic architecture was essentially Jesuitical, and refused to be convinced when Gladstone displayed the curious perversity of the hallucination. In reporting to Queen Victoria the debate which settled the question of the styles, Palmerston wrote: "Mr. Cowper stated reasons for preferring the Italian style to the Gothic. Mr. Layard was for neither, but seemed to wish that somebody should invent a new style of architecture. Mr. Tite was strongly for the Italian style; Lord John Manners, swayed by erroneous views in religion and taste, was enthusiastic for Gothic. Mr. Dudley Fortescue confided in a low voice to a limited range of hearers some weak arguments in favour of Gothic. Mr. Osborne seemed to be against everything that anybody had ever proposed, and wanted to put off the building till some plan better suited to his own taste should have been invented. The Gothic plan was negatived by 188 to 73." So much for the principle of representative government in the realm of the Fine Arts.

The great building thus arbitrarily designed contains some of the principal offices of State—notably the Foreign Office. Speaking at Birmingham in 1878, John Bright said: "I once expressed—I was

very irreverent towards such an ancient institution—the wish that the Foreign Office might some day be burned down; and at least, correcting myself, that, if it should be burned down, I hoped all its mad and baleful and wicked traditions would be burned with it.” But neither aspiration has been fulfilled; Sir Gilbert Scott’s building stands secure, and its traditions flourish in perennial vigour. With respect to the India Office, which occupies another quarter of the same pile, it is interesting to recall that it was opened by a magnificent ball given by the Conservative Government of 1866–8 to the Sultan. The entertainment was on an extraordinary scale both in numbers and splendour; it was charged to the revenues of India, and not a single Indian received an invitation. Unfortunately Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji was not in Parliament, and “Padgett, M.P.,” had not been invented.

So much for Downing Street, from which henceforward the public are to be excluded; its neighbouring alleys were scarcely less rich in interest. King Street was long the principal approach to Westminster; along it Elizabeth rode in State to open her Parliament, Charles was borne to face his trial, and Oliver’s body passed to its short-lived repose in the Abbey. Close round the corner, Edmund Spenser “died for lacke of bread,” and the brutal Jeffreys dwelt secure in a house obligingly provided with a private exit into

St. James's Park, whereby he might escape the too pressing attentions of the populace. (The exit endures unto this day.)

On the other side of Whitehall is Scotland Yard, but, though once sacred as the home of John Milton when acting as Latin Secretary to the Protector (and described with admirable skill in *Sketches by Bos*), it has completely fallen from its high estate. One only thinks of it in connexion with the Lost Property Office and the Metropolitan Police ; and the intention of the Government to close it will wring no tears from me ; but "Treasury Passage" is a more serious matter. Macaulay, after describing the fire of 1698 which destroyed the Palace of Whitehall, says : "Henry the Eighth had built, close to St. James's Park, two appendages to the Palace, a Cockpit and a Tennis-court. The Treasury now occupies the site of the Cockpit ; the Privy Council Office the site of the Tennis-court." The Treasury was rebuilt by George II., and under it runs the gloomy and mysterious alley called "Treasury Passage." The passage owes its existence to the fact that there had always been a Right of Way from Downing Street to St. James's Park, and the new building was so designed as to overarch but not obstruct this immemorial path. Five-and-twenty years ago, when the Dynamiters were so busy in London, it was my standing astonishment that they kept on tinkering with such places as

the Local Government Board and the Admiralty, and ignored Treasury Passage, which seemed expressly designed for the exhibition of their science. Personally, I shall miss a short cut which I have used all my life, but I shall comfort myself with the reflexion that my friend Sir George Murray and his colleagues are plying their fiscal tasks in safety.

Another pathway, of far deeper interest than Treasury Passage, we have already lost; for the recent additions to the Admiralty have effaced the narrow walk by which, on the morning of his death, Charles I. passed from St. James's Palace, through "Milk Fair" and "Spring Gardens," to Whitehall. Tradition has always averred that the last food which he swallowed was a draught of milk presented to him by one of the Cowkeepers in Milk Fair; but the iron rod of the Board of Works has scattered the cows, and dislodged their keepers, and blocked the path; and Junior Clerks are smoking cigarettes and criticizing Lord Charles Beresford on ground sanctified by the Royal Martyr's tread. "He walked fast, sometimes cheerfully, calling on the guard to 'march apace.' As he went along he said 'he now went to strive for a heavenly crown with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.'"

And so, treading in the "White King's" steps, we approach the central object of Whitehall, the glorious

Banqueting House, through which he passed to the scaffold, either in the open space in front or in the court behind. "Built in the dawn of the style of Wren, it is one of the most grandiose examples of that style, and is perfect alike in symmetry and proportion." We need not stay to discuss the dismal question forbidden by Lord Beaconsfield, for the air of the Banqueting House is thick with later and lighter gossip. We are surrounded by the ghosts of a gallant company. Here are two Prime Ministers in the making—Laurence Hyde, who "drank deep and swore like a Porter," and Sidney Godolphin, on whom Charles II. bestowed the highest compliment—"He is never in the way or out of the way." Here is the vivacious author of *The Trimmer* rejoicing over the fate of his rival, "the first person I ever saw kicked upstairs." Here comes the indefatigable Pepys, taking notes of Lady Castlemaine's prodigious grandeur, and John Evelyn, shaking his grave head over the "inexpressible luxury and prophaneness" of the Court which "Madam Carwell" swayed on the eve of Charles II.'s death. "A French boy was singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust."

## XXXI

### DEPUTATIONS

WHEN I speak of "Deputations," I am not thinking of that mysterious and formidable personage "The Deputation from the Parent Society," who turns up at missionary meetings and recites the Lord's Prayer in the language of the tribe to which he has been accredited. He is a figure full of humour, and might perhaps make food for reflexion another day. But just now I am thinking of Deputations in the sense which was present to the mind of him who made the famous definition—" 'Deputation' is a noun of multitude which signifies many but does not signify much." Deputations in this sense form part of the regular machinery of Governments; and, now that Ministers are back in London and the Public Offices in full swing, every ambitious Corporation and every bankrupt industry is contemplating a jaunt to London, with a morning at Whitehall and an evening at the Alhambra. Lord Beaconsfield knew the subject experimentally, and expressed his views of it through the mouth of a "Gentleman in Downing Street":—

Of all things in the world, I dislike a Deputation. I do not care how much I labour in the Cabinet or the House ; that's real work ; the machine is advanced. But receiving a Deputation is like sham-marching—an immense dust and no progress. To "listen to their views" ! As if I did not know what their "views" were before they stated them ! And to put on a countenance of respectful candour while they are developing their exploded or impracticable systems ! Were it not that, at a practised crisis, I permit them to see conviction slowly stealing over my conscience, I believe the fellows would never stop. I cannot really receive these Deputations. I must leave them to Hoaxem. . . . My dear Hoaxem, I have no doubt you will get through the business very well, particularly if you are "frank and explicit"—that is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the minds of others.

The "Gentleman in Downing Street" really behaved very shabbily in running away and leaving Mr. Hoaxem, who was the Permanent Head of the Department, to receive the Deputations. For the main use and purpose of a Deputation (if we look an inch below the surface) is to give the local M.P. a favourable opportunity of displaying his intimacy with the Minister, in the presence of grateful and admiring constituents. Properly staged, the group will present itself in something of this fashion. The scene is a large, bare, and draughty room looking out on Whitehall or the Horse Guards Parade. At the upper end of a very long table stands the Minister, all smiles and affability. Right and left of him are the Permanent Officials—Mr Hoaxem and his colleague Sir Gregory Hardlines,—ready to prompt their chief



about "the practice of the Department," and to check by a timely whisper the slightest appearance of a concession to the wishes of the Deputation. Skipping backwards and forwards in transports of patriotic bustle, the local M.P. receives his friends, and introduces them to the Minister. "This, sir, is Mr. Yellowboys, the Chairman of our Liberal Association and a large employer of labour. This is the Rev. Mr. Waterman, Editorial Secretary of our Temperance Organization; Miss Petito, a zealous worker in all social causes"—and so on till the majestic tale is complete. Meanwhile the Minister, nodding like a mandarin, begs everyone to be seated; and the M.P. lets fly his introductory oration.

In days within my remembrance official etiquette required the Minister to stand while the Deputation addressed him; and, as the orators followed one another, hot and hot, like chops from a gridiron, whereas the Minister had to sustain their continuous onslaughts unrelieved, the "Gentleman in Downing Street" perhaps had some excuse for delegating a portion of his duty to Mr. Hoaxem. But to-day he subsides into a padded armchair, and tries to look as if he really enjoyed the "Thyestëan banquet."

If it be the first object of a Deputation to glorify the M.P. and to create in the bosoms of his constituents the conviction that they possess a remarkably influential representative, the second is to ventilate

civic steam and soothe ruffled dignities. An injured constituent who has been allowed to make a long speech in a Public Office, has been heard respectfully by Permanent Officials, and received a tribute to his earnestness and eloquence from the Minister, is a far more tractable creature, and much more likely to vote for you next time, than the man who has only been able to air his grievance over the signature "Indignant" in the local press. Sometimes, of course, the Minister is priggish, or pompous, or dyspeptic; snubs the Deputation, and contradicts the speakers. Well, in that case, *plectuntur Achivi*—the wretched M.P. must bear the brunt. But a Minister who is bland and cheerful and complimentary—begs the Deputation to make themselves quite at home, and promises to bring the matter before the Cabinet at an early date—may render the M.P. incalculable service. The traditions of Whitehall record that the best hand at receiving a Deputation was John Bright, who never took business too seriously, was quite unfettered by Precedent and Red Tape, and knew precisely when and whom to chaff. A man who could persuade a Deputation of Licensed Victuallers, anticipating immediate ruin, that "they were more frightened than hurt," and that no Liberal Government would ever interfere with the legitimate gains of their ancient industry, must have been as dexterous as Mr. Hoaxem himself.

Less agreeable, one would think, was Lord

Palmerston's banter. In the year 1856 the town of Rugeley acquired a bad prominence from the fact that one of its inhabitants—William Palmer by name—had been poisoning right and left. He was duly hanged, but the town, as it was said, "smelt of poison," and a deputation came to Palmerston at the Home Office asking him to change the name of the town by Royal Licence. Palmerston chose to treat the grievance as sentimental and fantastic, and said that the only change which he could sanction would be to call the town "*Palmerston*," which would at any rate preserve its identity for historical purposes.

Palmerston's death, which occurred in October 1865, was immediately followed by a vehement outbreak of that reforming spirit which he had so genially but so absolutely suppressed; and the agitation for the extension of the Suffrage in the years 1866 and 1867 was accompanied by some very unusual performances in the way of Deputations. In June 1866, when Lord Russell was beaten on his Reform Bill and resigned, the Reformers paid a visit to Carlton House Terrace, where Mr. Gladstone then lived, in order to encourage him in the work of Reform; and, finding him away from home, presented their homage to Mrs. Gladstone instead. In the following month, when the rioters smashed the railings of Hyde Park and held all West London in terror, the Home Secretary (Mr. Walpole) begged a Deputation of the

Reform League to call on him, thanked them for their forbearance, shed tears of joy when they promised to do no further mischief, and let them hold another meeting. In the following year, when the Tory Reform Bill was passing through the House, beset by many difficulties, Deputations from Reform Associations all over the country waited on Mr. Gladstone to hail him as their leader, drew from him some strong declarations, and were described by Disraeli as "obsolete incendiaries" and "spouters of stale sedition."

In the autumn of the same year an even more irregular Deputation appeared at Whitehall. The rescue of the Fenian prisoners at Manchester, and the resulting death of Sergeant Brett, took place on the 18th September 1867. On the 1st of November, Allen, Larkin, and Gould were condemned to death; and on the 18th a deputation of Fenian sympathizers, headed by one Finlan, forced their way into the Home Office for the purpose of urging a commutation of the sentence. Accosting the astonished officials, Finlan said: "We will use every effort, thew and muscle, to save these men's lives. They shall not be sacrificed. I would turn all the Tory Government into the sea rather than see these brave, plucky, and glorious Fenians immolated." However, the Home Secretary was no longer Mr. Walpole, but Mr. Hardy (afterwards Lord Cranbrook), a man of much sterner stuff; and on the 23rd of November the sentence was carried

into effect. Even after the lapse of forty years it is difficult to read the account of the last scene without the most painful emotion.

Three years later, when Education had superseded Reform and Fenianism as the topic of the time, Lord Shaftesbury made a noteworthy entry in his diary: "May 26, 1870. Deputation to Gladstone about Education. The unanimity of the Churchmen and Dissenters—that is, the vast majority of them—is striking and consolatory. Gladstone could now settle the question by a single word; but he will not. He would rather, it is manifest, exclude the Bible altogether than have it admitted and taught without the intervention and agency of catechisms and formularies." This, I believe, was a true bill; and Mr. Gladstone's surrender to Forster and Cowper-Temple is one of the most curious, and in its effects disastrous, incidents of his career. In 1894 he wrote that "an undenominational system of religion, framed by or under the authority of the State, is a moral monster"; but he seems to have forgotten that the monster was engendered by his own legislation of 1870.

"Dear Bob," wrote Thackeray in tender and reminiscent mood, "I have seen the mahoganies of many men." And so have I, but in a less festive sense than that of the famous diner-out; for the mahoganies which I have in mind are long tables in the various Board-rooms of Whitehall, at which I have sate as

a feeble unit of countless Deputations, imploring all kinds of Ministers to bestow all kinds of boons. By far the most remarkable Deputation which I remember took place at the Local Government Board on the 16th of February 1885. The Deputation came to lay before the Government some statistics of Unemployment and Distress. The Minister was sympathetic, though of course powerless. The Permanent Officials were bondslaves of Political Economy. The spokesmen seemed to be the living reproductions of all the Reformers, old and young, in fiction. There were ancient demagogues like Sandy Mackaye, and venerable philanthropists like Rufus Lyon, and sentimental revolutionaries like Alton Locke, and self-confident dogmatists like Felix Holt. The speeches were admirable in tone and manner—eloquent, earnest, and perfectly courteous; but their substance was full of dynamite and death. The most frightful threats were uttered with the blindest air; and, unless the Millennium was immediately erected by Provisional Order, the Local Government Board and all its myrmidons were to perish in the hot fires of revolution.

One of the most vigorous of the speakers was a politician whom at that time I only knew by name. He is now President of the Board before which he was then pleading, and realizes, day by day, the impossibility of satisfying a really earnest Deputation.

## XXXII

### THE DEPUTATION

THE present generation knows nothing of the Rev. F. E. Paget, and thereby it loses a great deal of enjoyment. For not even Trollope or George Eliot ever described the clerical and social life of rural neighbourhoods better than the author of *St. Antholin's* and *The Owllet of Owlstone Edge*. From the latter book, just fifty years old, I recall some voices which may suitably introduce the subject of to-day's discourse. The scene opens in the Nursery of the Vicarage, and the Vicar's children are laying their plans for the evening. "'Mamma's at a meeting, is she?'" enquired Laura. 'Then that's the reason that Nurse has gone down to drink tea with Henry Morris, instead of looking after us. She knows that Mamma won't come in, and find us by ourselves.' 'What's the meeting about?' asked Adeliza. 'O, I don't know. Only there was a horrid-looking black man, with such thick lips and fuzzy hair, that came in a gig this afternoon, and I heard Miss Hucklebuckle say it would be so interesting to hear him speak. I told Nurse, and she said she thought it would be awful

work listening to a nigger.' 'For my part,' said Maximilian, 'I hate these meetings. As sure as there's a meeting, Miss Hucklebuckle is sure to come, and teaze, and bother for money. Such a shame, when she knows we only get a shilling a month! However, there's one comfort—when I grow up, I'll never give at a meeting; and, what's more, I'll never go to one.'"

The scene changes to the schoolroom, where Miss Hucklebuckle presides. "'O, Medora, is it you? Is the meeting over? Were there many people there? Did Dr. Tricklebank speak? Did he draw as many tears as usual from the ladies? Is the black gentleman from Barbadoes much of an orator? Was Mr. Tallowbrass the Deputation from the Parent Society?'"

When I was writing about "Deputations," in the sense in which they are known at Whitehall, I reserved to myself the right of describing on a future occasion the quite different conception which is involved in "The Deputation from the Parent Society," and here he comes to meet me in Mr. Paget's life-like page. When I encounter Mr. Tallowbrass, I seem to live my boyhood over again. I was bred in a world much dominated by religious Societies, and pervaded by clergymen, both Anglican and Nonconformist. I never saw one who suffered from the characteristic weakness of Mr. Stiggins, but I have often sate at meat with such as Mr. Chadband. The occasions which brought these eupeptic divines together were "High



Teas" before meetings of religious Societies (such as the Bible Society and the London City Mission), where differences between Establishment and Dissent were ignored. When Dr. Vaughan was Master of the Temple, he was asked if the Inner and the Middle Temple had any connexion with one another; to which he replied: "As our dear Dissenting friends would say, they meet in their Common Master."

But the annual crown of meetings was that of the Church Missionary Society, from which the dear Dissenting friend necessarily stood aloof, but which drew a great gathering to hear a gifted "Deputation." What then ensued has been described by the hand of a master: "The Missionary appeared on the platform; he was hailed with enthusiasm. He repeated a dialogue he had heard between two negroes behind a hedge; the approbation was tumultuous. He gave an imitation of the two negroes in broken English; the roof was rent with applause." And again: "The orator (an Irishman) came. He talked of green isles—other shores—vast Atlantic—bosom of the deep—Christian charity—blood and extermination—mercy in hearts—arms in hands—altars and homes—household gods. He wiped his eyes; he blew his nose; he quoted Latin. The effect was tremendous. The Latin was a decided hit. Nobody knew exactly what it was about, but everybody knew it must be affecting, because even the orator was overcome."

Dickens wrote these words in 1835, but they recall

with vivid clearness the Deputations from the Parent Societies to whom I listened between 1860 and 1870. It was about the latter year that I heard the Deputation from the Church Missionary Society involve himself very delightfully in extemporaneous imagery. He had been explaining that here in England we hear so much of the rival systems and operations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society that we are often led to regard them as hostile institutions; whereas if, as he himself had done, his hearers would go out to the Mission Field and observe the working of the Societies at close quarters, they would find them to be in essential unison. "Even so," he said, warming to the work of illustration—"even so, as I walked to-day in the beautiful park which adjoins your town, I noticed what at a distance appeared to be one gigantic tree. It was only when I got close to it and sate down under its shade that I perceived that what I had thought was one tree was really two trees—as completely distinct in origin, growth, and nature as if they had stood a hundred miles apart." Such is the force of rhetoric, but no one in the audience (besides myself) noticed the infelicity of the illustration.

But all Deputations are not as some Deputations; and there are orators whom the sight of a crowded Town Hall, with a green-baize-covered table and a decanter of water, stirs to an unusual height and

power. Such an one was Samuel Wilberforce, who, though he never set foot within a thousand miles of the Mission Field, was the most effective "Deputation" whom the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ever secured. Indeed, one of his deputational tours must have been what boys call a record. In the year 1839 the formidable Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter held the Triennial Visitation of his diocese, and, as he was at one with Mr. Squeers in holding that a "boy who repines at a wisitation ought to have his head punched," it was arranged that he should be accompanied by young Sam Wilberforce, whose golden sweetness of speech should take out the taste of the Bishop's caustic bitterness. The Bishop was to "visit" and charge in the morning; Wilberforce was to speak or preach for the S.P.G. in the evening. We are told that, when the plan was broached, the Bishop "screamed" at the idea of having to listen to the same Deputation daily for two months at a stretch. One cannot help sympathizing with the afflicted prelate, and one can only hope that he was not animated by mere politeness when, at the end of the tour, he said that "whereas he had expected to be dreadfully bored, he had, on the contrary, been greatly instructed." The love of the platform was now deeply ingrained in Wilberforce's character, and five years later he was Deputationizing for the S.P.G. at York. Lord Carlisle was in the chair, and recorded in his

diary that "Samuel Wilberforce made a speech of two hours, combining the qualities of his father, Macaulay, and Ezekiel. It produced immense effect, and some of its pictures of our national neglect of religion were tremendous. The voice and delivery were exceedingly good." The gift is hereditary—it came from the great Emancipator to his Bishop-son, and from the Bishop to the third generation. Lord Carlisle's description would apply, without the alteration of a word, to an oration of Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce on Drunkenness or Vivisection.

Next year we may anticipate an unusually luxuriant crop of Deputations, in the religious sense, for the Anglican Episcopate is coming from the four winds of heaven to debate at Lambeth, and great will be the joy of those who organize missionary meetings and arrange sermons for the S.P.G. or C.M.S. An American or a Colonial Bishop is a "Deputation" of great price, and, if he can boast of even the slightest acquaintance with cannibals or Red Indians, his attractive force is trebled. Even the vigorous imagination of Charles Dickens in his creative youth never conceived of a Black Bishop; but a prelate swarthy as Othello now adorns the American Bench, and English audiences will assuredly not mislike him for his complexion.

The office of housing and feeding the Deputation when he comes from Nigeria or North Queensland to edify Manchester or London, though honourable, is

not always easy. Sometimes, indeed, the host and hostess find that they have entertained an angel unawares ; but not seldom their experience is less encouraging. Sometimes the Deputation has lost his digestion in the missionary cause, and stickles for strange foods and drinks. Sometimes, being accustomed to set forth on his apostolic journeys at early hours, he insists on being called at 2 A.M., and turns the house upside down for ill-timed cocoa and impossible hot water. Sometimes he tries to infect the servants with his own zeal, and causes much inconvenience by telling the second footman that he ought to enter the C.M.S. Training College. Sometimes, like that eminent missionary (a famous Deputation in his day) Dr. Wolff, he believes that he is "naturally clean," and contemns the effeminacies of the bath. In 1867, when the Bishops of the Anglican Communion were assembled for the first time, Bishop Wilberforce kept open house at Cuddesdon Palace for his episcopal brethren, and his much-tried butler, when the Conference broke up, recorded his impressions, "Colonials don't wash." Forty years of sanitary science have produced some change in this respect, and an American prelate, who, after preaching, divested himself not only of his episcopal habit but also of what haberdashers call his "underwear," remarked to the astonished vestry, "If I don't take this precaution in hot weather, I chill off like mutton fat."

*Habemus thesaurum istum in vasis fictilibus.* The

Deputation may often be an "earthen vessel" of no particular beauty or value ; but, if that vessel contains the "treasure" of missionary zeal, the meeting will not be a failure. The "live coal from off the altar," when laid upon the speaker's lips, quickens them into unwonted fire ; and men who are naturally eloquent are observed to rise to a peculiar dignity when they feel the missionary spirit stir their pulses. When one heard Lord Shaftesbury, in the fulness of his powers, urging our religious responsibility towards the subjected peoples of India, or extolling the heroic possibilities of Christian service in China, one felt that our greatest philanthropist was also our greatest orator. Long dwelt in the memory of those who attended it the great gathering in the Senate House of Cambridge, when Gladstone, Wilberforce, and Sir George Grey of Pro-consular fame, pleaded for Livingstone's Mission to Central Africa. That true king of men, Bishop Selwyn, was never so kingly as when from the University pulpit he summoned his young disciples to "the Christian cradle of New Zealand." Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely ; but anyone who cares to see what the genius of oratory at its highest flight can make of the missionary cause had better look at the oration in which Edward Irving incited the London Missionary Society to "something more high and heroical in religion than the present age affecteth." He drew as no one has ever drawn it since the character of the ideal Missionary.

## XXXIII

### CULTURE AND BUSINESS

MY title is borrowed from the New York *Evening Post*, which recently used it as the heading of this very unpatriotic paragraph:—

Your average man of business cares for nothing beyond his routine. When out of his office he is at a loss for ways to kill time. He cannot retire, because he will have nothing to do. His life would be richer if he could cultivate a taste for some intellectual recreation, could read history, essays, or poetry with discrimination, or could collect books or paintings or statuary with intelligence.

Whether this is or is not a True Bill against American civilization is a question which the Editor of the *Evening Post* might profitably discuss with Mr. Henry James or Mr. Pierpoint Morgan. The former might give some interesting experiences of the American taste in literature, and the latter would probably lay stress on those two words "*with intelligence*," which imply so disparaging a view of American collectors as a class.

It happened that, while I was pondering this outbreak of editorial candour, and wondering how it

would be received at Newport and in the Knickerbocker Club, a friend of mine, who lives some twenty miles from London on the Brighton line, sent me an extract from his Parish Magazine. If I alter the name of the person commemorated to Bottles, and that of the place where he lived to Reigate, I intend nothing unkind or disrespectful, but am merely seeking to avoid personalities. Those who love their *Friendship's Garland* will recall the genial memory of the manufacturer whom Matthew Arnold and his friend Arminius met in the Reigate train, and will recognize a marked similarity between his character and that portrayed so feelingly in the Parish Magazine. It is true that the original Bottles was a Liberal and a Nonconformist; but, as Matthew Arnold observed when he turned from fiction to actual life, "The Tory Bottles, the shoddy Conservative, Stock-Exchange of commercial, is terrible"; so the citation is not suggested by theological or political partizanship:

Amongst others we shall sadly miss Mr. Bottles, who came to the parish in 1859, and lived to see Reigate grow from a quiet little parish, with one large house, into treble the population, with thirty larger houses, and kept up his interest in everything until his death. He was a bright example of patient endurance in suffering, and attended a board meeting in London within a fortnight of his decease. He was a great reader, and took a keen interest in politics, played an excellent game of chess and whist, and passed away fortified by the rites of the Church he loved so well.



It is impossible to read this touching tribute without being reminded of that favourite epitaph on the lady who was "bland, passionate, and deeply religious." "She was niece to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke; she painted beautifully in water colours; and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"; but that is the obituarist's fault, and detracts nothing from the merits of the subject. We may profitably contrast the character and life here imaged with those set forth in the New York *Evening Post*, and congratulate ourselves on our national genius, which thus harmoniously reconciles the claims of Culture with those of Business.

Sir William Richmond, whose enthusiasm for Dickens is one of his most agreeable traits, once exclaimed, with reference to the comparatively obscure character of Bulph the Pilot, who lived in a house with a boat-green door and a brass knocker, and had the little finger of a drowned man on his parlour mantel-shelf: "It is a miniature portrait. I know Bulph! I can see him!" I, alas! cannot vie with Sir William's powers of imaginative construction; and yet, with the aid of that invaluable Parish Magazine, I fancy I can trace the lineaments of my lamented friend Bottles, and sketch his strenuous career from its inception to its too-early close.

He settled at Reigate in 1859. Here is what Mr. Rigby in *Coningsby* called "a great fact"; it helps

to arrange our dates. His education, as we all know, had been conducted at Lycurgus House Academy, Peckham, and institutions such as Lycurgus House complete their curriculum in good time, and send forth their products at sixteen or seventeen fully matured for the struggle of commercial life. Bottles soon began to make money; and by 1859 he was in a position to purchase Laburnum House, near Reigate—the “one large house” to which the obituarist refers,—with plate-glass windows and a gravelled sweep and an Araucaria on the lawn. In the lapse of time others of the tribe of Bottles, bearing indeed different names but similar characteristics, established themselves at Reigate. The “one large house” became thirty. “The Laurels” and “The Hermitage”; “Homefield” and “Beaconsfield,” sprang up round Laburnum House; but nothing disturbed the equanimity of Bottles, or interrupted the even tenour of his way. “The gravel walks of his villa were still rolled; his dividends were still paid at the Bank.” The South-Eastern Railway still conveyed him to his daily business, and brought him back in safety to his home and his evening meal. In the earlier days of his residence at Laburnum House that meal was “High Tea”—potted meat and eggs and honey and buttered cakes. But the times move, and we with them; and, before long, Bottles’s fellow-travellers began to remark that he returned from business bearing a flag-basket

which emitted a fish-like smell, and soon it got to be known to the neighbouring parlour-maids that Laburnum House had given up tea and taken to Late Dinner (at 7.30). As wealth increased and the young Bottleses (who were educated not at Lycurgus House but at Clifton) grew to an age when they could attend to business, Bottles gradually emancipated himself from the bondage of a daily journey to London. He went up twice a week to attend his Boards, but occupied the other days in developing the amenities of his villa and gardens, and in discharging the serious duties of churchwarden and school-manager. "He took," says the obituarist, "a keen interest in politics." We can guess, without being told, the complexion of his political opinions. In old days he was a Conservative—*sans phrase*,—but since 1886 he had made common cause with his neighbour at The Laurels (a Dissident Liberal who had been refused a baronetcy by Mr. Gladstone), and, in conjunction with him, had founded a Unionist Association and built a Unionist Club. In the superintendence of that club he spent many fruitful hours. His connexions with the City enabled him to supply it with a remarkable brand of cheap cigars; and, when Mrs. Bottles was converted to the new gospel of "Art in the Home," he transplanted three discarded engravings after Landseer and a picture of Queen Victoria's Coronation from the dining-room of Laburnum House

to the smoking-room of the Club. His evenings he spent, like a well-conducted man, in slumbering by the domestic hearth, or smoking his cigar (not of the Club brand) in the conservatory where he grew his celebrated camellias. But, in the long summer afternoons, when time hung heavy on his hands, you might see him in the bow-window of the Club playing his "excellent game of chess" with a superannuated doctor, or engaged in a rubber of whist with the Conservative agent and two half-pay officers.

But, after all, the Club was not merely a place of social resort; it was also the focus of political activity. Here the Unionist Association held its secret conclaves, and here the local M.P. addressed his friends. Who so obviously designed by nature to preside on these occasions as our respected townsman Mr. Bottles?—a practical man, whose commercial experience gave a special value to his views on the Fiscal Question, and whose staunchness to the cause of Religious Education made the Vicar refer to him as "the best type of English Churchman." But these multifarious activities did not engross the whole time and mind of this remarkable man. No; we are expressly told by the obituarist that "he was a great reader." What did he read? First and foremost, he read the newspapers. Of course he had begun life as a disciple of the *Daily Telegraph*; but the *Times* came in at about the same epoch as the Late Dinner; and, when he returned

with a slice of salmon or a dozen smelts in a fish-basket, he generally had the *Globe* or the *St. James's* in the pocket of his overcoat. But, if he justly merited the title of "a great reader," he must, one would think, have read something besides newspapers; and, if so, what was it? Matthew Arnold said that every Englishman had the Bible and Shakespeare imposed upon him, and that as soon as he began to choose books for himself he chose Macaulay. I only hope that this was true of Bottles, but I rather doubt it; I suspect that his first choice was the *Times* Encyclopædia, in which, as he was accustomed to observe, you could find enough reading for a lifetime. Fiction was not much in his line, unless, like *The Sorrows of Satan* or *Lady Rose's Daughter*, it revealed the mysteries of Religion or Society. He was fond of books of travel, for they might suggest openings for his youngest son in colonial life or supply him with commercial statistics for use at the Unionist Club. Memoirs, if not belonging to too distant a date, always pleased him, for they recorded the times and the incidents through which he had ascended from obscurity to greatness. *The Letters of Queen Victoria* cheered the disconsolate months of his decline; and his widow said to her daughter, after perusing the *Life and Correspondence of John Thaddeus Delane*, "That is a book which your poor papa would have loved."

## XXXIV

### WELCOMES

I SUPPOSE that one of the most popular hymns in the English language is "The Pilgrims of the Night," and, as commonly printed in our hymn-books, it contains this line—

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary.

This is one of those very inartistic attempts to enforce religious edification at the expense of literary grace to which compilers of hymn-books are so fatally prone. Faber wrote—

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary;

and surely in the choice between "Faith's journey" and "All journeys" lies the whole difference between Hymnody and Poetry—and that difference is vast indeed. And so again, as between "welcome" and "welcomes," what a world of difference! Dean Stanley has told us that the poem with which he won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford was submitted for correction and improvement to Keble, then Professor of Poetry, and that Keble "dwelt with all the ardour of

the keenest critic on the curious subtlety of language, by which 'water' suggests all that is prosaic, and 'waters' all that is poetical." As between "welcome" and "welcomes," my criticism would be that "welcome" is a mere abstraction, but that "welcomes" suggests a vast accumulation of actual and concrete experiences which rank among the choicest delights of human life and memory. All of us, even the least prosperous and the most dispirited, have, I suppose, known welcomes—perhaps after protracted and anxious separation—in which we tasted something like the happiness of Heaven. "Yes, in spite of sin and sorrow, and retribution and remorse, there are hours when the cup sparkles in our hands, filled to the brim; not with the intoxicating wine that flames in the magic bowl of pleasure; not with the red and rugged lees of wrath and satiety; but with the crystal rivers of the water of life itself." Our private welcomes are indeed the purest joys of existence; but, when we come to consider public welcomes, our language must be a little more restrained. In a public Welcome there may be enthusiasm, sentiment, and splendour; but there can scarcely be love. The personal touch is wanting. The welcomers and the welcomed do not really know each other. On both sides much must be taken on trust; and even the most passionate acclamations may be evoked by the cause rather than the man. For example, in the historic welcome which in 1814 England

accorded to the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, it must have been difficult for even the most enthusiastic admirer of the Holy Alliance to feel a personal attachment to the Czar or the Bourbons. No human being ever loved the Duke of Wellington, but when he returned to England after destroying Napoleon at Waterloo and reconciling the jealousies of the nations at Paris, all England prostrated itself before the Saviour of Europe. In April 1855 the nation welcomed Napoleon III. as the representative of a gallant people who fought side by side with us in the Crimea, but shrank from the sight of the salute inflicted by "those perjured lips on a hallowed cheek." Of the roaring thousands who in July 1878 acclaimed Lord Beaconsfield's triumphant return from Berlin, probably not a score had ever exchanged a word with him, but he said—and they believed—that he had brought back Peace with Honour, and that was enough to justify their delirium. Sometimes, indeed, even in a public Welcome, affection for the person mingles with zeal for the occasion, and then our rather full-bodied rejoicings are refined by a more spiritual note. So it was in April 1864, when the red-shirted hero who had made a free and united Italy passed through the streets of London in such a pomp of popular delight as never had greeted a crowned head. And so it was when, in March 1863, England learned by the evidence of its own eyes that the loveliest face in Europe



was henceforward to be its national possession, and saw, through the veil of that outward and visible beauty, the inward and spiritual grace of perfect womanhood. "Fair weather cometh out of the North" is a text of Holy Writ; and henceforward it bore a new significance in English ears.

After such memories as these, it may seem to indicate what Martinus Scriblerus called "the taste of the bathos implanted by nature in the soul of man" if I turn for a moment to the public Welcome which has signalized the week now ending. And first of its material aspects. These, as always in London, left a good deal to be desired. Matthew Arnold, writing on the eve of Princess Alexandra's arrival in 1863, said: "The really fine sight will be that which only the people in the procession will have—the line of gaily dressed people all along the decorated streets. This will be a beautiful sight, I should think; but in the beauty of an English procession in itself I have no belief." As regards civil processions this unbelief is fully justified; and a similar view was once expressed by Mr. Gladstone, in language which reads like a cry of pain: "Put Englishmen to march in a procession, and see how, instead of feeling instinctively the music and sympathy of motion, they will loll and stroll and straggle. It never occurs to them that there is beauty or solemnity in ordered movement." Happily, in a military procession "ordered movement"

is secured. The King's State carriages, with their gold-embossed harness and groups of clustering footmen, are always impressive. Scarlet liveries give a fillip to the æsthetic sense, and the Royal grooms, smart as paint and sitting like Centaurs, serve to remind us that we once were a nation of cavaliers. Last Monday we needed all the colour and enlivenment we could get, for the skies were black and threatening; and the "gorgeous display of bunting," which descriptive reporters love, showed signs of wear and tear which seemed to suggest that it was coæval with the Jubilee, or at least the Coronation. On Tuesday the long-forgotten Sun began to assert himself, and on Wednesday he looked down, in a flood of smiling light, on the President's procession to that peculiarly British rite—a luncheon at the Guild Hall. London on a fine day need not fear competition; but fine days in London are few, and ceremonies of welcome are safest indoors. The Ball at Buckingham Palace was really splendid, for the huge ballroom, aforetime walled with an oppressive red, has now been transfigured into white and gold, which at once makes the room look three times its former size and gives the best possible background for the blaze of mingled colour in the moving throng. A daily paper informs me that "the Diplomatic Corps attended in full force, and the Church, politics, art, literature, and the learned professions were all strongly represented."

If by "the Church" is meant the clergy, the paragraphist must be a person of imperfect observation. As he would see if he looked at the Lists of Invitations in the *Times*, no clergyman is ever invited to a State Ball. Dancing is traditionally regarded as an inadmissible amusement for a Clerk in Holy Orders. Bishops and their wives have to be content with Courts and Concerts; and though Dr. and Mrs. Proudie may even prefer this arrangement, the bitter cry of the outcast Miss Proudies might pierce even a Lord Chamberlain's heart. To me the most interesting feature of the Ball was the pleased tranquillity with which the President regarded the scene. Comfortably seated on the dais, in the gracious company of the widowed Duchess of Albany, he surveyed the Royal Quadrille much as, in some safe place of vantage, I might survey a battle or an eruption. There, just in front of him, was the Royal Host, performing his part and directing the movements of others with the same conscientious thoroughness which he carries into all his duties. There was the most beautiful Queen in Europe moving through the mazes of the Quadrille with the grace of seventeen. There were the Princesses of our Royal House, conspicuous as they always are by their fine stateliness of gait and bearing. And there was Princess Alexander of Teck, who of all her family most closely resembles the early pictures of Queen Victoria, waltzing beauti-

fully with the bearer of the honoured name of Shaftesbury. There were the dapper figure of the Prince of Wales, the soldier-like carriage of Prince Arthur of Connaught; and, ranged all round in interesting attention, the beauty, the bravery, the statesmanship, and the wealth which, in their several ways, make England great. What was the President thinking of it all? Perhaps, like the Shah, he will one day publish a journal and tell us. It is said that he has never before left France. What report will he carry back of the Welcome which he received in England? Is the *Entente Cordiale* anything more substantial than a phrase? Is our new-born love of France skin-deep, or does it penetrate to the national heart? It is easy enough to ask these questions; impossible to answer them. But of this at least I feel confident—that the South African War taught England a lesson which she will be slow to unlearn. Through the long-drawn-out agony of that dismal campaign we learned what War really means, and this was a salutary lesson, though acquired at such a crushing price. Till a generation has arisen which has forgotten those dark years, the Yellow Press may howl in vain.

## XXXV

### WEDDINGS

I HAVE just returned from helping to marry Mr. Charles Masterman, and my mind is full of things new and old. The bridegroom may, I suppose, be taken as representing all that is most modern, most adventurous, most progressive in that new Liberalism which has cast aside the musty shibboleths and formulas of the Victorian Age; and he chose for the scene of the action which has made him to-day the happiest man in England the sanctuary which, perhaps more strikingly than any other building, witnesses to the dimly remote origin and continuous life of our English polity. "It is," said Dean Stanley, "a strange and striking thought, as we mount the steps of Henry VII.'s Chapel, that we enter there a mausoleum of princes whose boast it was to be descended, not from the Confessor or the Conqueror, but from Arthur and Llewellyn; and that round about the tomb intertwined with the emblems of the House of Lancaster is to be seen the Red Dragon of the last British King, Cadwallader—the dragon of the great Pendragon—"

ship' of Wales, thrust forward by the Tudor King in every direction, to supplant the hated White Boar of his departed enemy." And yet again : "The Chapel contains within itself the whole future history of England. The Tudor Sovereigns, uniting the quick understanding and fiery temper of their ancient Celtic lineage with the iron will of the Plantagenets, were the fit inaugurators of the new birth of England at that critical season—for guiding and stimulating the Church and Nation to the performance of new duties, the fulfilment of new hopes, the apprehension of new truths." I cannot tell whether these words were present to Mr. Masterman's mind when he chose Henry VII.'s Chapel for the celebration of his marriage; but certainly they have a relevance, unintended, indeed, but not far-fetched, to the social and spiritual aspirations of the political movement in which he plays so conspicuous a part.

Apart from all historical associations, and all "prognosticks" which may be drawn from archæology and architecture, a bridegroom of the present day is, as compared with his predecessors of thirty or forty years ago, much favoured by circumstances. The lapse of time, bringing a change in public taste and an alteration in the law, has robbed a Wedding of half its terrors. Of those terrors a principal part was the fact that a wedding was perforce solemnized in the morning. As I walked out of the Abbey this

afternoon into the golden sunshine, I seemed to recall by force of vivid contrast a gusty, raw, March morning; a shivering bride; a pinched and sallow bridegroom, and a bevy of bridesmaids whose young noses the savage north-easter had incarnadined. Inside the church, not a light, a flower, or a note of music, but fustiness, ugliness, and gloom. The Beadle and the Pew-opener; a mumbling vicar or a pavid curate stumbling through the strange homily about Abraham and Sarah; and, all round the altar, a company of agitated aunts and cousins who broke into audible sobs at critical moments of the Service, and wept aloud when the bride re-appeared from the Vestry on the bridegroom's arm. "Who shall describe the confusion which prevailed when all the Miss Willises went into hysterics at the conclusion of the ceremony, until the sacred edifice resounded with their united wailings?" If the Wedding itself was thus terrible, not less so was the Wedding Breakfast. I see it now—a long dining-room furnished in the severest style of mahogany and horse-hair and crimson flock. "Skulls of oxen, horned, with wreaths, formed the cheerful ornaments of the cornice." On the dining-table was set forth a frigid and dismal banquet, composed, as it always seemed, of Funeral Baked Meats which had mistaken their vocation. Everything was cold, and the very champagne had a toothache in it. Over this awe-inspiring repast grace was said and speeches were

made—the health of the Bride and Bridegroom, with suitable responses, and the health of the Bridesmaids, with dreadful pleasantries about following good examples, and a humorous reply by the Best Man, whose meritorious endeavours to “whoop things up a bit” would have drawn tears from a stone. Scarcely less terrible was the serious oratory, especially if the orator was eminent in public life. Dickens knew it all, and described with a master-hand the speech delivered by Lord Decimus Tite-Barnacle at the wedding of Henry Gowan: “Lord Decimus, who was a wonder on his own Parliamentary pedestal, turned out to be the windiest creature here; proposing Happiness to the Bride and Bridegroom in a series of platitudes that would have made the hair of any sincere follower stand on end; and trotting, with the complacency of an idiotic elephant, among howling labyrinths of sentences, which he seemed to take for high-roads, and never so much as wanted to get out of.” And then came the ceremonial scission of the Wedding Cake; “and the new travelling-chariot, and the four horses, and the post-boys in crimson satin jackets, and the affecting incident of the Bride’s eldest brother throwing an old shoe over the roof of the departing carriage.”

Such were weddings in the Mid-Victorian period, and people somehow survived them, and even continued to live happily together through the forty or



fifty years of a wedlock so inauspiciously begun. But between Then and Now the difference is vast indeed. In the first place, the law now permits us to be married at a reasonable hour, requiring only that the knot shall be tied by three o'clock; so the Bridegroom can get a cutlet and a glass of claret and steady his nerves with a cigarette before he sets out for the scene of sacrifice. Inside the church all is light and colour, instead of darkness and depression. Candles are blazing amid the white flowers on the altar, and choir-boys in scarlet cassocks and curates in embroidered stoles impart a look of picturesque cheerfulness to the impending rite. Of music there is rich abundance; hymns of the most florid type at every pause in the service, and chanted psalms, and the triumphant Wedding March. Abraham and Sarah have been by common consent deposed from their ill-deserved eminence; and the officiating clergyman substitutes either "a few words," more or less appropriate, of his own, or else a suitable lection from some approved divine. We English are a Bible-loving people, as our amiable controversies over Education daily announce to the world; but a love of the Bible not seldom coexists with a signal ignorance of its contents; and when Archdeacon Wilberforce at a fashionable wedding read St. Paul's magnificent eulogium of Charity—a eulogium with which, as Mr. Gladstone said, "no ethical eloquence of Greece or

Rome can suitably compare"—an enthusiastic lady exclaimed at the conclusion of the service: "What a splendid address that was! Do tell me if it was your own; or can I find it in a book?"

Not a tear is shed. An almost indecent cheerfulness prevails, and a buzz of suppressed conversation forms an undersong to the crooning organ. And now the Register is signed, and the newly married couple have vanished in a motor-car; a hand-to-hand struggle among departing guests has raged in the porch; and, in the fulness of time, we have made our way to the house. Thank goodness there is no "Breakfast." None of that "cold preparation of a calf's head" with which Mr. Dombey regaled his guests after Paul's christening, but tea and coffee and strawberries and cream, and little quails nestling in their sepulchres of aspic jelly, and sandwiches only just substantial enough to justify the one glass of champagne which nature may demand or usage suggest. Over such a repast not the rawest curate would venture to say grace, and a humourist who attempted a speech would find himself before night in what is euphemistically called a "Rest-cure." And the same principle of brightening and lightening which has pervaded the service and the meal makes itself conspicuously manifest in the wedding presents. The Age of Ormolu and Malachite has gone—they went out with the Horsechair and the Flock; and

with them went blotting-books made unusable by knobs of enamel on the cover, and machines for weighing letters, and "epergnes" for the dining-table. "Very rich—very handsome—very expensive, I'm sure; but they must not make any more of them." It was the cry of pain which sprang from the tortured heart of Walter Pater when confronted with a Victorian wedding-present of unusual splendour; and now they don't "make any more of them"; and the modern wedding is shorn of its æsthetic terrors.

Whatever else of good or bad the changes of the world have brought, it must, I think, be admitted that we have learnt to wed more gracefully.

## XXXVI

### A HAPPY DAY

"If you wish to spend a Happy Day, go to Rosher-ville." Such was the popular advertisement of my youth; but I believe that it is no longer current. If I am correctly informed, Rosherville, as a place of public recreation, has ceased to exist, and we have to look elsewhere for our Happy Days.

So I adapt the advertisement to altered circumstances, and say to all whom it may concern: "If you wish to spend a Happy Day, go to Bermondsey." If I am asked to be a little more exact, and to say whereabouts in Bermondsey, I reply, "187 Bermondsey Street, where 'Time and Talents' have their local habitation." If the questioner is so ill-informed about really important matters as to ask again, "What are 'Time and Talents'?" I reply that they are the most precious things in the world. Time, once lost, can never be bought back; but Time can be, and ought to be, bought up, as a trader buys up a commodity which he knows to be both valuable in quality and limited in quantity. Talents are the

coins of the Divine mint, which are not to be buried in the earth or wrapped in a napkin, but traded with and accounted for. If, yet once more, the questioner says, "What is the connexion between Time and Talents, as you have defined them, and 187 Bermondsey Street?" once again I reply: "A certain number of young ladies, realizing their accountability for the right use of their time and of their talents, have, for the last nine years, devoted their leisure to the task of civilizing and Christianizing the girls who work in the factories of Bermondsey, and they have established a Home or Settlement in Bermondsey Street as the centre and focus of their enterprise." We all want Happy Days, and we should all find a good many more of them than we usually do if we tried to serve those who are less happily circumstanced than ourselves; or, at the very least, made some attempt to help those who are serving others. *Qui recipit prophetam in nomine prophetæ, mercedem prophetæ accipiet.* I was taught by Matthew Arnold to love my Vulgate; and this verse may fairly be interpreted to mean that, if we give our sympathy and aid to workers for good causes because the causes for which they work are good, we, little as we deserve it, may have our share in the benediction which rests on all true effort for the amelioration of the world. But stress must be laid on *in nomine prophetæ*. We must receive the Prophet "in the

name of a prophet" if we are to have a share in the prophet's reward. We must give our sympathy and our aid, not because the worker is an old friend or a pleasant companion or what is called "a magnetic personality," but because he or she is doing something for humanity which perhaps we cannot ourselves do, but which we rejoice to see done.

And now, stimulated by this thought, let us be off to Bermondsey. First, we must cross the Thames, and leave London, strictly so called, behind us. Then we must thread our way through a series of thronged and malodorous streets; through a complicated network of trams and trains and omnibuses; through the din and turmoil of an open-air market; through the fumes of tanners' yards, and fried-fish-shops, and glue-manufactories, and similar delights; and then quite suddenly, within half a mile of the Tower Bridge, we pull up before a modest door, and find ourselves at the spot where we are to spend our Happy Day. It is truly an oasis in a grimy desert. All round it, the houses and the shops and the factories and the tenements vie with one another in hideousness and squalor. All the senses are equally and simultaneously offended. There are, as in "Ceylon's Isle," plenty of "spicy breezes," but the "prospect" by no means "pleases," and not only "man" but all his surroundings are "vile." We knock, and enter the dwelling-place of "Time and

Talents," which on the 10th of June 1908 was dedicated by the Bishop of Southwark to the spiritual and temporal service of the working girls of Bermondsey.

Lo! as by magic, the whole scene is changed. It is a really pretty house, quite new; at once artistic and convenient in design; beautifully fresh and clean in its garniture of white and green, and looking out at the back on a cheerful space of garden-ground, where brisk airs, beating up from the River, chase the odours of boiled bones and mellowing hides. The ladies who have fixed their abode here come forward to bid us welcome, and tell us we are "just in time." What for? The clock strikes one and the question is answered. A sudden noise of hurrying feet invades the calm of the tranquil parlour. "Time and Talents" go to the post of duty. One young lady sits herself down at a table, with a money-box and a file of tickets variously priced. Three others, girding themselves with aprons, go into a further room from which issue appetizing whiffs of food. Beyond is seen, as in a vista, a long room lined with dining-tables, pictures on the wall, and large windows opening into the garden-ground. And now the Maidens of Bermondsey come with a rush. Some older, some younger; some healthy-looking, some sickly; some smartly dressed, others almost in rags or in the last stages of "shabby-genteel" decay. Each as she comes produces her

coin—1d., 2d., 3d.,—and gets the ticket to which her payment entitles her, and, on the production of the ticket at the buttery-hatch, obtains a more or less abundant meal, depending in material and quantity on the sum disbursed. And now each maiden, bearing her portion, goes on into the dining-hall, takes her place, and begins her dinner. For two or three minutes a healthy appetite precludes conversation. But presently tongues begin to wag; a cheerful noisiness spreads over the room; shrill laughter and friendly chaff resound across the tables; and young Bermondsey feels the sap of life flowing more generously in its veins as the hot, wholesome, comfortable meal begins to accelerate its circulation, and

The cups that cheer but not inebriate

inspire the feeling that life, though hard, is not unendurable.

Now dinner is over. The Doxology is sung by way of grace, and then the girlish voices, pure and sweet in spite of surrounding degradation, join in some familiar hymn. As the hymn dies out, one of the Ladies of the Settlement comes forward and addresses a few words of Christian cheer and friendliness to an interested and responsive audience; and then the hall empties as swiftly as it filled, and Bermondsey is back at its work again, and "Time and Talents" sit down to their well-earned luncheon, and the house is quiet



until it is time to prepare for the evening clubs and classes. The clubs are open five nights a week for Sewing, Painting, Musical Drill, Lectures on Cooking and Nursing, Concerts, and Games. There is a Bible Class on Friday and Sunday, attended by over a hundred girls. There is a Lending Library for the enlargement of the mind, and a Penny Bank for the encouragement of thrift. The supporters of the work arrange Country Holidays and Saturday afternoon outings for the girls. Everything is cheerful, healthy, and humanizing, and the basis of all is religion. "Factory-owners and managers, the girls' mothers, and the police, are at one in testifying to the beneficial change in character and conduct produced by the influence of the Club." But all this cannot be done for nothing, and "it is obviously impossible for the members of 'Time and Talents,' the majority of whom are girls with no income of their own, to meet the whole cost." Those last words, which I copy from the Annual Report of "Time and Talents," remind me of a pretty incident which, I hope, is not too intimate for publication. If it happens to reach an eye that recognizes it, I know that the audacity will be forgiven because the motive will be understood.

At the State Ball on the 26th of May I chanced to encounter a young lady who is one of the residents at the "Time and Talents" Settlement. She was dressed with a plainness which, when contrasted with

the blaze of splendour all around, was almost startling; but, as I looked at her, I remembered what she had said, when, a few days before, I had seen her dispensing dinner-tickets to the Factory Girls in Bermondsey. "Unfortunately, my father takes no interest in this work, and I have to pay for my board and lodging here out of my dress-money."

That girls reared in opulent homes, with all the enjoyments and luxuries of life at their command, should mulct themselves in what is peculiarly a girl's delight—her pretty clothes—for sisterly love of the toilers in tinworks and glue-factories is surely a Sign of the Times which makes Optimism a rational creed.

What I have described above may, I think, be fairly called "Happy." If a captious critic objects that my own experience covers not "a Day" but only an hour, I reply that the rest of the twenty-four are like unto it; and that, if anyone doubts the accuracy of my picture, he had better go to Bermondsey and see for himself.

## XXXVII

### WINDSOR

A STATESMAN of the last reign was staying on a visit at Windsor Castle. One afternoon he walked as far as Cumberland Lodge, and paid his respects to Prince and Princess Christian. At dinner that evening an Illustrious Personage said: "I hope you were not tired by your long walk." "Oh! no, thank you, ma'am; Prince Christian kindly gave me a lift back as far as the Copper Horse." "As far as WHAT?" "The Copper Horse, ma'am, at the end of the Long Walk." "That's not a Copper Horse. It's my grandfather." Whether one prefers to use the handy colloquialism of Windsor fly-drivers and Eton boys, and say "The Copper Horse," or to speak, more magniloquently, of the Equestrian Statue of King George III., the object described remains the same, and the vista of which it forms the termination is certainly one of the most delicious views in England. We saw it to perfection on Saturday, June 20, 1905. Of all the changes which King Edward VII. has wrought, none, I think, is so universally popular as the

substitution of Windsor Castle for Buckingham Palace as the scene of the Royal garden-parties. In the first place, the space being infinitely larger, the guests can be indefinitely multiplied. We were told last Saturday that we were items in a host of eight, or nine, or even ten thousand. But there was no crowd, no pressure, no discomfort. The Great Western rolled us down in tranquil ease; and, as the lawn on which we were received would serve for the deer-park of a good-sized country house, we could diffuse ourselves at will over a practically boundless space. Where guests can be invited on so vast a scale all social subdivisions can be happily submerged. It will be remembered that Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantam described the assemblies at Bath as "moments snatched from Paradise; rendered bewitching by music, beauty, elegance, fashion, etiquette, and, above all, by the absence of tradespeople, who are quite inconsistent with Paradise, and who have an amalgamation of themselves at the Guildhall every fortnight, which is, to say the least, remarkable." Those who in the present day, wish to see "remarkable amalgamations" need not go quite as far as Bath to gratify their desire. And the best of it is that the "amalgamations" are thoroughly popular, and that everyone, whether gentle or simple, eminent or obscure, enjoys himself and is pleased with his surroundings. True it is that here and there in the concourse of Saturday

one might catch a note of fiddle-faddle. "Did you ever see such a host of people you didn't know? I declare it's quite a relief to meet a friendly face"; and a youth who aspired to the reputation of a humourist said in my hearing, "I want to see the Labour Members at tea. I'm told they eat buns like monkeys." But vulgarities and coxcombries such as these were happily rare, and were only thrown into higher relief by the universal good-fellowship and fun and jollity engendered by a Royal welcome, amid beautiful scenery, in weather which made mere existence a delight. So merrily sped the hours that we had scarcely realized that our holiday was over when the sun began to decline and the shadows to lengthen across the grass; and, on the Round Tower above our heads,

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.

No wonder that poets and romancists and orators have loved Windsor. To Burke, who long had gazed upon it from the high grounds of Beaconsfield, it seemed the historic symbol of consecrated authority; and, as he mused on the horrors of violated Versailles and the reddened Seine, he rejoiced to see its "double belt of kindred and coeval towers, guarding and overlooking the subjected plain." But he died long before the grandiose dreams of George IV., and the archi-

tectural genius of Wyatt, and the cultivated taste of Prince Albert, and the practical dexterity of Lord Esher, had raised the Castle to its present splendour ; and it is doubtful whether he would have sympathized with the dominant emotion which such a scene as last Saturday's awoke in minds attuned to the gallant music of freedom and progress. "I rejoice," said Dr. Arnold, as he saw the North-Western train rush under the bridge at Rugby—"I rejoice to see it, and to think that the Feudal System has gone by for ever." In like manner, a lover of humanity might exclaim, as he gazes on the Windsor of to-day, "I rejoice to see it, and to think that it is no longer a Fortress or a Prison, but a Home, bright with three generations of domestic love, and a 'People's Palace,' which every loyal citizen can regard with something of a patriot's pride."

Beautiful, Windsor was by nature ; splendid it was made by wealth and luxury. Sanitary it has been made by science, and that only in times comparatively recent. On the 14th of December 1861, Prince Albert died at Windsor, in his forty-third year. To quote Mr. Gladstone's striking words, delivered in the following year at Manchester : "In the ancient Palace of our Kings a woman's heart lay bleeding ; and to the supreme place in birth, in station, in splendour, and in power was now added another and sadder title of pre-eminence in grief." Writing in 1875 about the

same event, Mr. Gladstone said: "The heart of the nation was touched by the suddenness with which indisposition had assumed the face of danger; and there was a prescient observation, at an early stage of the illness, that the constitution of the illustrious patient did not seem to offer that stout resistance to the advance of disease which his favourable age and his tall, manly, well-proportioned form would have seemed to ensure." On the 9th of December 1861 Lord Granville wrote to his friend Lord Canning: "There is some anxiety about Prince Albert, who has gastric fever." Two days later an official bulletin announced that "His Royal Highness is suffering from fever, unattended by unfavourable symptoms, but likely to continue for some time." It has been persistently affirmed that in the bulletin as originally drafted the words had been "fever, attended by unfavourable symptoms"; and that "un" was subsequently inserted before "attended" in order to mitigate popular alarm. On the 14th the first bulletin said: "His Royal Highness has had a quieter night, and there is some mitigation of the severity of the symptoms." The second bulletin proclaimed "a slight change for the better." At 11 P.M. on the same day the Prince died, and thus once again illustrated the traditional course of Royal maladies. "Le Roi est malade. Le Roi se porte mieux. Le Roi est mort."

Of what illness did Prince Albert die? "Gastric

fever" was the answer given at the time. But no one talks about gastric fever nowadays; and Sir William Jenner, who had attended the Prince on his deathbed, laid the foundations of his fame and fortune by popularizing in this country the difference—long discerned on the Continent—between "Typhus" and "Typhoid." The Prince had died of Typhoid Fever; and the cause was not far to seek.

On the 27th January 1862, the First Commissioner of Works (acting on the time-honoured principle of locking the stable door after the mare was stolen), instructed Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Rawlinson, a Civil Engineer of high repute, to "examine and report upon the present condition of the drainage of Windsor Castle." The Report lies before me as I write. Mr. Rawlinson thus introduces his subject: "Edward the Confessor, for the hope of eternal reward and the remission of all his sins, his father's, mother's, and all his ancestors', granted Wyndleshore (then so called from the winding course of the River Thames), now called Windsor, to the Monks of Westminster. William the Conqueror exchanged lands in Essex for it, and built a house on the hill, which Henry I. converted into a Castle." After this impressive introduction, the narrator, just glancing at certain repairs executed at intervals of several centuries by William of Wykeham and Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, thus describes the condition of the Castle in the Victorian Age: "Cesspools, full



of putrid refuse, and drains of the worst description, existed beneath the basements. . . . The dangerous arrangement of sewers, drains, cesspools, etc., did not escape the notice of the architect. He is said to have remarked: 'I hope it is all right, but there will be a terrible stink some day.'" Excellent Sir Jeffrey Wyattville! But then, as Mr. Rawlinson considerably observes, "the abolition of cesspools and construction of proper sewers and drains did not at that time engage the professional attention of architects." There were twenty-three unventilated cesspools in the Upper Ward of the Castle, and twenty-eight in the Middle and Lower Wards. The drinking-water was drawn from wells within the Castle or from the sewage-fed Thames outside. "Even in the Royal apartments the upper portions of the windows were fixed. Lower casements alone could be opened, so that by far the largest amount of air-space in the rooms, when they were in use, contained vitiated air comparatively stagnant." I need not further pursue the course of this interesting but unsavoury Report. It narrates a long series of attempts at sanitary reform, and records the fact that Prince Albert, "with that enlarged and far-seeing vision of intellect which so peculiarly characterized him, readily mastered the question, and encouraged the efforts of those engaged in the work." The worst abominations seem to have been in course of time removed, but enough was left behind to have

caused a thousand times over that fatal fever which made the Queen a widow and her children orphans. The late Dr. Wilson Fox—most fascinating of physicians—was accustomed to say of the typhoid-germ what Solomon said of the spider: "She taketh hold with her hands, and is in Kings' palaces." It is pleasant to think that Windsor, at any rate, has been effectually purged of this unwelcome visitant.

## XXXVIII

### "GAS AND GAITERS"

"ALL is gas and gaiters!" The words before us (as preachers say) form part of a memorable apostrophe; and I will not insult my readers by telling them in what masterpiece of literature the passage is to be found. The language of great writers, and especially of those who deal in rhapsody and vision, is often found to contain significances of which the author, at the time of writing, never dreamed; and so it is with this striking collocation of words, in themselves familiar and even homely. All through the earlier weeks of the present summer, while preparations were making for the Pan-Anglican Congress, the phrase "Gas and Gaiters" kept recurring to my memory with a sense which its originator could scarcely have anticipated. Truly, "we" and our sayings "are greater than we know." In the stereotyped rhetoric of the Platform and the Press, the recognized symbol of the Episcopal office is "The Mitre." Here and there, as in the Dioceses of London and Southwark, the Mitre assumes the character of actuality, but as a

general rule it is merely symbolic. It holds its own on writing-paper, on teaspoons, and on carriage-doors; but the long procession of Prelates which on St. John Baptist's Day, 1908, circumnavigated St. Paul's Cathedral, displayed every variety of headgear known to ecclesiastical outfitters, save and except the one which recalls the Cloven Tongues, and bespeaks its wearer

An Apostle true, a crowned and robéd seer.

There were black skull-caps and purple skull-caps; purple birettas and black birettas; black college caps and purple college caps; besides such "sports" or freaks as black caps with purple tassels, and the "Laudian cap," something like a black cloth penwiper, and the gold-corded soup-plate which marks the D.C.L. of Oxford. But Mitre there was none. The effigy of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth in Lincoln Minster represents him vested in a cope; and, as in life he wore a cope for Ordinations, the representation is so far realistic. But a Mitre he never wore, and the sticklers for truth in art protested against the sculptor's proposal that the effigy should be mitred. The advocates of compromise suggested that the Mitre should be represented as lying at the Bishop's feet; whereupon a Canon of irreverent mind said, "That's a capital idea, for then we can put his boots on his head. And how very expressive that will be!"

The Mitre, then, may be regarded as the symbol

of the Episcopate; but when we require an article of dress which will symbolize the entire body of Anglican dignitaries — Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, and all the rest of the hierarchy—we cannot do better than choose Gaiters. The precise reason why our hierarchs cling so tenaciously to a rider's costume, while the huge majority of them never cross a horse, is a mystery which has hitherto remained unsolved; but one must take facts as they are, and recognize that buttons make the dignitary as truly as "manners make the man." A young clergyman of my acquaintance, observing the ill-concealed ambitions of a fellow-cleric, remarked in the bitterness of his soul, "I declare one can see the buttons shooting out of his calves"; and readers of Mr. Vachell's delightful story *Brothers* will remember the enthusiasm with which the Rev. Archibald Samphire's family regarded his muscular development, exclaiming in a kind of transport, "What a leg for a gaiter!" Let "Gaiters" then stand for ecclesiastical dignitaries, and so elucidate the second half of our title. "Gas" needs no explanation, for it has long been a synonym for a peculiar kind of flaring bombast. In the preliminary stages of the Pan-Anglican Congress this curious combination of Gas and Gaiters seemed likely to wreck a nobly-conceived design, and to obscure its religious character with a cloud of secular vulgarity. A close observer—himself an English clergyman—

wrote to me: "I do not build any great hope on this Congress. There is a feeling of Empire in its worst sense, and Jingoism in a surplice, about it all." Exactly so. "Empire in its worst sense" is a synonym for "gas," and Jingoism, which preaches in a surplice, walks abroad in "gaiters."<sup>1</sup>

A few months ago it seemed extremely likely that the Pan-Anglican Congress would be "captured," to use Lord Salisbury's word, in the interests of a kind of religious Jingoism. Dignitaries went about talking of "Imperial Christianity"—surely the most ill-omened conjunction of incompatible ideas which human perversity ever devised. Eloquent preachers hymned the glories of the Union Jack with a fervour which recalled Cecil Rhodes's rhetoric about a "national asset." Political Jingoism had long made their boast of "England over all"; spiritual Jingoism now took up the same unhallowed cry, and "the Church of England over all" was the idea which Press and Pulpit alike commanded us to worship. We were bidden to regard the Anglican Church as a "self-going concern," compact in itself and united against the rest of the Christian world by a kind of ecclesiastical federation. The British Crown was the Golden Link which was to hold the whole together, and the Throne of Canterbury the hub of the spiritual universe. One almost

<sup>1</sup> The title of this paper may be elucidated by reference to *Nicholas Nickleby*, chapter xlix.

wondered why Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who, being a Ratepayer, is, according to the Erastian theory, a Churchman, was not announced as President of this Pan-Anglican Caucus.

These, and such as these, were the misgivings with which sober-minded Churchmen, who have escaped the kindred contagions of Megalomania, Imperialism, and Bunkum, regarded the preparatory stages of the Congress. Pan-Anglicanism threatened to become an acute form of Jingoism, all the more loathsome because besmeared with religion, like Mr. Kipling's patriotic hymns; and people who value modesty, reticence, and self-restraint, were preparing to give it a wide berth. But when once the Delegates had actually come together and the interchange of opinion had begun, a subtle but unmistakable change came over the spirit of the whole affair. Penitence and humility, the confession of wrong-doing, the acknowledgment of failure, took the place of boasting and bombast. All round was heard the frank avowal that the Anglican Church is not an organic whole, but a collection of Provinces, which, even when taken altogether, constitute only a fraction of Christendom. The vigorous independence of the American prelates was a standing rebuke to those who, like the Chief Priests of old, said, "We have no King but Cæsar." The representatives of Colonial Churches, remembering the attempts of a bygone Metropolitan to force

Bishop Colenso on the South African Church, made short work of the ill-concealed desire to erect Lambeth into a second Papacy. Men who had seen with their own eyes the splendid activities of Romanism in the mission-field, and the unchangeable testimony borne, after centuries of persecution, by the invincible Churches of the East, taught Anglicans to hold more moderate, and therefore truer, language about the achievements of the S.P.G. and the C.M.S., and even those countless editions, in strange vernaculars, of which the Bible Society makes its boast. In fine, the Congress made it clear that those who attended it, while absolutely convinced that the Anglican Communion is the best of the varied branches of the Catholic Church, yet realized that it is a branch only, and that a healthy tree has several branches, and all full of life and sap.

The most cheering feature of the Congress was the unanimity with which it assumed as the basis of all discussion the unalterable truth of the Creed as formulated at Nicæa and Constantinople. The passion of orthodoxy which made itself felt in the language of American and Colonial Churchmen read a striking lesson to those timid souls at home who seem honestly to believe that revealed religion cannot stand upright unless it is supported by the fleshly arm of Courts and Parliaments. It was noteworthy that this absolute unanimity about central and fundamental truth was allied with a cheerful fearlessness



about the results of Criticism. The Congress as a whole was content to found its case on the Catholic tradition which existed before the Sacred Canon was formed, and would survive unshaken even if every book of the New Testament were (*per impossibile*) proved unauthentic. To some of us who occupy ourselves, perhaps overmuch, with the mint and anise and cummin of religious ceremonial, it was instructive to find that our brethren from beyond the seas treated these things as the trifles which they really are. The Free Churches seem to have learnt that all questions of gesture and posture and dress and decoration are best left to the sanctified common-sense of the Christian congregation. A campaign like that which the Church Association has waged for more than forty years round the question whether a priest should stand at the north end or the west side of the Holy Table, and whether he should bend the knee or only bow the head, would seem sheer madness to a Church which, unaided by establishment or endowment, is contending for the one thing needful amid an alien or hostile population.

A similar spirit of wisdom and charity pervaded all the discussions about the Reunion of the severed parts of Christendom. Very slowly indeed, but still surely, Christians of all confessions are learning—what Westcott, I think, was the first to point out—that the promise is not “one fold” but “one flock,” and that the guarantee of unity is the “One Shepherd.”

## XXXIX

### THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

DURING these "high Midsummer pomps" of Pan-Anglicanism, we have heard a good deal about the popularity of the English Church. Assuming that it is a fact, from what period does it date, and to what causes is it due?

It would, I think, be a mistake to say that the Oxford Movement of 1833, in itself and directly, popularized the English Church. The authors of the Movement made their appeal to educated people. They set themselves to show, by historical narrative and by the careful examination of documents, the structure and claims of the Church. More especially, they sought to remind the clergy of the nature, origin, and effects of that commission which they had received at their ordination. This method of appeal could not be popular. It did not address itself to feelings, or fancies, or sentiments; but to hard facts, and to the scientific examination of language. It was essentially an intellectual appeal; and, to the end, men like Dean

Church always insisted that the Oxford Movement was one of the great intellectual events of the world. It was much more than this; but it was this conspicuously, and its principal triumph was won in fields where dialectical skill, scrupulousness in the use of words, and historical thoroughness, were rated at their high and just value. In what are called "the educated classes" of society, the success of the Movement was instantaneous and amazing. "We did," said one of the leaders, "but light a beacon-fire on the summit of a lonely hill; and now we are amazed to find the firmament on every side red with the light of some responsive flame." Of the period succeeding 1833, Mr. Gladstone wrote in later years: "When the great heart of England began to beat with the quickened pulsation of a more energetic religious life, it was in Oxford that the stroke was most distinct and loud. An extraordinary change appeared to pass upon the spirit of the place. I believe it would be a very moderate estimate to say that much beyond one-half of the very flower of its youth chose the profession of Holy Orders; while an impression scarcely less deep seemed to be stamped upon its lay-pupils."

In 1842 Sydney Smith, who disliked the Oxford Movement as thoroughly as he misunderstood it, yet bore this curious testimony to its progress: "I have not yet discovered of what I am to die, but I rather

believe that I shall be burnt alive by the Puseyites. Nothing so remarkable in England as the progress of these foolish people."

These "foolish people" had a numerous and powerful following in the upper classes of society, in the Universities, in the professions, in the literary, and even in the commercial world. Through the clergy who were ordained from Oxford and Cambridge in the 'thirties and 'forties, they effected a transformation of the English Church—at least, in its outward aspects—which the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville (1755-1847) pronounced the most remarkable change which his long life had witnessed.

But, in spite of all this success and prominence, it may be questioned whether the Church was yet "in living touch with the nation," if we include in our idea of the nation

The armies of the homeless and unfed.

In spite of a richer theology, increased devotion, and seemlier worship, the Church continued, as a general rule, to be the close ally of the governing classes. The corporal works of mercy were duly observed; the sick were visited, and the hungry were fed; but the kindness was, as it were, bestowed from above. There was scarcely any attempt to make the workers feel that the Church was their home; and all attempts to introduce what were called "popular"

methods into public worship were systematically eschewed. The service, in the best-appointed churches, was of the Cathedral type—reverent, orderly, artistic; but stiff as iron and cold as ice. The sermon was a doctrinal essay, copiously illustrated from the Fathers or the Anglican divines; written in a language which, whatever it was, was certainly not the vulgar tongue; and read with statuesque immobility from a manuscript in a velvet case. Heartiness was repudiated even in the hymns. At one church, a stronghold of rubrical precision, "Tate and Brady" was still sung, as being the only authorized hymnal. At another, all hymns were forbidden as too emotional, and psalms and anthems substituted. At best there were cramped translations from the Latin, adapted to tunes which, as Bishop Wilberforce said, made him long to "lie down on his stomach and howl."<sup>1</sup>

By this time we have reached the mid 'fifties, and the Oxford Movement seems to have spent its strength. Ten years earlier Newman had gone, drawing after him, as Mr. Gladstone said, "the third part of the stars of heaven"; and, in 1850, the Gorham Judgment had driven out not a few who could ill be spared by a fighting cause.

The Oxford Movement had accomplished its great work of restoration; had reminded a "forgetful genera-

<sup>1</sup> Burgon, *Lives of Twelve Good Men*.

tion of what had been the theology of their fathers," and, when men's hearts were failing, had bidden us "stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true mother." The first object of the founders of the Movement had been attained. The claims of the English Church to be the Catholic Church in this land had been vindicated, and its true character had been manifested to the world. Was the work to stop there? Was the Church to sit still on her exalted but solitary throne? Or was she to "go forward"; "to preach the Gospel to the poor"; to "make haste into the streets and lanes of the city"—even "the highways and hedges"—and "compel" the careless world to "come in"?

The answer to these questions, and to others like them, was supplied by the Ritualistic Movement. I was careful to state at the outset that the Oxford Movement, "in itself and directly," did not popularize the Church. But, in so far as it was the parent of "Ritualism" at both Universities, it popularized the Church mediately and indirectly. For Ritualism spread from the Universities to the great towns, and soon gave the Church that "living touch with the nation" which the Bishop of Carlisle so strangely ascribes to the time of the Georges. When we speak of "Ritualism," we need not trouble ourselves to get an exhaustive definition of the word, nor need we be particular to a year in dating its birth. It will suffice

for our purpose to say broadly that we mean by Ritualism the attempt to teach Sacramental theology through the eye, and to make Christian worship intelligible and attractive to the poor, the degraded, and the ignorant; and we shall not greatly err if we take the year 1860 as marking the date at which that attempt was for the first time seriously made. Men who had learnt at Oxford the unfailing attractiveness of the Sacramental theology, and had seen, either at home or abroad, the teaching power of Sacramental worship, went down from Oxford and Cambridge to St. George's-in-the-East, and Clerkenwell, and Holburn, and Shoreditch, and Plymouth, and Cardiff, and Leeds, and there gave their lives to the task of preaching Christ to the poor by those methods which the poor most readily comprehend. Stiffness, formality, pomposity were laid aside. Dilettantism and pedantry were forgotten. The old alliance between the Church and the governing classes was abandoned in favour of a frank recognition of the Brotherhood of Man and the Christ-like effort to lessen the social pressure on labour. So, through the ministrations, and even more powerfully through the lives, of these men, the Church attained an amount and kind of popularity—a "living touch with the nation," as the Bishop of Carlisle would say—which she had certainly never enjoyed since the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

The lives of the men who were the pioneers of Ritualism—who first preached, and acted the Gospel in the slums—may be epitomized in three words—*Sacerdotium est sacrificium*. Men of good position, of private fortune, of University education, of abilities certainly not below the average—in some respects, which conduce to professional success, conspicuously above it—they gave up, for the work of the Church and for the service of the poor, health, means, ease, comfort, the countenance of their superiors, and all hope of preferment. They made the surrender, not in a sudden gust of soon-repentent enthusiasm, but by a deliberate and sustained act of calculated sacrifice. And the sacrifice was not more deliberate than complete. In youth and middle age and advancing years; at morning, at noon, at night, in summer and winter; in sickness and in health, in work-days and holiday-time, in popularity and in persecution; these men gave themselves, body and mind and soul, to the work which they had undertaken. Indefatigable in the duties of their sacred office, they laboured far beyond its limits for all that could serve the material and moral interests of their fellow-men. They worked for public health, for higher and wider education, for all innocent and rational recreation. Not content with teaching, and preaching, and visiting the sick, and guiding the perplexed, they instructed the ignorant, and comforted the sorrowful, and fed the hungry, and



clothed the naked, and helped—without pauperizing—the industrious poor.

Never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,  
Sleep with the wings of aspiration furled ;  
Hide the last mite of the forbidden treasure,  
Keep for my joys a world within the world.

That stanza might serve as a motto for the Priest in the Slum.

It is not to be believed that such lives, lived with unflagging purpose through more than half a century in the poorest quarters of crowded cities, could fail of their effect and their reward. "There is nothing fruitful but sacrifice," said Lamennais; and the pioneers of the Ritualistic Movement offered a sacrifice which God has visibly deigned to accept and to bless.

That great forward movement of Sacramental theology and life which has been nicknamed "Ritualism" has opened a way for the English Church into the hearts of the poor, who need something warmer than cathedral services and patristic sermons—something more nutritious than the dry husks of a negative Puritanism.

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Gladstone, "it is in the masses of the people that the deepest fountains of true life reside"; and it is in the "masses of the people" that the Church to-day has her strongest foothold.

## XL

### SPEECH-DAY

ETON calls it "The Fourth of June," and St. Paul's calls it "Apposition-Day." The rest of us call it Prize-Day, or Old Boys' Day, or Founder's Day, or Speech-Day, according to our respective traditions. But, call it what we will, we mean the same thing; and, just at this season of the year, it rather forces itself upon our attention. Of course, no two schools celebrate exactly the same rites; but certain features are common to all alike, and prompt my present meditations. In approaching our subject we can have no more experienced guide than my honoured friend Dean Farrar:—

From an early hour handsome equipages had been dashing down the street, and depositing their occupants at the Masters' houses. The perpetual rolling of wheels distracted the attention every moment, and curiosity was keenly on the alert to catch a glimpse of the various magnates whose arrival was expected. At the Queen's Head stood a long array of carriages, and the streets were thronged with gay groups of pedestrians, and full of bustle and liveliness. It was a pretty sight to observe mothers and sisters as they wandered with delighted interest through the scenes so proudly pointed out to them by their young escort.

Some of them were strolling over the cricket-field, or through the pleasant path down to the bathing-place. Many lingered in the beautiful chapel, on whose painted windows the sunlight streamed, making them flame like jewellery, and flinging their fair shadows of blue and scarlet and crimson on the delicate carving of the pillars on either side. But, on the whole, the boys were most proud of showing their friends the old school-room, on whose rude panels many a name may be deciphered, carved there by the boyish hand of poets, orators, and statesmen.

Now that is all mighty well, and described in Dr. Farrar's best manner ; but there is another side to the picture. To a schoolboy, the presence of his nearest relations on a public occasion is not an unmixed joy. The pleasure of seeing them is marred by the haunting fear that they may say or do something ridiculous. Fathers and uncles, who have been what the newspapers call "privately educated," are apt to make painfully inappropriate remarks about the customs of a Public School. Mr. Vachell has told us in *The Hill* that even the heroic John Verney "looked quite unhappy" when his mother appeared at Harrow Speeches in "an old and shabby dustcloak"; and I have myself beheld the exquisite torments inflicted on a boy by a loquacious aunt who announced to the listening world that a remarkably steady batsman "meant to go on all day if he wasn't stopped." But meanwhile, to resume Dr. Farrar's narrative: "The pleasant morning wore away, and the time for the Speeches drew on. The room was thronged with a

distinguished company, and presented a brilliant and animated appearance. In the centre was a table loaded with prize-books, and all around it sate the secular and episcopal dignitaries for whom seats had been reserved, while the chair was occupied by a young Prince of the Royal House." Contrast with this choice scene, worthy of the Court Circular, a Speech-Day at Shrewsbury under Dr. Samuel Butler: "Dr. Parr, for whom Butler had an intense respect, was present, sitting in the seat of honour next to the Head Master, with his pipe in his mouth and his spittoon before him; an arrangement which, together with his buzz-wig (probably the last surviving specimen), attracted considerable attention from the boys." And no wonder. A spittoon at "Speeches"! 'Tis truly

A thing imagination boggles at.

The word "Speeches" in this connexion is of rather ambiguous significance. In the year 1864, when Prussia and Austria were bullying Denmark, Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, threw the charm of her girlish beauty over Harrow Speech-Day. The Head of the School declaimed Lord Brougham's famous speech against the Holy Alliance, chosen with special reference to the Danish sympathies of the Royal guest. When the oration was concluded, the Princess whispered to the Head Master, "What an admirable speech that young man made! Did he

compose it all himself?" Long before this, Her Majesty, who had honoured many such occasions with her gracious presence, has learnt that, mercifully, the orators of the Public Schools do not inflict their own harangues, but choose, under tutorial guidance, appropriate passages from authors of established and even hackneyed repute. Sir George Trevelyan, who, alike in his own case and in that of his brilliant sons, has known as much about the subject as most people, says that "anyone who has been behind the scenes during the preparation for Speech-Day at a Public School knows that, though a well-read master may insist on an extract from Canning or Grattan, a boy, if left to himself, will choose something of Chatham's." But "Speeches" do not consist entirely of oratory. The drama, English and Greek, French and German, is always liberally represented. Byron, gazing from afar on the spire of Harrow, recalled the day

When, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,  
By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived ;  
Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,  
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Contemporaries of the Bishop of Birmingham still recall with admiration the brick-like massiveness and immobility with which he enacted the Wall in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Less cheerful, perhaps, are the memories which surround the scenes from *The Knights* and *The Frogs*, when those who have

forgotten their Greek smile with alien lips on those who never knew any, and feign, with painfully imperfect success, an intense enjoyment of Cleon and the Sausage-Seller, or Æacus and the Wine-God. Nor are the performances in the Modern Languages always more successful in reaching the intelligence of the spectators; and here our English incapacity to acquire any foreign accent probably accounts for the failure. A German gentleman was once sitting at Speech-Day by an English lady, when a scene from Schiller was begun by one of the boy-performers. "What is this?" enquired the lady. "I am afraid I cannot help you," replied her neighbour. "I know no Greek."

At Public Schools, as at the Universities, the English Prize Poem is always in high favour—if for no other reason, because the hearers are quite sure that they understand it. Nobody nowadays knows "Basil the School-boy," but it is worth reading, if only for the delightful scene which describes the construction of the Prize Poem on "The Monument of London." I quote from memory:—

Thou lofty pillar, pointing to the clouds,  
And nearly toppling o'er below the crowds.

Thus the poet. But the critic asks, "Below the crowds? Surely the Monument is above the crowds?" "Yes; but 'the crowds below' would be prose. This

is poetry, so you put the words in a different order."  
"Well, never mind—what's the next couplet?"—

"Frown like a forehead o'er the tiny Thames,  
Laugh like—gems.

The rhyme's all right, and I've only got to fill in the second line."

I remember in the distant days when even I—probably the most prosaic of human beings—wrote what were intended to be, though they never were, Prize Poems, a schoolmaster who himself had once been a Prize Poet. He was apt, after glancing through his pupil's performance, to declaim some of his own verses; and then to say, after a suggestive pause, "Of course that was not really poetry, but mere rhetoric"; and an unwary pupil, who too readily expressed assent, was apt to lose a good many places in the tutor's esteem.

And now the "Speeches" are over; the "Pro-lusiones" have been declaimed and the prizes given. The Head Master has made a few neat and appropriate observations; the celebrities have been cheered as they left the hall; and those who esteem themselves celebrities but have not been cheered have followed in their wake, looking a little downcast. Welcome thoughts of salmon mayonnaise and champagne-cup dispel the arid memories of Greek Iambics and Latin Prose; and almost before a Pan-Anglican bishop,

commandeered for the occasion, has had time to say grace, forty are feeding like one, and one like forty.

. . . . .

Hush! Luncheon is over. The Head Master is on his legs. The King's Health is coming. "His Majesty has no more loyal subjects than the Boys, and the Old Boys, of Great Mudport Free School."—"Hear, hear," and cries of "The King," during which the judicious guest slips out of the luncheon-tent, lights a cigarette, and awaits the onrush of tip-seeking nephews.)

When I was a boy at Harrow, the late Duke of Abercorn, a very keen Harrovian, used to give an annual dinner at the King's Head, and on these occasions a sovereign was placed in each boy's napkin. Once an invited guest failed to appear; his napkin remained unfolded, and, as soon as our generous host rose from the table, we swooped down upon the vacant place, in eager quest of the derelict sovereign. But it was gone; and, for the remainder of that quarter, we watched with suspicious eyes the expenditure of the two boys who had sate right and left of the empty chair. Any unusual profusion in the way of "strawberry mashes," ices, or meringues would have created the darkest suspicions.



## XLI

### SPORTSMANSHIP

"A THOROUGH Sportsman," "The instinct of Sportsmanship," "A really Sportsman-like spirit." These, and other variants on the word "Sport," are among the commonest forms of eulogy; and, on the other hand, those whose attitude towards the poor is that of "high-sniffing" benevolence are apt to lament the lack of the "Sporting instinct" in working lads. "Win, draw, or wrangle" is said to be the motto of cricket-clubs and football teams recruited from the slums; and the athletic curate or public-spirited barrister, who captains or umpires, moans like a mandrake over the want of Sportsmanship which such a formula implies.

It is always well to make (like Matthew Arnold when he was rebuked by the *Saturday Review*) "a serious return upon oneself"; and on the 10th and 11th of July, as I sate on the Harrow Stand at Lord's, surveying the easy triumph of the Hill, I felt constrained to ask myself the searching

questions—"Am I a Sportsman? Have I the instinct of Sportsmanship? Do I regard this match in a really Sportsman-like spirit?" I must confess that my conscience made no very confident response to this self-examination. I was conscious that I wished Harrow to win; and that, till I was satisfied that Eton would be worsted, I welcomed the rain as promising the chance of a draw. No "gutter-snipe" from Whitechapel or Bermondsey could have felt less Sportsman-like. It is, I believe, considered an attribute of Sportsmanship to wish that the best side may win. Tried by this test, I fail miserably. I wish my side to win, whether it is the better or the worse; and this because it embodies all my beliefs and affections and memories and hopes. The particular form of contest in which the sides are engaged makes no difference to my sentiment. Cricket or controversy, ping-pong or politics, a "Rugger" match or a contested Election, it is all one to me. Like Sydney Smith, "I have never been smitten by the palsy of candour"; my opponents are, for the time, my enemies; and I rejoice to see them in the dust. The Sportsman-like candidate for Parliament makes great play with generous aspirations for the victory of the Best Man. This solemn plausibility is at least as old as *Coningsby*. I recall the *voes populi* on the night before the poll at Darlford. "Good night, Potts. Up rather late to-night?" "All fair election-time. You

ain't snoring, are you?" "Well, I hope the best man will win." "I am sure he will."

From that particular form of palsy which Sydney Smith, like the stout partisan he was, so earnestly deprecated, some of our greatest men have not been entirely free. Thackeray has seldom been accused of a mawkish complaisance, and yet, when he made his one venture on the sea of politics and contested the City of Oxford, he condescended to the hackneyed formula of political Sportsmanship, and wrote thus to his daughters:—

*July 11, 1857.*

My dearest little women, as far as I can see,  
The Independent Voters is all along with me ;  
But none the less I own it, with not a little funk,  
The more respectable classes they go with Viscount Monck ;  
But a fight without a tussle it was never worth a pin,  
And so St. George for England ! and may the best man win.

This hoary hypocrisy fared better than it deserved, for it elicited from Lord Monck one of the most graceful compliments which Thackeray ever received. The rivals met in the High Street and exchanged salutations. "Well, Lord Monck, I hope the best man will win." "*I hope not*, Mr Thackeray"—and, as we all know, the "best man" emerged from the contest at the bottom of the poll, enormously to the advantage of English literature. In his valedictory address he said: "I will retire and take my place with my pen and ink at my desk, and leave to my

successful opponent a business which, I am sure, he understands better than I do." Four months later the first number of *The Virginians* awoke the world to a new delight.

Another test of Sportsmanship, I understand, is to be moderate in victory, and to refrain from pushing an advantage to undue lengths. But here again self-examination discloses unsatisfactory results. To beat your opponents by ten wickets is, by most cricketers, considered a sufficient triumph; but when Eton began to collapse, some of us, who wore cornflowers in our button-holes, were conscious of an unhallowed longing that we might beat our rivals in one innings. We admired, as we were bound in decency to do, the pluck with which the last Etonian batsmen played their uphill game and averted the threatened humiliation; but we were secretly sorry that their pluck was crowned with even that partial and qualified success. This may not have been Sportsman-like, but it was human; and I consoled myself with the reflection that a very great man, looking back upon his school-days, had placed on record a sentiment quite as unchivalrous. Contarini Fleming had a fight at school, and had just succeeded in flooring his opponent, when authority interfered and enforced a truce. Contarini loudly resented this intervention, and proclaimed that, if he had been left to his own devices, he would have disregarded the rules of the Ring and

have pushed his advantage to the extremest point. "I would not have waited for their silly rules of mock combat, but have destroyed him in his prostration." To "destroy" one's opponent "in his prostration" would certainly not be Sportsman-like; but, if the opponent represented a bad cause, it might conceivably be right, and, in any case, it would be natural. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his able but vitriolic monograph on the creator of Contarini Fleming, singles out the passage which I have just quoted as eminently characteristic, and remarks that "the reader, in the course of this narrative, will find many actions recorded in which Lord Beaconsfield showed no inclination whatever to wait for the 'silly rules of mock combat' which are supposed to regulate the struggles between honourable men."

There may be those who would shrink from "destroying" a fallen foe, but who yet would find an unholy joy in gloating over his defeat. It was, I suppose, in this spirit, that, on the close of the Peninsular campaign, the English Government sent the Duke of Wellington as Ambassador to Paris, and, by so doing, elicited from Napoleon the characteristic comment, "*On n'aime pas l'homme par qui on a été battu.*" And, if one may compare small conflicts with great, the same spirit was displayed by the Tyrtæus of Harrow—the late Mr. E. E. Bowen—after the Eton and Harrow match of 1885, which, in point

of incident, excitement, and completeness, was a very Waterloo of cricket :—

Oh, then, with fast and slow,  
Up go their bails a-floating—  
Not this year, Eton, no !  
Go home, and take to boating.

That most chivalrous of gentlemen, who was then Head Master of Harrow, and is now Master of Trinity, objected to Bowen's verse, as an unhandsome exultation over a fallen foe, and deftly turned the boast into a benison :—

Oh, then, with fast and slow,  
Up bail and wicket dances—  
Not this year, Eton, no !  
Good night, and better chances.

I have already said that the very human and sportsman-like motto of young athletes who have not been trained in the traditions of the Public School is—Win, draw, or wrangle. Winning is, I suppose, what even the most cold-blooded chiefly desire ; and I have already expressed my own conviction that a draw is a pleasanter thing than a defeat. There remains for consideration the case where, in spite of all our efforts to avoid a decision, defeat has actually been incurred. In that deplorable but often inevitable event, is any consolation to be derived from wrangling ? The last, and most offensive, word in a controversy in which one has been conspicuously worsted ; an appeal to the House of Lords when the Courts below have

decided in favour of the detested rival; a petition, alleging the grossest malpractices, launched against the victorious candidate in his hour of triumph—all these are forms of wrangling, and all have, for unregenerate natures, a peculiar fascination. The free fight which used to take place in front of the Pavilion at Lord's at the end of "Eton and Harrow," and is now only restrained by the fear that Canon Lyttelton will use it as a plea for abolishing the match, was another manifestation of the same spirit. And, according to the purists of Sport, all wrangling is unsportsman-like.

As soon as the fight is over, we ought to pretend that we love our victorious adversaries very much. While we are still smarting under defeat, we ought to declare that the winner is the grandest fellow in the world. When we know that the other side has won the day by beer, bribery, and slander, we ought to declare (when seconding a vote of thanks to the Returning Officer) that the Election has been fought out in a thoroughly honourable and gentleman-like spirit. For my own part, I regard all these eulogies and euphemisms as hoary humbugs; and, if such is the language of Sportsmanship, I rejoice that I am no sportsman.

## XLII

### TIPS

"TIPS, Ancient and Modern," would be the full title of our present meditation. The word "Tip," indeed, belongs to a late and decadent stage in the formation of the English language, but the thing which it represents is of a venerable antiquity, and has its roots in the bedrock of human nature. "You might as well try to poultice the hump off a camel's back as to cure mankind of these little corruptions."

Reflections on this theme "do take a sober colouring from an eye" which has just scanned the list of claimants for seasonable largesse—Postman, Parcel Postman, Turncock, Scavenger, Butcher, Baker, Milkman, Fishmonger's boy, Grocer's ditto, and, most meritorious of the long procession, the young man who brings the *Manchester Guardian*.

It has ever been my habit, when the disagreeable realities of life oppress me, to take refuge in the company of those who, whether in history or in fiction, have been similarly afflicted,

For misery still delights to trace  
Its image in another's case.



When, therefore, the Fishmonger's boy demands half-a-crown, and grudges if he be not satisfied, I bethink me that George I., though a crowned and anointed Sovereign, fared even worse; and I find comfort in the thought. "This," said that excellent King, as reported by Horace Walpole, "this is a strange country. The first morning after my arrival at St. James's I looked out of the window and saw a park with walks, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the Ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park." An unsophisticated foreigner who could not speak English was fair game, even though he wore a crown, and only the most pedantic moralist could blame Lord Chetwynd's servant for making hay while the sun shone. After all, the King got something for his money, even though it was only a brace of carp; but the common law of Tipping, as handed down by our forefathers, sometimes required disbursements in return for very doubtful boons. Bishop Burnet, describing the last hours of William Lord Russell as he lay under sentence of death for High Treason, reports this curious dialogue:—

He asked what he should give the Executioner. I told him ten guineas. He said, with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off.

But, though a tip may sometimes seem to be in excess of the service rendered, there are those who will accept the service and, if possible, evade the tip altogether. When William and John Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, were young men at the Bar, they agreed to celebrate some stroke of professional luck by dining at a tavern and going to the Play. After dinner, William Scott drew out his purse to pay the bill, and dropped a guinea on the boarded floor. The coin disappeared from sight, and William Scott, thinking that it must have slipped between the boards of the floor, abandoned himself to despair. More sagaciously, his brother John called the waitress, and thus addressed her: "Betty, we've dropped two guineas. Just see if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees, discovered the errant guinea under the fender, and restored it to its owner, who obligingly remarked, "You're a very good girl, Betty; and, *when you find the other*, you can keep it for your trouble." The narrator of this pleasing incident had grown up in the days when, as Sydney Smith said, "Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind," and he always said that this was a characteristic specimen of the Eldonian method.

A large tip was described by Lord Beaconsfield as "an overpowering honorarium," and the grateful recipient of such an honorarium instinctively called Lothair "My Lord." "'He knows me,' thought

Lothair ; but it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic they always call you 'My Lord.'<sup>1</sup> I said at the outset that, though the process called Tipping was immemorial, the word "Tip" was comparatively modern. Poor Lord Russell, as we saw just now, called the executioner's gruesome tip a Fee. Lord Beaconsfield said "Honorarium" when he wished to be grandiose, but, when he aimed at the vernacular, his synonym for "tip" was "pouch." "I remember your grandfather," says Lord Montfort to Lord Beaumaris, in *Endymion*, "and with good cause. He pouched me at Harrow, and it was the largest pouch I ever had. One does not forget the first time one ever had a five-pound note." The schoolboy's "pouch" fills a considerable place in the history of Tipping, and just at this season,<sup>1</sup> mis-called "Festive," it palpitates, as the French say, with actuality. If one's lot is cast amid what "C. S. C." so beautifully calls "a howling herd of hungry boys," their rapacity in the matter of Tips make a serious hole in current income ; while, if you go down to visit them at Roslyn or St. Winifred's, "the babe that is unborn may rue The 'pouching' of that day." Deep was the philosophy of Mr. Paul Bultitude, who, when his son Dick begged for some money to take back to school, replied, "If I do give you some, you'll only go and spend it." "As if," adds Mr. Guthrie, "he considered money an object of art."

<sup>1</sup> Christmas.

The tips extorted by our nephews on their return to Dr. Blimber's academy may be a comparatively modern impost; that form of tip which our forefathers called a "Vail" is pretty nearly as old as our national literature. The mysteries of etymology I leave to Horne Tooke and Dr. Murray, and I do not presume to discuss the origin of the word "Vail." It must suffice to say that what Shakespeare spelt "Vail," as in "Certain consolements, certain vails," Swift spelt "Vale" and Johnson "Veil." Many are the tricks of speech; and it is quaint that the word with which the strenuous Roman dismissed his friend—"Vale—be strong"—should have come to be the equivalent of our affectionate "Farewell" and our benedictory "Good-bye"; and so, in a derivative sense, to mean a boy's copy of verses on leaving Eton, or the tip which you insinuate into the servant's palm when you quit his master's house. In this last-named sense Swift writes "Vales" in his odious "Directions to Servants," saying thus:—

I advise you servants whose master lives in the country, and who expect *vales*, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you; and he must have more confidence, or less money, than usual if any of you let him escape; and, according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

Johnson preferred to spell the word "Veil." In 1769 the wretched Bozzy, who really deserved all he

got, makes this absurd note of his own boast and the Doctor's repartee :

"I boasted that we had the honour of being the first to abolish the unhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving veils to servants."

JOHNSON : "Sir, you abolished veils because you were too poor to be able to give them."

After all is said and done, these variants may be editorial freaks for which the edited author is wholly irresponsible; so it is best to keep "Vale" and "Veil" for other significations, and, when we are writing of a parting tip to a servant, to call it a "Vail." As Wordsworth's standard of intoxication was said by one of his admirers to be miserably low, so Swift's standard of Vails was humble enough to raise a smile of pity. Even to the Butler, when counselling him for his good, he holds out no golden hopes :—

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face—perhaps it may bring you a shilling. But, if the gentleman has lain there a night, get the cook, the housemaid, the stableman, the scullion, and the gardener to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him. If the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour and cost your master nothing.

The lapse of half a century brought a marked and welcome development in the scale of Tips. Horace Walpole says that a lavish exquisite, playing cards at Woburn, dropped a crown-piece on the floor, and declined to pick it up, saying that he would leave it for

the Groom of the Chambers ; whereupon his hostess remarked, " You are leaving it for the Carpet-sweeper ; the Groom of the Chambers never takes anything but gold." A famous but unpopular member of society, " Poodle Byng" (1784-1871), complained to his cousin, the Duke of Bedford, with whom he had been staying, about the conduct of a footman. " What did he do ?" said the Duke. " He did not look pleased when I tipped him." " I suppose you did not give him enough," replied the Duke ; " and at all events I cannot force him to look pleased when he isn't." In more recent years we have heard of a Head Keeper who, curiously scrutinizing the half-crown laid in his palm by the impecunious subaltern, said, in an enquiring tone, " I suppose this, sir, is meant for the beaters ?"

From shooting to hunting the transition is not difficult ; and I willingly " give prominence," as the phrase is, to the Bitter Cry of an Outcast Foxhunter who sees in the " Capping" system a menace to the sport he loves. " Certainly a £2 'cap' is equivalent to a notice that none but rich men need expect to hunt in the country that exacts it, and it seems an exorbitant sum to pay for the privilege of a day's hunting even in the shires. How many of the rich men who hunt contribute at the rate of £2 a day ? A subscriber of £50 hunts as much as he likes, as do his wife and family, and it is obvious that they do not

pay anything like £2 a day. The effect of the £2 'cap' is to penalize the poor man, who has to pay more for his hunting than the rich, notwithstanding the popular platitude that in the hunting-field all men are equal. Is it too much to hope that the 'cap' may be reduced to 10s.? This will enable a stranger to contribute his mite, and remove the reproach that only persons with well-lined purses are welcome in the modern hunting-field."











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